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BIOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURES.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the various methods of determining the rate of growth of the economy. The second part is devoted to a discussion of the various methods of determining the rate of growth of the population. The third part is devoted to a discussion of the various methods of determining the rate of growth of the capital stock. The fourth part is devoted to a discussion of the various methods of determining the rate of growth of the labor force. The fifth part is devoted to a discussion of the various methods of determining the rate of growth of the total factor productivity. The sixth part is devoted to a discussion of the various methods of determining the rate of growth of the total factor productivity. The seventh part is devoted to a discussion of the various methods of determining the rate of growth of the total factor productivity. The eighth part is devoted to a discussion of the various methods of determining the rate of growth of the total factor productivity. The ninth part is devoted to a discussion of the various methods of determining the rate of growth of the total factor productivity. The tenth part is devoted to a discussion of the various methods of determining the rate of growth of the total factor productivity.

BIOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS:

OR,

SKETCHES

OF

THE LIVES AND CHARACTERS

OF A FEW

ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS.

BY JOHN LEAF.

If any of you should ask me how to study history, I should answer—Take by all means biographies—wheresoever possible, biographies; and study them. Fill your mind with live human figures; men of like passions with yourselves; and see how each lived and worked in the time and place in which God put him.—PROFESSOR KINGSEY'S *Inaugural Lecture on the Limits of Exact Science, as applied to History*.—Delivered before the University of Cambridge.

LONDON:

JAMES BLACKWOOD, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1861.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

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THE Essays here collected consist partly of reprints from periodicals to which the author has contributed, and partly of compositions which are now for the first time published. With one or two exceptions, they belong, in point of form and treatment, to the class of biographic essays which occasionally appear in the Reviews; and indeed some of them were originally intended for that mode of publication. The example first set by MACAULAY and CARLYLE in republishing such articles, has since been followed by other writers of less distinction; and it is supposed, therefore, that no charge of presumption can be reasonably raised against the author for adopting a course which is now becoming common. Among the multitude of books offered for the amusement of the public, the present one, without assuming any high pretensions, may fairly expect to be allowed its chance of attracting readers.

The sources whence the facts and incidents embodied in the various papers have been drawn, are indicated in each particular article; and none of the sketches profess to contain any thing of consequence in the way of positively original information. But, considered as compositions, they have some claims to originality on the score

of style and execution, the several PORTRAITURES being, it is fancied, more artistic than is usual in biographies of the like extent and compass; and, inasmuch as some of the names selected may be but indifferently known to the commonalty of readers, the facts and circumstances having reference to these will furnish some novelty of interest; while the admirable example in almost every case presented, is one that cannot well be contemplated without pleasure and approbation. It is hoped the book may be found worthy of some moderate acceptance; and that, if it serve no higher purpose, it may at least afford pleasant entertainment for an hour, to such as may be induced to employ their time in reading it.

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BIOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURES.

CHRISTIAN GOTTLOB HEYNE.*

THE struggle of genius with adversity, though oftentimes represented, never ceases to be interesting. Every variation of this story has its own graces, and conveys its separate and peculiar lesson. Whoso passes worthily through the straits and perils of difficult and painful circumstances, is thereby recommended to the sympathy and admiration of mankind. Men love to trace the paths by which he journeyed—to contemplate, as from a quiet and retired distance, the obstacles and dangers he survived and overcame—to witness, with a wondering and pensive interest, the whole intricate drama of his baffled and renewed endeavours—and are not without a disposition to rejoice in the result, when it is seen that a manly and consistent purpose has been followed by success. The biographies of diligent and able persons are, accordingly, among the most attractive and encouraging studies which can engage the attention of hopeful and aspiring natures; being at once mementoes of triumphant energy, and pledges of the possibilities which are open to further and corresponding enterprises. He that can succeed in delineating the outward and inward being and history of a man—especially of a man esteemed eminent and worthy in his generation—will not alone impart a rational and exalted pleasure to those who may attentively consider the delineation, but will likewise contribute something to illustrate and promote that intellectual and spiritual advancement whereof all men are more or less

* From "Chambers's Papers for the People," 1850.

capable, and are morally enjoined to aim after. With some such intent, though on a small and very imperfect scale, it is here proposed to portray the life and experiences of Professor Heyne—a scholar whose reputation has now been long established among the learned, not only in Germany, his native country, but likewise in France and England, and indeed throughout Europe generally. By common acknowledgment of all competent and enlightened scholars, he was a man of solid and excellent attainments, and of a character in nearly all respects remarkable: upright, persevering, steadfast-minded; in what he did and what he suffered a notable example of high intelligence, of quiet and sedulous endeavour, personal energy and helpfulness; and also of a pure, modest, and unpretending probity. Any relation which shall represent, however faintly, the attempts, labours, and performances of such a man, cannot fail to be acceptable to many readers, and to some may possibly prove more instructive, and perhaps no less entertaining, than more voluminous and ambitious publications.

Christian Gottlob Heyne was born at Chemnitz, in Upper Saxony, in the month of September, 1729. His father, George Heyne, was a weaver in humble and even impoverished circumstances. The manufactures of Saxony were in his day visibly declining; and consequently the miseries of his class were almost daily accumulating, and their prospects becoming constantly more and more hopeless. Scarcely could the workman, with his utmost diligence, earn a sufficiency for his own support, still less was he capable of adequately providing for his family. Heyne was accordingly nurtured and brought up in the most extreme and bitter poverty. "The earliest companion of my childhood," says he, "was want; and my first impressions came from the tears of my mother, who had not bread to give her children." He was also the first-born of the family, and had therefore the completest opportunities for witnessing the various phases of destitution which the household from time to time presented. Many a piteous and distressing spectacle appears to have been exhibited in that poor weaver's cottage, where the father often worked through long weary days—from early morning until late at night—and then perhaps could not find a purchaser for the product of his labour. Scenes of memorable sadness, hunger-pangs, the still despair of stricken industry, were things familiar to

the boy from earliest infancy; and with the strange bewildered sympathy of a child, he often looked upward to his mother's face, and wept to see her sorrowful. His was a childhood of that unhappy sort which Charles Lamb has so touchingly depicted—a childhood which has “no childishness in its dwellings,” no toys, no pastimes, no pleasant or sweet remembrances—nothing but the keen experiences of a premature worldliness, Saturday-night anxieties, the dull oppression and the bondage of despondency. How painful a thing is it that a child should have any curiosity about the price of bread, or be so conditioned as to entertain a fear of being sent away as creditless from a baker's shop! Whoever has *seen* a child in such extremity—not yet hardened or rendered callous by long familiarity with wretchedness—will not readily forget the deplorable dejection of its countenance.

Young Christian Heyne suffered many such rebuffs; suffered them until his young heart grew vindictive and rebellious. It is little known how much unnatural exasperation is kindled in even tender minds by harassing and straitened circumstances. To this poor boy, as he began to apprehend some little of the discrepancies of society, it appeared that people were every where combined, as in hostile conspiracy, to render him and those who were dear to him unhappy. The distress occasioned to his parents by the haughty bearing of “purse-proud” traders—forestallers, who bought up the linen made by the poorer people at the lowest, and often unjust prices, to sell in other districts at the highest—aroused and fostered in him a burning indignation. Often, on Saturday nights, had he seen his mother “wringing her hands and weeping,” when it happened that she had come back with the web of the father's weaving—the product of a week's hard toil, and not unfrequently of sleepless nights—having been unable to find any one to buy it. On such occasions the boy or his sister would sometimes be sent out with the same piece of cloth, to try if *they* could get rid of it, at any of the places where the mother's application had been unsuccessful. Necessity, as Heyne has related, often constrained the poorer sort to sell the sweat of their brows for any thing the forestallers thought well to offer, and to make up the deficiency between the price and value in starvation. The imperiousness and petty tyranny of these unjust dealers so powerfully and painfully laid hold upon his mind, that

when afterwards, at school, he first heard of "tyrannicide," he says he conceived the project of acting the part of a Brutus on all those "oppressors of the poor" who had so often cast his father and mother into straits, deeming that it would be a noble deed to rid the earth of them for ever. "And here," adds he, "I had the first instance or illustration of a truth which I have since frequently had occasion to observe—that if the man who is armed with a feeling of his wrongs, and possessed of any considerable strength of soul, does not risk the worst, and become an open criminal, it is solely owing to the beneficent effect of the circumstances wherein Providence has placed him, which, by fettering his activity, guard him from attempting the destructive enterprises his excited passions may suggest. That the oppressing portion of mankind should be secured against the oppressed, is apparently regarded, in the scheme of the inscrutable Wisdom, as a most important element of the present system of things."

Heyne's parents, though thus miserably situated, did what they could to procure him some little education. At an early age he was sent to one of the humbler sort of schools, where he soon obtained the praise of taking delight in learning, and of making more than ordinary progress. Before he was ten years old he even began to assist in raising the money for his school fees, by giving lessons to a neighbour's child in reading and in penmanship. When the common school course had carried him as far as he could be advanced by it, he became desirous, as he says, of "proceeding into Latin." Unluckily, it was beyond his parents' means to provide the money for such a purpose. This was a great grief to the boy, and he bore it about with him for many days, perceiving little likelihood of ever being delivered from it. However, one day when he was greatly distressed, even to sobs and tears, by pondering on his cheerless prospects, he happened to be sent to fetch a loaf from the shop of a baker, who was his godfather, and a near relation of his mother; and as it chanced, was questioned by the worthy man concerning his discomposure, which, after a stream of tears, the boy succeeded in revealing, and presently had good reason to be comforted. The godfather was in easy circumstances, and, as Heyne records, he magnanimously offered to pay out of his own pocket the weekly sum required for the desired teaching, imposing in return only one condition upon

the pupil—namely, that he should come to him every Sunday, and repeat such part of the Gospel as he had learned by heart: an arrangement which Heyne considered had one very good effect upon him, inasmuch as it exercised his memory, and taught him to *recite* without bashfulness or hesitation.

Overjoyed by his unexpected fortune, the boy started off homewards to proclaim the grand intelligence, triumphantly tossing up his loaf into the air, and capering with barefooted adroitness to catch it as it descended. His almost delirious excitement was naturally detrimental to the successful management of sleights-of-hand, and, after a few surprising hits, the loaf fell into a puddle; an unfortunate circumstance, which brought the elated experimenter a little more to his senses. However, the chidings which he anticipated turned out nowise serious, as his mother was also heartily delighted by the news which he communicated. The father, it seems, was less content, thinking possibly that the boy was smitten with an ambition beyond his circumstances, and that all this eagerness for learning, in one so unfavourably conditioned, could prove ultimately little other than the root of manifold vexations, if not of lifelong disappointments. Nevertheless, the boy remained at school, making as much progress as he could under many great impediments, the respectable godfather continuing all along to pay the fees with commendable regularity. At the end of two years the schoolmaster discovered that the pupil had pretty well exhausted his own scholarship: a discovery which Heyne declares he himself had made before, but had entertained an uncomfortable delicacy about announcing it.

It now seemed likely that Heyne's education was to be considered as completed. As in straitened households every accession of help, however small, is of consequence, it was naturally enough the desire of his parents that he should, as soon as possible, quit his school-books, and try his hand at weaving. To this the boy evinced an inveterate repugnance, and, in opposition to the wishes of his father, entertained a "longing to get into the grammar-school of the town," where he hoped to prosecute with more effect the studies he had begun. Often with a sad and wistful look did he linger by the walls of the school-house as he passed, and sighed as he reflected on the hardship of being excluded

from participating in the advantages enjoyed there by many who had probably far less reverence for knowledge. What bliss would it have been to have exchanged places with some miserable truant, whose slow brains were so jaded with immeasurable taskwork as to be in danger of being crushed by the burthens laid on them, and to whom the very *name* of "school" was grown an abomination, suggesting only an everlasting weariness, like that of Sisyphus in the dreary shades, rolling his huge stone up to the mountain-top, to return for ever on his head!

However, the Fates are sometimes generous, and even that which we most despair of shall now and then, by some rare and unexpected accident, turn out an actual event. An eccentric clergyman, who was Heyne's second godfather, came by chance to hear of the boy's unusual anxiety after learning, and had the curiosity to send for him, for the purpose of testing both his knowledge and capability by an examination. The result was satisfactory, and the good parson promised that he "should go to the town school," and that he himself would pay the charges. What a sudden turn of happiness for Heyne! He declares it to be impossible to express the joy which ravished him on that occasion. Away, then, is he despatched to the "first teacher," is examined in customary form, and "placed with approbation in the second class." The second class, however, having conceived notions of its respectability, almost declines to tolerate the poor boy's presence. "Weakly from infancy," says he, "pressed down with want and sorrow, having never had any cheerful enjoyment of childhood or of youth, I was still but small in stature, and my class-fellows, judging by appearances, had a very slight opinion of me." Nevertheless, "various proofs of diligence," and praises from the master, gradually convince the fellows that he is worthy of his place. His diligence, indeed, was not a little hampered by want of books. Sebastian Seydel, the eccentric clergyman, appears to have kept his promise somewhat too closely to the letter: he paid the quarterly fees, provided the pupil with the requisite blue cloak—rather a *coarse* one, says Heyne, but perhaps not on that account the worse for use—and gave him a multitude of useless volumes that were lying on his shelves; but to him with appropriate and sufficient school-books was he bound. The truth is, the eccentric Sebastian was

often short of cash, and had need at all times to exercise a rather rigid thrift. A man of magnificent liberality of intention, but of insufficient means, he appears to have been as charitable as he could well afford to be; and his memory is worthy of respect among poor students every where, as one who really *helped* a brother scholar in extremity, when richer, and probably more highly "respectable," persons turned indifferently away, and, like the Levite of the parable, "passed by on the other side."

To meet the inequalities of his situation, Heyne had every day to borrow the books of some of his class-fellows, and to copy out such parts as were assigned for the lesson; a practice which, though it kept him in a manner always more or less dependent, was not unserviceable so far as his progress in study was concerned. On the other hand, the honest Seydel would exercise a rigorous supervision of his proceedings, and gave him from time to time certain hours of instruction in the Latin tongue. Sebastian in his youth had learned to make Latin verses, and it seemed to him that the grandest accomplishment of a classical education was even that of making Latin verses. Accordingly, Heyne had to adjust himself to this Egyptian taskwork of brick-making without straw. "Scarcely," says he, "was 'Erasmus de Civilitate Morum' got over, when I, too, must take to verse-making, and all this before I had read any authors, or could possibly possess a suitable store of words." There is every evidence that the good Sebastian was a *pedant*—a meagre, contracted man, whose *meaning* might be well enough, but whose insight cannot be honestly commended. He was also, says Heyne, "passionate and rigorous—in every point repulsive;" a stiff-necked, self-willed, desperate "old bachelor," and vain to absurdity of his ridiculous gift of Latinity. "These qualities of his," continues Heyne, "all contributed to overload my youth, and nip away in the bud every enjoyment of its pleasures."

While thus burthened and depressed by the Sebastian task-labours, he was likewise impeded and held down by almost every sort of want, vexation, and discouragement. "The school-course was bad: nothing but the old routine—vocables, translations, exercises; all without spirit or any proper purpose." Still, so far as the virtue of such matters went, he appears to have made a very excellent proficiency.

In the course of time he became competent to write both Latin and Greek verses, and could even render in that shape the "discourses which he heard at church." Some "ray of hope" thereupon began to shine within his mind. A certain small degree of self-respect and self-confidence was also now awakened in him by his success in a school examination, conducted in the presence of the superintendent or chief inspector of schools, who happened to call in his vocation at the Chemnitz Grammar-school. Dr. Theodor Krüger, as Heyne informs us, was "a theologian of some learning for his time;" and while at his visit the rector was teaching *ex cathedra*, the doctor suddenly interrupted him, and put the question, who among the scholars could tell him what might be made by way of anagram from the word *Austria*? It seems that this whim had entered the inspector's head from the circumstance that the "first Silesian war" was just begun, and some such anagram, reckoned extremely happy, had recently appeared in a certain newspaper. None of the boys knew what an anagram really was: the very rector looked blank, and considerably perplexed. As none answered, however, he began to give "a description of anagrams in general." Heyne instantly set himself to work, and sprung forth with his discovery—*Vastari*! This differed somewhat from the newspaper one, and of course was all the better. "So much greater was the superintendent's admiration; and the more, as the successful aspirant was a little boy on the lowest bench of the *secunda*." Dr. Theodor growled applause; but in so doing he set the entire school about the ears of Heyne, "as he stoutly upbraided them with being beaten by an *infimus*."

It was this "pedantic adventure," as Heyne calls it, which first gave an impulse to the development of his powers. He began to take some little credit for himself, and in spite of all the oppression and contempt in which he languished, resolved on struggling forward. Still he says, this first struggle was sadly ineffectual—was soon, indeed, regarded as a piece of mere conceit, and brought on him "a thousand humiliations and disquietudes." The perverse way, too, in which the old parson treated him—the discontent of his parents, and especially of his father, who thought that, had the boy stuck by weaving, the household might have been to some extent improved in circumstances—the pressure of

want, and the almost grudging entertainment he received at home—the feeling of backwardness and degradation which accompanied him continually—all this would allow of “no cheerful thought, no sentiment of worth,” to spring up within him for the adornment or elevation of his nature. “A timorous, bashful, awkward carriage shut me out still farther from all exterior attractions. Where could I learn good manners, elegance, a right way of thought? Where could I attain any culture for heart and spirit?” Upwards, however, he still strove with resolution. “A feeling of honour, a wish for something better, an effort to work myself out of this abasement, incessantly attended me; but being without direction, it led me for the most part into clownishness, sullenness, and misanthropy.” At length, by a favourable turn of circumstance, a place was opened for him where some training in these respects became obtainable. There was a young gentleman, lately introduced into society, at the “west end” of Chemnitz, for whom his friends desired a little private instruction in the languages. He was too select a personage to be sent to school, and not old enough for college; therefore it came to pass that Heyne, being heard of and recommended, was chosen for his temporary tutor. “As these private lessons brought me in a *guilder* monthly (that is to say, about two-and-sixpence sterling), I now began to defend myself a little against the grumbling of my parents. Hitherto I had been in the habit of doing work occasionally, that I might not be told I contributed nothing to the earning of my bread; clothes and oil for my lamp I had earned by teaching in the house; these things I could now relinquish; and thus my condition was in some degree improved. On the other hand, I had the opportunity of seeing persons of better education. I gained the good-will of the family; so that, besides the lesson hours, I generally lived there. Such society afforded me some culture, extended my conceptions and opinions, and also polished a little the rudeness of my exterior.”

In this new situation Heyne appears to have had at least some partial enjoyment of existence. Indeed he fell privately in love with his pupil's sister, made and destroyed innumerable Greek and Latin verses in celebration of her charms, and had the audacity to “dream of sometime rising high enough to be worthy of her.” This, however,

was but a flattering delusion, though he did succeed in acquiring the friendship both of herself and of her mother. The grand concern which meanwhile occupied his thoughts was, how he should be able to get to the university at Leipzig. Old Sebastian, with his munificent "liberality of intention," had promised to stand good on this occasion; and it is thought he would have done so with the greatest pleasure, had it cost him nothing; as it was, he merely gave extremely liberal promises, but could not by any device he brought to produce a fraction of hard cash; and elsewhere for Heyne there was no resource. At length, wearied, it is surmised by the youth's importunity, he determined to bestir himself; and accordingly he directed his assistant, who was then going to Leipzig, to conduct Heyne thither—the latter doubting not but at the end of the journey something pleasant would turn up. The two arrived in safety; but when the anxious student made inquiries respecting the arrangements which he supposed his patron had made for him at college, he found none whatever had been made, and moreover, that there was not a *groschen* of money provided to meet any of his necessities. This information the assistant gave him, and then left him at a lodging-house, declaring that any thing further was not in his commission.

Heyne had in his pocket exactly two *gulden*, and not the slightest prospect of obtaining any more when these should be expended. Starvation stood visibly before him at not many days' distance. A youth without connections, in a strange place, shabbily attired, and destitute of books, with simply five shillings in his purse, he found himself set down at the threshold of Leipzig University, "to study all learning," and build his fortunes out of chaos. No wonder that sheer despondency at first overmastered him. He speedily fell sick; and, as he says, recovered only "to fall into conditions of life wherein he became the prey of desperation." All the miseries which, from ages immemorial, the "poor scholar" has been heir to, were now, for long years, to be his only portion. How he contrived to live, much more how he managed to study, it is utterly impossible to make out. The hapless Sebastian Seydel, it appears, did occasionally send some churlish pittance, but never until "after unspeakable solicitations," and then "in quantities that were consumed by inextinguishable debt," and commonly accompanied by

disagreeable admonitions. On one occasion he even addressed a letter externally—"À M. Heyne, *Etudiant Négligent*:" a veritable and aggravated slander; for, so far from being a "student negligent," Heyne was perhaps of all students the most endeavouring and diligent. Witness, for instance, one of his modes of "pursuing knowledge under difficulties." Having no money to pay class-fees, it was only to what are called "open lectures" he could usually gain admission. There were, however, certain "ill-guarded class-rooms" into which a needy student might occasionally insinuate himself with little or no fear of being noticed as an intruder. Of such class-rooms Heyne appears to have availed himself according to opportunity, and to have picked up such casual crumbs of knowledge as were thus procurable. It was in this way he studied philosophy under Winkler. Unluckily, the frequency of his attendance excited jealousy among the students, and one day they received him with a violent scraping of the feet—a sort of derisive cheering which was any thing but pleasant. Heyne could not venture back; and when the beadle came to him some time afterwards, demanding the fee, he says he had "many shifts to make before he could raise it."

For half a year he would be left utterly without help; then, as if smitten with sudden penitence for his sins, the incorrigible Sebastian would promise to come and see him; but often when he came would "return without leaving him a penny." Notwithstanding numerous applications, Heyne never could obtain any public assistance: no *free table* or *stipendium* was at any time procurable. Often he had no regular meal, and not even money enough to buy a loaf to satisfy his hunger. Darkness and the gloom of discontent fell in heavy shadows over his spirit. He longed to die and be at rest, knowing that in the grave there is no *want*. Yet there is always mercy in the world, and the kindness of gentle hearts ever gushes, even among the arid places where the most unhappy wander. "One good heart alone," but yet one, did Heyne find in that parched and boundless wilderness of indifferency in which he lived: one good heart, and that a woman's—beating with sympathy in the sound and honest bosom of the poor servant-girl of the house at which he lodged. She beheld him with compassion, and with a rich benevolence that shames the givings of the

wealthy, she brought him of her scanty store—nay, risked almost every thing she had, to relieve him in his frightful need. The noble womanly Samaritan! “Could I but find thee,” said Heyne, when years of better fortune had attended him—“could I but find thee, even now, thou good and pious soul, that I might repay thee what thou then didst for me!”

How he was sustained under so much pressing and protracted misery Heyne declares to be to himself a mystery. “What carried me forward,” says he, “was not ambition—any youthful dream of one day taking a place, or aiming to take one, among the learned. It is true the bitter feeling of debasement, of deficiency in education and external polish—the consciousness of awkwardness in social life, incessantly accompanied me. But my chief strength lay in a certain defiance of fate. This gave me courage not to yield—every where to try to the uttermost whether I was doomed without remedy never to rise from this degradation.”

Among the Leipzig professors, the only one from whom Heyne appears to have derived any advantage was Ernesti. In some way, which is not very clear to us, he succeeded in gaining admittance to Ernesti's lectures; and here, as his biographer Heeren has remarked, he first learned “what interpretation of the classics meant.” Another professor, named Crist, a rather singular and fantastic personage, who dwelt considerably on “taste, elegance of manners, and the like,” was pleased to take some notice of him, and procured him occasional employment as a private teacher. He also sought to direct him a little in his studies, advising him “to imitate Scaliger, and read the ancients, so as to begin with the most ancient, and proceed regularly to the latest”—a sage recommendation, reminding one of Goldsmith's pleasantry about the folly of presenting a man with ruffles who was destitute of a shirt. Of all teachers, however, it is clear, as Mr. Carlyle observes, that Heyne's best teacher was himself. “No pressure of distress, no want of books, advisers, or encouragement, not hunger itself, could abate his resolute perseverance. What books he could come at he borrowed; and such was his excess of zeal in reading, that for a whole half year he allowed himself only two nights of sleep in a week, till at last a fever obliged him to be more moderate. His diligence was undirected or ill-directed, but it never rested, never paused, and must at length prevail. Fortune

had cast him into a cavern, and he was groping darkly round ; but the prisoner was a giant, and would at length burst forth as a giant into the light of day. Heyne, without any clear aim, almost without any hope, had set his heart on obtaining knowledge ; a force as of instinct drove him on, and no promise and no threat could turn him back." In the depth of his destitution he had the almost unparalleled temerity to refuse a tutorship, which promised to be a comfortable appointment, but which he considered it advisable to decline, inasmuch as it would remove him from the university. Crist, aware of the urgency of his circumstances, had sent for him one Sunday, and made him the proposal ; "and thereupon," says Heyne, "there arose a violent struggle within me, which agitated me for several days ; and to this hour it is incomprehensible to me where I found resolution to determine on renouncing the offer, and to follow out my object in Leipzig." It was extremely difficult for a man in his extremity to ascertain the wisest course ; and doubtless every considerate and "practical" person, who might have been consulted, would have advised the contrary of what Heyne decided on ; but yet there is ever truth in the soul's instincts, and he who accepts their intimations with purity and singleness of purpose, may rely on them with confidence, and esteem them the best guides of his volition.

Heyne remained at the university ; and by dint of starving, and the precarious employment of private teaching, managed both to keep the life in him and prosecute his studies. It is utterly impossible to tell *how* ; neither his own narrative, nor the "Biographical Portraiture" by Professor Heeren, affords us any sufficient information in regard to these particulars. All we can gather is, that he lived "in a dreary vicissitude of want," spinning out his existence from day to day, unwarmed by any ray of comfort, except the "fire that burned or smouldered unquenchably in his own bosom." It appears that his sole means were the scanty gratuities of Sebastian, and the casual and inconsiderable fees which he earned by private teaching. Sometimes, perhaps, he might work a little in that capacity which the Germans call "classical hodmanship"—translating and transcribing passages of Greek and Latin for the use of authors and philosophers who were somewhat "rusted" in their languages, or who could turn their talents to better account as builders than would be

practicable while acting as "hodmen" for themselves. At one time he had an engagement of this sort under the once famous but now forgotten Crusius, who was then "first professor of theology" at Leipzig—with what remuneration is not apparent. One thing we can discern with satisfaction, that in such employments as are open to him Heyne does not fail to acquit himself with credit. As a consequence, his talents and endeavours began by degrees to attract notice, and his perverse situation to excite a little sympathy; and "here and there some well-wisher had his eye on him, and stood ready to do him a service."

In this way had Heyne struggled up to manhood. Two-and-twenty years had he endured as severe hardship as happened to any man of his generation. Moreover, his difficulties were yet far from being ended. In the latter days of his college life he had betaken himself to the study of the law, though without the slightest prospect of being able to turn it to any immediate practical account. Other branches of learning he continued meanwhile to prosecute, and indeed held himself ready to lay hold of any thing that might turn up to his advantage. While thus waiting, as it were, to catch the strings of possibility, a trifling incident occurred, something akin to that "pedantic adventure" before mentioned, which brought about important changes in his situation. Among the persons in Leipzig who had extended towards him some little measure of favour was a French preacher, named Lacoste, who, dying suddenly, was by Heyne somewhat lamented; and he, as it is said, inspired by personal sorrow, composed a long Latin Epicedium on the occasion—a poem nowise intended for the press, but which certain of the deceased's hearers were so extremely pleased with as to cause it to be printed "in the finest style of typography and decoration." Now, among the students in Leipzig at that time were the respectable and respected sons of Count Brühl—prime minister and favourite of the Elector of Saxony, and also a person of high repute for his shining patronage of literature. Brühl's sons, it is surmised, sent home to Dresden a copy of Heyne's elegantly-decorated Epicedium; and the Count, struck with the decorations, was pleased to express himself well contented with the poem, and to say, moreover, he should like to have the author in his service.

"A prime minister's words," says one who has written on

this matter, "are not as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered; but rather as heavenly manna, which is treasured up and eaten, not without a religious sentiment. Heyne was forthwith written to from all quarters that his fortune was made: he had but to show himself in Dresden, said his friends with one voice, and golden showers from the ministerial cornucopia would refresh him almost to saturation; for was not the Count taken with him? and who in all Saxony, not excepting serene highness itself, could gainsay the Count? Over-persuaded, and against his will, Heyne at length determined on the journey, for which, as an indispensable preliminary, 'fifty-one *thalers*' had to be borrowed; and so, following this hopeful quest, he actually arrived at Dresden in April 1752. Count Brühl received him with the most captivating smiles, and even assured him in words that he, Count Brühl, would take care of him. But a prime minister has so much to take care of! Heyne danced attendance all spring and summer, happier than our Johnson, inasmuch as he had not to "blow his fingers in a cold lobby," the weather being warm; and obtained not only promises, but useful experience of their value at courts. He was to be made a secretary with five hundred, with four hundred, or even with three hundred *thalers* of income; only in the meanwhile his old stock of fifty-one had quite run out, and he had nothing to live upon."*

Heyne is convinced at length that he must look about him for something more tangible than Count Brühl's promises. By good-luck he obtained some employment in his old craft of private teaching, which sustained him through the winter; but when this ceased he remained without resources. What to do he could not well conceive. In Dresden, however, there are publishers and booksellers; so Heyne goes to some of them to solicit work in authorship. He is so far fortunate as to get intrusted with a few translations; but, as the writer just quoted says, "his emoluments would scarcely furnish him with salt, not to speak of victuals." In a short time he was so far reduced as to be obliged to sell the few books he possessed; and by and by he even finds himself with only the universal canopy for the ceiling of his bedchamber. "A licentiate in divinity, one Sonntag, took pity on his houselessness, and shared a garret with him; where, as there was

* Carlyle's "Miscellanies."

no unoccupied bed, Heyne slept on the floor, with a few folios for his pillow. So fared he as to lodgings: in regard to board, he gathered empty peascods, and had them boiled: this was not unfrequently his only meal." The dogs of any Lazarus in any generation have fared better. However, after "incredible solicitations," Heyne at length, in the autumn of 1753, obtained—not his promised secretaryship at five or four hundred thalers, but the subordinate post of under-clerk in the Brühl library, with *one* hundred thalers—a salary scarcely enough to preserve him from starvation, but which was doubtless very welcome. In this way was Heyne "taken care of" by the illustrious Count Brühl. Let young scholars think of it, and, as far as mortals are concerned, depend on no one but themselves.

Heyne may be nevertheless considered as having now in some sort got to ground. After struggling long with the rough tempestuous breakers that surge above the shoals of worldly life, he is finally washed ashore on a barren and uninhabited island—an island also wellnigh uninhabitable, and needing more than Crusoe ingenuity to yield any thing worth the gathering. Heyne, however, sets to work, and, out of such available soil as he finds in the Brühl Library, produces his first book. This was a carefully-prepared edition of "Tibullus," which was printed at Leipzig in 1755—a work reported to exhibit remarkable talent, inasmuch as "the rudiments of all those excellences by which Heyne afterwards became distinguished as a commentator on the classics are more or less apparent in it." To whom should the same be dedicated but to the "Illustrious Henry Count von Brühl?" So accordingly stands it on the title-page in highly-imposing Latin—*Illustrissimo Domino Henrico Comiti de Brühl inscripta*. But though thus propitiated, the illustrious Brühl paid no regard to it; nor indeed did Germany at large pay much; though in another country it fell into the hands of Rhunken, by whom it was rightly estimated, and with him lay waiting, as appeared thereafter, to be "the pledge of better fortune for its author."

The profits of the "Tibullus" were not enormous, though it appears they served to cancel a few outstanding debts; and thus, with the aid of the hundred thalers' regular income, the steam of life was languidly kept up. Unhappily for Heyne as well as others, in 1756 the very memorable Seven-

Years' War broke out; Frederick of Prussia advanced on Dresden, "animated with especial fury against Brühl," whose palaces and high places were accordingly ere long reduced to ashes, and, with other wreck and devastation, there was an end of "seventy-thousand splendid volumes." Heyne, it seems, had been engaged in studying Epictetus, and publishing an edition of his "Enchiridion;" from which work his biographer, Heeren, affirms "his great soul had acquired much stoical nourishment." Heyne had evidently need of all the support Epictetus could yield him, for now he was again cast homeless on the world. By translating pamphlets, writing articles for newspapers, and by other such journeywork of authorship as happened to turn up, he contrived, though narrowly, to elude starvation, and save the authorities of Dresden the expense of a parish coffin. At a time when he was desperately "hard up," the poet Rabener, with whom he had some slight acquaintance, came to him with the offer of a tutorship, which Heyne, knowing the penalty, dared not at the moment do otherwise than accept. Tutorships he habitually abominated; but Want, like Death, regards no man's scruples or conveniences.

The tutorship did not prove so bad as he expected. Indeed we come now upon a little "cypress-and-myrtle oasis" of romance—a thing one could scarcely have calculated on in so hard and stony a history as Heyne's. He was engaged to teach the son of a Herr von Schönberg; and on entering the Schönberg house, he says he was "ushered into a room where sat several ladies engaged, with gay youthful sportiveness, in friendly confidential talk. Frau. von Schönberg, but lately married, yet at this time distant from her husband, was preparing for a journey to him at Prague, where his business detained him. On her brow still beamed the pure innocence of youth; in her eyes you saw a glad soft vernal sky; a smiling, loving complaisance accompanied her discourse. This, too, seemed one of those souls clear and uncontaminated as they come from the hands of their Maker. By reason of her brother, in her tender love of him, I must have been to her no unimportant guest. Beside her stood a young lady, dignified in aspect, of fair, slender shape, not regular in feature, yet soul in every glance. Her words, her looks, her every movement, impressed you with respect: another sort of respect than what is paid to rank and birth. Good sense,

good feeling, disclosed itself in all she did. You forgot that more beauty, more softness might have been demanded ; you felt yourself under the influence of something noble, something stately and earnest, something decisive that lay in her look, in her gestures, not less attracted to her than compelled to reverence her."

This latter lady bore the name of Theresa Weiss : she was the orphan daughter of some musical professor, and was present here as the humble companion, having formerly been the schoolmate, of the Frau von Schönberg, whose young brother the destinies had assigned to Heyne for a pupil. The first sight of Theresa seems only to have inspired him with esteem. "What I noticed most," says he, "were the efforts she made to relieve my embarrassment, the fruit of my down-bent pride, and to keep me, a stranger, entering among familiar acquaintances, in easy conversation. Her good heart reminded her how much the unfortunate requires encouragement, especially when placed, as I was, among those to whose protection he must look up. Thus was my first kindness for her awakened by that good-heartedness which made her among thousands a beneficent angel."

In a few days Heyne commenced his duties, and saw the esteemed Theresa no more till next spring, she having accompanied the Frau von Schönberg in her journey to Prague. With the pleasant breath and goodly verdure of the month of May, he had, however, the pleasure of enjoying some days in her society, in agreeable country quarters at Ænsdorf, whither he had been invited to follow the family with his pupil. This is perhaps the most delicious season in the whole of Heyne's life. Though nowise a poetical man, he almost rises into poetry when reproducing it from memory. "The society of two cultivated women," says he, "who were of the noblest of their sex, and the desire to acquire their esteem, contributed to form my own character. Nature and religion were the objects of my daily contemplation ; I began to act and live on principles of which till now I had never thought ; these, too, formed the subject of our constant conversation. The loveliness of nature and the charms of solitude exalted our feelings to a pious and absorbing ecstasy."

Heyne informs us further that Theresa discovered, sooner than he, that her friendship for him was growing into a passion. Does he mean to insinuate that Theresa first

acknowledged her susceptibility? If she did, there were doubtless reasons for it: Heyne was a slow man, remarkably unexcitable, and needing, like a flint, to be struck before he could exhibit fire. He seems to have been a man of almost preternatural bashfulness. He may have found it difficult to receive the notion that any interesting woman would ever love him. There are some rare examples of men of this description. And what if the amiable Theresa could perceive all this, and with a womanly compassion take it upon her to smooth the way, and by some very gentle hint, given at the right time, indicate her tender inclinations? Let none condemn Theresa should such turn out to be the fact. But it is hardly likely to be ascertained now whether or not it *was* the fact. It may suffice for us to know that, in one way or another, Heyne and Theresa were led to consider themselves as lovers. Glad hours of a most exquisite communion were for a while their portion, and then fate cast them wide asunder; and the gulf of distance and of difficulty between them was but slenderly bridged over by an enthusiastic and melancholy correspondence.

Heyne accompanied his pupil to the University of Wittenberg, where he remained for about a year, studying meanwhile for his own behoof in philosophy and German history; but at the end of that time the Prussian cannon demolished the university, and sent the students to seek accommodation in other places. The young Schönberg went subsequently to Erlangen, and Heyne was left in Dresden without employment. Theresa was living in his neighbourhood, and is supposed to have rendered him several lover's kindnesses. "Twice," says he, "I received letters from an unknown hand containing money, which greatly alleviated my difficulties." Who sent them, think you, but Theresa? However, as the cannonading became warmer, she was compelled to take to flight, having first confided her little property to Heyne's charge. Resourceless persons must necessarily stand the brunt of popular calamities, and it was accordingly Heyne's lot to abide the issue of the Prussian siege. On the 18th of July 1760 the bombardment of Dresden began. "I passed several nights," says Heyne, "in company with others, in a tavern, and the days in my room; so that I could hear the balls from the battery, as they flew through the streets, whizzing past my windows. An indifference to danger and

to life took such possession of me, that on the last morning of the siege I went early to bed, and amid the frightfullest crashing of bombs and grenades, fell fast asleep of fatigue, and lay sound till mid-day. On awakening, I huddled on my clothes, and ran down-stairs, but found the whole house deserted. I had returned to my room, considering what I was to do, whither, at all events, I was to take my chest, when, with a tremendous crash, a bomb came down in the court of the house; did not, indeed, set fire to it, but on all sides shattered every thing to pieces. The thought that where one bomb fell more would soon follow gave me wings; I darted down-stairs, found the house-door locked, ran to and fro; at last got entrance into one of the under rooms, and sprang through the window into the street." There was evidently no time to be lost if he meant to escape destruction. The next morning he was allowed, with other fugitives, to pass out of the city, and found himself at large in the open country with not a *groshen* of money, or any particle of property except a cloak which he had caught up from a tavern.

The thought soon struck him, Whither bound? It seemed that the best thing he could do was to take the road to Aensdorf, where Theresa and her friend were then staying. They on his arrival received him warmly. He was not favoured, however, with any pressing invitation to remain; for, as he appeared in the character of an altogether destitute man, the family entertained him coolly. In a few days he took his leave; the excellent Theresa being unspeakably distressed by the shabby treatment he received, in which, we are glad to find it said, the noble lady Frau Schönberg had no participation. Spurning at destiny, and hardening his heart, Heyne now roved reckless about the country, and with the earliest opportunity returned to Dresden. He thought there might be just a possibility that his lodging had been saved. "With heavy heart," says he, "I entered the city, hastened to the place where I had lived, and found—a heap of ashes!"

Heyne took up his quarters in the vacant and dilapidated rooms of the Brühl Library. These for a while he had liberty to occupy rent-free, but with the utmost scarcity of rations. For many months his condition was extremely destitute and unsettled—wars and penury tossing him hither

and thither like a ball. To increase his troubles, in the course of the winter the good Theresa, who had returned to Dresden, fell violently sick, and was given up by the physicians as beyond recovery; she even received "extreme unction," according to the rites of the Romish church (being a member of that community); and for some hours was actually considered to be dead. Dead, however, she was not, but became gradually restored to sense and convalescence. Moreover, with her returning strength, she gave intimation of a desire to renounce the Catholic faith, and to become publicly a Protestant. The difference of their religious views had long been a matter of anxiety between Heyne and herself, and she now thought she could see sufficient reasons for conforming to his creed. All the representations that were made to her of the conventional disgrace and estrangement of her friends that would ensue were of no avail in diverting her from her purpose; and accordingly, after a public renunciation of her former faith, she was received as a convert to the Church of the Reformation. She had not the slightest expectation at this time of ever being united to Heyne upon earth; but she trusted that a common creed might unite them in a kindred destiny in another world. Indeed Heyne himself had at this time fallen ill, and it was only through her nursing and attention that he escaped narrowly with his life. The circumstances of both were now alike cheerless and distracted. Theresa's change of faith had caused her to be forsaken by most of her acquaintance, and her little property had been destroyed by the late calamitous bombardment. In all the wide world she had no true friend but Heyne. He saw that, with a noble courage, she bore up bravely under the consequences which conscience had commanded her to incur, and that even extremest poverty could not compel her beautiful and gentle head to bend or swerve from its serene steadfastness; and so, moved by the influences of love and duty, he said to her, "Come to me, thou dear one, and let us link our hopeless fates in unison; and if not otherwise, yet in our united helplessness we will be as one: where I dwell thou shalt dwell, and whatsoever of fortune or mischance may be in store for us, we will meekly share together." This was a determination which could not but expose him to the universal censure of the "prudent;" yet, under the circumstances, it was unquestionably commendable, and Heyne had

never any reason to regret it. They were married at Aënsdorf, on the 4th of June, 1761. Theresa proved a noble wife to him, and with the ornaments that sprung out of her fine affection, adorned and beautified his destiny.

As to the vulgar necessities of life, they were in some sort realised by Heyne's occasional labours for the booksellers. The clouds and disturbances of war began gradually to clear away, and the hospitalities of friends contributed to eke out the insufficiencies of the still poorly-furnished household. For a while Heyne seems to have been engaged as a sort of factor or overseer of general affairs, under a certain Herr von Löben, who was a kind friend to him, and left him in possession of his country-house when he himself was driven from it by alarms of war ; in which capacity Heyne says he gained some little notion of "land-economy ;" and Heeren records that he had, amongst other concerns, to superintend "a candle manufactory." While here, an incident occurred which favourably illustrates the character of Theresa. "Soon after the departure of the family, there came upon us an irruption of Cossacks—disguised Prussians, as we subsequently learned—who, after drinking to intoxication in the cellars, set about plundering. Pursued by them, I ran up-stairs, and no door being open but that of the room where my wife was with her infant, I rushed into it. She arose courageously, and placed herself, with the child on her arm, at the door against the robbers. This courage saved me, and also the treasure which lay hidden in the chamber." One almost regrets that Heyne should have condescended to save his life by an undignified retreat behind such frail bastion-works as petticoats ; yet it is beautiful to see that even bloody-purposed Cossacks, or "disguised Prussians," have a certain inextinguishable reverence for the courageous defencelessness of a woman, standing at their mercy with her infant at her bosom. Surely human nature, in its lowest and worst forms, is never utterly diabolical !

Shortly after this, there arose for Heyne the dawn of better circumstances. Long and weary are the nights, gloomy and cheerless, too, the days of our protracted northern winter ; but yet the spring comes in at last, even though it be sometimes rather late in summer : so to honesty and faithfulness, and a manful endeavouring to "realize our aspirations," there commonly succeeds some intelligible

success; and that "tide" which is in the affairs of men, being taken at the full, leads on, if not to "fortune," to at least some practical satisfaction and contentment. "On our return to Dresden," says Heyne, "I learned that inquiries had been made after me from Hanover." Now what can such unwonted Hanoverian curiosity signify? Heyne is for some time left to guess, but has no gift for guessing right. Nevertheless, the singular enigma is by and by unriddled. Heyne learns that Professor Gessner, of the University of Göttingen, has lately been translated from this sublunary life; and therefore a successor was required to occupy his vacant chair of "Eloquence." The prime minister of Hanover, in whom the patronage was vested, had written to Ernesti for advice; and Ernesti, knowing no proper man in Germany, recommended Rhunken of Leyden as a highly desirable person, could he only be prevailed on to take the post. Rhunken declined to leave his country, but ventured to propose a man whose qualifications he deemed worthy of consideration. "Why," said he, "do you seek out of Germany what Germany itself offers you? Why not, for Gessner's successor, take Christian Gottlob Heyne, that true pupil of Ernesti, and man of excellent talent, who has shown how much he knows of Latin literature by his 'Tibullus,' and of Greek by his 'Epictetus?' In my opinion, Heyne is the only one that can replace your Gessner. Nor let any one tell me that Heyne's fame is not sufficiently illustrious and extended. Believe me, there is in this man such a richness of genius and learning, that before long all Europe will ring with his praises." Rhunken knew nothing of Heyne otherwise than by his writings; nevertheless, his generous and boldly-spoken verdict was accepted. Heyne was sought after, and with difficulty discovered; the appointment was conferred on him; and in June 1763 he became finally settled in Göttingen, with an "official income of eight hundred thalers," which subsequently, by various additions, was increased to twelve hundred—a sum, indeed, nowise very considerable, but yet quite sufficient for the needs of a modest and unambitious man of learning like our Heyne, who does not appear to have conceived it to be any part of the scholar's object to be rich, or that the glory of his life consists in living sumptuously.

This, then, is the culmination of Heyne's personal history. He has reached the position for which nature seems to have

intended him. What greater blessedness can happen to any man in life? Henceforth his existence is as quiet and fertile in activity as it had previously been desolate and distracted. He lived with little interruption for many years, "in the quiet and still air of delightful studies." He became an incarnation, or walking library of profound learning. Though several times solicited to accept appointments of higher distinction and importance, he never quitted Göttingen; but with a steady devotion to the institution which first afforded scope for his diligence and abilities, and furnished him with the comforts of a settled and honourable position, he remained calmly and contentedly connected with it throughout his life. With the punctuality of the sun he arose each day to renewed intellectual exertion, working sedulously in his vocation as a teacher, and continually adding new and important acquisitions to his treasury of personal knowledge. With unresting diligence he reads and examines into all manner of ancient records, difficult manuscripts, ponderous tomes of accumulated lore and rubbish, and with a keen and ready discrimination, draws from them, for his uses, whatever essence of true and serviceable learning they may contain. Thus, "having knowledge with each studious year," he grows gradually and progressively in influence and consideration with his contemporaries; fails not to be honoured with the reverence and esteem of the learned and the studious both at home and in foreign countries; and even eventually attains to that position of eminence and reputation which Rhunken predicted for him, and is recognised as being, in his own peculiar domain of intelligence and research, unsurpassed, and even without an equal, in Europe.

Heyne, moreover, as a stationed and accredited professor, has now become a person of some civic consequence and elevation. He has a fixed and reputable household, respectable comings in, charges and relations of a civil and public character, audiences with the learned, interests and vanities to adjust and regulate, Burschen irregularities to admonish and restrain, and, upon the whole, a very considerable multiplicity of affairs to superintend and keep in order. He seems to correspond with the poles and the equator—writing "letters by the hundred to all parts of the world, and on all conceivable subjects;" he teaches three classes daily in his college; appoints and recommends professors; superintends

a multitude of public schools ; has under his inspection for a number of years the very *freytische*, or free tables of the university, settling the bills of cooks, and being the authorized purveyor of "commons," or recognised students' provider ; and is, besides, a kind of general administrator of things in ordinary within the entire collegiate jurisdiction. Yet amid all this diversity of labour he is constantly pursuing some private and independent study ; he collates and edits, with elaborate annotations, and publishes in a variety of forms, and in manifold editions, many of the most estimable and illustrious masterpieces of ancient literature ; writes endless reviews and learned disquisitions, essays, eulogies, verses, and translations, until at length the works of his single head are almost numerous enough to fill the rooms of a public library. Nor are they mere indigested accumulations of learned lumber, not classical pumicestone or indiscriminate "shot rubbish"—cartloads of ashes, with a sprinkling of pearls and diamonds—not even rugged ore, like the uncoined hills of California ; but, as one has said, "regularly smelted metal, for the most part exhibiting the essence, and only the essence, of very great research, and enlightened by a philosophy which, if it does not always wisely order its results, has looked far and deeply in collecting them." Of the most important works to which this estimate applies, some brief account shall by and by be rendered.

In his domestic relations Heyne must be reckoned as being upon the whole favourably circumstanced. The good Theresa, though of a melancholy temperament, and of a somewhat irritable susceptibility, was nevertheless an amiable and gentle wife to him. Patient and enduring in adversity, she had also the qualities which failed not to grace and beautify the home of his prosperity. Children, too, spring up about their knees to share their love, and to unite them more intimately in the bonds of life ; and though some of them died early, making the house to appear vacant which had formerly been rendered cheerful by their presence, yet none of these bereavements left them utterly disconsolate ; but out of the pious sorrow engendered by their loss, there sprung up graceful and enduring tendernesses, which reconciled the mourners to their fate. Thus amid light and shadow, and the alternations of gladness and distress, the

days of their pilgrimage went on in a calm and not ungenial equanimity.

And so the years spin round, until 1775, when the excellent Theresa was called away—away utterly from this land of change, and from sickness which she had suffered long, to another wondrous state of being, where change and sickness shall be no more. Now shall the eyes that have seldom wept shed tears : now shall the pangs that are “beyond the pitch of human feeling” pierce into the soul which, under all calamities hitherto, has borne itself as with the calmness and indifference of adamant. In deep griefs, in speechless agony and anguish, he bends over the form of his beloved with a yearning that is unutterable ; and it is as though his desolate affections were driven forth in banishment into boundless loneliness for ever. All life and nature are painfully transfigured by his sorrow ; the whole earth seems wrapt in sadness, and the star-lighted heavens look dim and immeasurably remote. And as they bore her away to the “still dwelling” whose doors may never more be opened, it seemed as if the closing of those awful portals had everlastingly extinguished the presence of hope and love from out the world. “There,” said he, “reposes what is left of the dearest that Heaven gave me ;” there, in still unconscious slumber, in silent dreamlessness for ever, she sleeps the sleep from which there is no awakening ; among the dust and the perishing shapes of her four children, that went before her to that resting-place, she is gathered in the prime and beauty of her days. To him who stands there, beckoning his sorrowing farewells over the chasm that yawns between eternity and time, and in recognition whereof no sign is rendered—to him it now appears, while contemplating that almost perfect love with which the dead had blessed him, that it was indeed “the strongest and the truest that ever inspired the heart of woman”—a love which made him many a time the happiest of mortals, though it was withal to him the “fountain of a thousand distresses, inquietudes, and cares.” He remembers that when tears flowed over their cheeks there was sometimes a nameless and yet exquisite delight streaming through his consciousness—a rushing and gracious unison of the currents of joy and sorrow, more sweet, more blessed than any ordinary gladness. And

thus it even cheers him to reflect that he shall come one day to rest beside her—"rest from all the carking care, from all the griefs which so often have imbibtered to him the enjoyment of his life."

But apart from these or any kindred consolations, it was not in Heyne's nature to brood long over any sorrow. To persist in lamenting the inevitable is at once contrary to philosophy and religion, and is a hindrance to the right accomplishment of the remaining tasks of life. Accordingly, Heyne, in conformity with an established plan of his, shortly began to reckon up his several grounds of sorrow, and having fairly written them down on paper, he next wrote over against them his "grounds of consolation;" and on contrasting them, and striking a balance of the account, he appears to have been satisfied that he had still much to be contented with. "So," he piously concludes, "for all these sorrows too, and these trials, do I thank thee, O God! And now I will again turn me with undivided purpose to my duty, and thou, my glorified and buried friend, dost even smile on me with approval!" And thus, from the valley of the shadow of death, the scholar and philosopher comes forth again to participate in the light and active interests of the living.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is often but a step, and here we have the saying once more verified. In less than twelve months after the good Theresa's funeral, Heyne became actually entangled in another courtship! Oh that there were some despotic ukase in operation, to defend elderly and middle-aged gentlemen from making fools of themselves! The match appears to have been brought about in this wise: some time in the summer of 1776, the Hanoverian court physician, Zimmerman, who is popularly known by a meditative work on "Solitude," was spending some months in company with one Reich, a Leipzig bookseller, at the Pyrmont Baths. There also came Brandes, the Hanoverian minister of instruction for the time; and with him he brought a daughter, at present unmarried, but to all appearance highly marriageable. On her did Zimmerman and Reich cast sympathizing looks, and, putting their sensible heads together, concerted a scheme to provide her with a husband. Heyne was but little known to Zimmerman, yet the latter was impressed with the conceit, that it would be

rendering him a service to find another wife for him. The author of "Solitude" accordingly ventured to consult him, to point out the desirableness of such a mate as was this interesting daughter of the minister, and to offer the aid of himself and other friends to bring matters to a pleasant issue, without giving Heyne any particular trouble in the affair. An agreeable wife, if procurable on such easy terms, Heyne could not find it in him to reject. He, however, comported himself with the most philosophical indifference, transacted the greater portion of his courtship at second-hand, and was indeed in all respects as compliant to the plans and wishes of his friends as might be any respectable and commonplace inheritor of royal blood, whose marriage is an affair of international diplomacy. The damsel, too, was of an extremely accommodating temper, having neither preferences nor dislikes, but being dutifully disposed to be guided in a matter so important by the more experienced sense and practised judgment of her father. The father, on his part, was every thing that could be desired by a suitor; and thus it came to pass that Heyne was enabled to take home to him, on the 9th of April, 1777, a second and very interesting bride, won for him with less perplexity than many a town or country damsel may have experienced in selecting a bunch of artificial flowers, or a ribbon for her Sunday bonnet!

Here was a fortunate event in Heyne's life brought about very foolishly. The majority of chances was obviously against such a match turning out well; but the odd chance, by lucky accident, was hit, and it turned out admirably. This second wife is said to have proved herself in all respects a true and worthy one. She was a most cheerful and meet companion for her husband; kept his house in the most admirable order; managed and brought up her children, and those of the deceased Theresa, like a genuine and faithful mother; and loved and assiduously assisted Heyne in many of the concerns which he undertook. Her love was *quieter*, and apparently less romantic, than that of her predecessor, and probably, to such a man as our professor, it was therefore considerably more suitable; for Heyne, throughout his life, was rather a solid than a brilliant man; and his affections, though firm and unwavering as a rock, were little accustomed to display themselves in fanciful exertations. Altogether, as we have said, Heyne may be reasonably con-

sidered as having been more than ordinarily fortunate in his personal relations.

In his public capacity also nearly all things went favourably with him. As the years proceeded, he rose by degrees to be both in name and office the chief man of his establishment. "His character stood high with the learned of all countries; and the best fruits of external reputation—increased respect in his own circle—was not denied to him." Besides his claims to distinction as a teacher and a scholar, Heeren represents him as being an expert negotiator and active man of business—modes of activity for which it seems Heyne himself considered his talents to be peculiarly fitted. In proof and illustration of this notion, the ingenious biographer furnishes considerable details of our professor's procedure in managing the secular concerns of his university—a procedure involving almost infinite *finesse*, and an extremely complicated correspondence with the state-appointed ministers who, from time to time, presided over the educational department. Be all this as it may, it is clearly evident that Heyne every where inspired confidence in his capabilities and integrity, every where was honoured with the consideration and esteem of his contemporaries. In Göttingen, where he was best known, he was an object of general reverence, and appears to have been regarded by the inhabitants as a sort of incarnation of all learning. He rendered many a good service to the worthy burghers, and on one occasion more especially delighted them by reorganizing their respected gymnasium, or town school. A further and even more important benefit Heyne was also privileged to perform for them, in the troublesome and dangerous period when Napoleon was subjugating the continent under his splendid usurpation. Heyne was now in his old age, and nothing was so desirable to him as quiet. He in his time had seen the horrors of sacked cities, and he felt that it now behoved him to do his utmost to divert the possibility of such evils from the worthy people among whom he lived. Accordingly, in the belief perhaps that Napoleon was intrinsically a humane man, Heyne made a modest and deferential application to him, soliciting protection (should it please him) for the Göttingen university and its libraries; and even succeeded in obtaining not only protection for the university, but also immunity from hostile invasion for the whole surrounding district. Thus we may

perceive that sometimes an old and prudent man may be the deliverer of a city. It is even said, that as matters actually turned out, Göttingen was rather a gainer than a sufferer by the war, inasmuch as under Jerome of Westphalia all benefices were paid with the greatest punctuality, and even manifold improvements were effected in the university's affairs; among which may be mentioned, as considerably the most important, a new and handsome extension of the buildings of the library, erected at the special cost of government.

The interest of Heyne's life is now pretty well exhausted. For some pages past it has had a tendency to flag. Readers are naturally indifferent about the details of prosperity. It is only with the *struggle* of the hero, and not with his repose or the quiet industry which follows victory, that they care to be concerned. Nobody minded Washington after he took to planting cabbages. When you can sit under your own vine, and eat of your own fig-tree, the interest of mankind is ended in respect to your proceedings. It is the penalty which a man pays for his success, that his history thenceforth dwindles into commonplace. So at least it is with all such men as Heyne. Barren of incident, fruitful only in inward progress, in regular uninterrupted industry, embodied in a long series of literary productions, his life for many years seems to have been little other than a succession of studious and quiet days, any one of which would be a fit and almost perfect representative of the rest.

In personal character and outward bearing Heyne appears to have been a kindly and worthy man. Among his townsmen and fellow-collegians, as we have noted, he was held in the highest veneration. In all his relations he is acknowledged to have been just, generously considerate, friendly, and compassionately disposed. He lived in great simplicity, and delighted in all simple and unostentatious pleasures. Had you been passing through Göttingen any time at the beginning of the present century, you might probably have seen him in his garden, moving about with a pair of scissors, trimming the numerous rose-bushes in which his house was pleasantly embowered. He had a love for roses which almost amounted to a passion, and always in the season he kept a large bouquet of them in water upon his desk. Such a delight in the sight and scent of natural beauty would surely be indicative of a gentle heart. That he was really

possessed of one, there are even more decided evidences. Though in external appearance he was the grave and methodical professor—the stiff, almost pedantic-seeming commentator, and to an undiscerning eye scarcely any thing besides ; yet under his cold, learned, rock-like exterior there were wells of native pity, which were really never dry, but, as occasion called, would gush forth in deeds of kindness and sympathy. His own early difficulties and distresses never left his memory. What was better still, when similar distresses were made known to him, he never failed to render something of the encouragement and help which they demanded. Not many authenticated stories of the kind can be positively related, for it is understood that all his charities of this sort were managed according to the divine rule, which recommends that the left hand shall not know what the right hand doeth. It quite contented Heyne to *do* the good—if possible, to do it furtively and with as little semblance of *charity* as was practicable—leaving it quietly behind him when it was done, and going on his way, as the winds pass when they have scattered the seeds which will some day replenish and repair the forest.

Heeren relates that Heyne had great fondness for the charms of natural scenery. He delighted in the fields and skies, and would lie for hours reading on the grass. His endless communion with books, such as were nowise calculated to entertain the imagination, had not materially impaired in him one of the finest and most ethereal of human feelings. His love of nature, however, is not to be understood as being particularly fastidious or sentimental. There is nothing of the “view-hunter” in the man ; no sickly yearning for the picturesque ; but he has the quiet, healthful taste which finds beauty in almost every object—in common hedgerows and pasture-lands, and the humblest flowers that adorn the waysides and the heaths. He cannot affect raptures, nor deliberately indite sonnets to fountains or the moon ; but wherever the beautiful shines along his path, he has the sense which can discern, and accept it with satisfaction.

In his intercourse with friends or strangers, of whom many hundreds visited him, Heyne is represented to have been uniformly courteous. In social conversation his urbanity and politeness were perhaps sometimes excessive, though he

is reported to have had a habit of "yawning" when he came in contact with persons who talked largely without saying any thing to the purpose. It is therefore evident he was but indifferently qualified to prosper in polite society. He appears, however, to have been well received among the magnates and quality of Göttingen. As evidences of the consideration paid to him, we may mention, that in the latter years of his life the magistracy exempted him, by special act, from all public assessments; and in 1809, when he was eighty years of age, the public boards and learned faculties came together in procession to congratulate him on his birthday; students assembled to do him reverence, and young ladies sent him garlands; and for that day old Göttingen was a place of perfect jubilee, and as far as such things could delight him, the good Heyne had a sufficiency of happiness and honour.

Not the least part of his good fortune must be reckoned the circumstance that he lived to complete all his cherished undertakings. In the month of April 1812, he saw the last volume of his works in print, and is said to have expressed great thankfulness that he had been permitted to perform so much. He was too old now to think of entering upon other projects. What remained to him of life he was content to spend in a quiet and contemplative waiting for the end. And the end came gently, and like a sleep, or as the falling of ripened fruit in the stillness of the autumn. The 11th of July, of this same 1812, was a day of public and popular interest in Göttingen—some anniversary, or other celebration connected with the Royal Society of that city—on which occasion Heyne, as one of the celebrities belonging to it, is reported to have spoken largely, and with more than ordinary vivacity and clearness. The next day, Heeren says he saw him for the last time. It was Sunday evening, and the old man was resting in his chair, very evidently exhausted by the fatigue of yesterday. However, on the Monday morning "he once more entered his class room, and held his Seminarium." Afterwards, "in the afternoon, he prepared his letters, domestic as well as foreign," sealed them with all neatness, save one, which was written in Latin, to Professor Thorlacius at Copenhagen, and which Heeren found open, though finished, on the writer's desk. At supper, being alone with his elder daughter, he conversed cheerfully, and

at his usual time retired to his bedroom. In the night, the servant-girl, who slept under his apartment, heard him walking up and down—a practice to which he was much addicted when he could not sleep. Subsequently he went to bed again, and shortly after five in the morning he rose as usual. When the girl inquired how he had been in the night, he replied to her in a strain of jocularly, and seemed in moderately good spirits. She left him to prepare his coffee; and returning with it about a quarter of an hour afterwards, she found him fallen down before his washstand. His hands being still wet, it appeared that death had overtaken him while washing. His medical attendant was hastily called in, but Heyne was gone whither no skill could call him back. Thus in the eighty-third year of an honourable old age, he died a painless and peaceful death, like the last of winter nights falling softly into the mild embraces of the spring.

Heyne was buried with appropriate solemnities—with pomps and imposing ceremonials such as were deemed fitting for one of his public and dignified position. Neither was there wanting an emphatic recognition of his merits as a man who had risen from obscurity into notable eminence among the learned. It is written that at Chemnitz, where he was born and nurtured in deep poverty, a grand company of the illustrious and respectable of the land was drawn together and assembled, under the constituted authorities of the place, to celebrate his memory. On this magnificent occasion, the old school album, in which the little starveling boy had inscribed his name, was produced and exhibited for the admiration of the visitors, many hundreds of whom went afterwards to see the poor dilapidated cottage wherein Heyne's father had once weaved, and he himself had cultivated the rudiments of learning in the lowest stages of his fortune. Then there was a wondrous display of oratory; high-flown speeches were delivered and reported; grandiloquent eulogiums lavished without measure; loud plaudits of astonishment and silly wonder; till the whole jubilation was at length ended through sheer exhaustion and debility of the articulative organs. Oh this canting affectation, which is so eager to honour the talent that has been already honoured!—this hollow reverberating applausiveness, which delights in sounding forth its empty gratulations among the tombs and

forsaken habitations of them that have been distinguished!—would that it could cease, and leave the memories of modest men at rest! For how many, think you, out of that respectable multitude had penetration enough to have discerned any merit in such a man as Heyne while he slept bedless in Sonntag's garret with folios for his pillow, and dined grimly in the twilight on a dish of peascods without sauce? Perhaps it is difficult to honour a man at all in any popular and public fashion apart from his position; but it is obvious that all such honouring as this is but a conventional and ceremonial triviality. Heyne's proper honour is that which is paid to him by the conscious or unconscious admiration of men of his own class—by the scholars and the students who perceive and can appreciate the services he performed in the way of facilitating the study of ancient literature. This is the only honour which could have any meaning for Heyne, or for any other person of the like acquisitions and endowments.

In looking over the life and performances of Heyne, the first thing which strikes us is the man's amazing diligence. The quantity of work which he performed is almost sufficient to justify Hazlitt's assertion, that human life is long enough to crowd into it all the arts and sciences. A very brief notice of his most important labours, without any attempt to estimate their individual excellences or deficiencies, is all that can be rendered in the present pages:—

The first editions of his "Tibullus" and Epictetus" have been already mentioned. These were Heyne's achievements while he was still under probation, and, as the reader has seen, were prepared in the midst of circumstances in the highest degree unfavourable for such pursuits. The "Tibullus" was subsequently republished in two other editions, each time with large extensions and improvements; and the "Epictetus" also went through a second edition, with similar emendations. Among Heyne's further labours there are not less than six separate editions of "Virgil," published in various forms at different times, from 1767 to 1803; next we have two editions of "Pliny," one in 1790, and the other in 1811; then there are two editions of "Apollodorus," which appeared respectively in 1787 and 1803; three editions of "Pindar," published successively in 1774, 1797, and 1798, the last very considerably enlarged; "Conon and Parthenius," in 1798; and lastly, an elaborate edition of "Homer," in eight

volumes, 1802; and a second, contracted edition in two volumes, 1804.

In addition to the above, which could have been produced only by means of immense labour and research, we have a countless medley of translations from all languages; amongst which, as being a work of no inconsiderable extent, may be mentioned an improved version of Guthrie and Gray's "Universal History." There are, besides, about a dozen goodly volumes of miscellaneous essays, treating of all imaginable subjects; six volumes of which are also known in a separate shape, under the title of "Opuscula," and are said to contain some highly valuable writings. Finally, it appears, according to Heeren's computation, that Heyne was the author of between seven and eight thousand reviews of books!—an astonishing feat of authorship, had he even never produced a line in any other department of human literature.

Any one will admit that here surely is an author first-rate in point of *quantity*. Were it possible to think and write, as well as print, by steam-machinery, one could scarcely calculate upon a literary engine, of average practicable power, being brought to the capability of producing more. Indeed Heyne seems to have been in great part a sort of animated classical machine—though we believe it must be admitted that he was a machine invested with a faculty of rational discrimination and discernment. If he works after the manner of a machine, there is nevertheless a human head active enough in directing the wheels. Still, in such a mass of writings as he has left, it is hardly to be expected that elegance or nicety of composition should be a very prevailing feature. Heyne, we believe, is considered by his own countrymen as a very indifferent writer of the German tongue. His object, indeed, had no respect to excellence in this particular. His Latin style, which is his commonest medium of expression in his learned works, is of that sort which is esteemed well enough for a commentator, but is utterly without pretensions to literary grace.

The value of Heyne's writings is altogether apart from style: it lies in his deep research, in his powers as an interpreter, in his keen-eyed skill in exposition and emendation—whereby the real qualities of classical literature become intelligibly apparent, to an extent not before attainable by its students. In Germany—and indeed now for a long time in

Europe generally—Heyne is regarded as the founder of a new epoch in classical investigations. He is esteemed as the first eminent scholar “who with any decisiveness attempted to translate fairly beyond the letter of the classics; to read in the writings of the ancients, not their language only, or even their detached records and opinions, but their very spirit and character, their way of life and thought;” how, in short, the world and human life were represented to the minds of men in the olden foregone ages, and what manner of living and acting persons the Greeks and Romans really were. By his minute inquiries into antiquity, more especially as regards its politics and mythology, Heyne is believed to have opened a shaft into some of the most important mysteries of ancient times. Since his day this has been extended by other diligent labourers into a wide and productive mine, so that now the state of classical learning is advanced far beyond the point at which Heyne left it. Yet as the originator, in great part of a new method of interpretation, his merits are unquestionable, and even sufficient to justify the exalted praises which have been universally awarded to him on their account.

While, however, his distinction as a commentator, is thus considerable, he cannot properly be regarded intellectually as a great, or even perfectly accomplished man. He remains to us little other than a painstaking plodding commentator after all; excellent in this department, but indifferently endowed with the gifts which could entitle him to a loftier reputation. Great perspicuity of exposition, and unwearied diligence in prosecuting his learned investigations to serviceable results, are perhaps to be reckoned as his principal characteristics; to any important clearness or superior polish of thought or of expression, to any philosophical order, or artistic classical adjustment, it is not commonly believed that he has any just pretension. Nay, it is even said that he is not unfrequently involved in “tortuous verbotisms,” akin to the defects of the old-school commentators, whom his foremost admirers are apt to boast that he displaced. Writing from long habit in a dead language, he may probably be pardoned for sometimes writing heavily; yet there are judges in these matters who are not scrupulous in asserting that Heyne’s learned harness became at length the most imposing portion of the man, and that, like Don Quixote,

he could not go abroad on the most frivolous adventure without the pedantry of encasing himself in this awkward and fantastic armour. There is undoubtedly a possibility that a man may be too "learned." The growth of all extraneous encasements is apt to be prejudicial to the living power that inhabits them: naturalists and fishermen can tell you that a redundancy of shell is to the detriment of the oyster. Heyne perhaps grew to be a somewhat too exclusive impersonation of the university professor, seems to have been stereotyped into a "learned man" from a comparatively early period of his career, and to have taken his estimate of men and things too generally from the appearances they presented through a pair of college-tinted spectacles.

Under the moral manifestation, Heyne seems likewise to have exhibited something of this pendant-like contractedness. It has been said that there was in his manner a certain hardness, and even apparent insensibility, verging towards repulsiveness, which was nevertheless no portion of his intrinsic character. The grave professorial habit was so ingrained in him, that he passed for a man of less kindness and less enthusiasm than he really was. Among the warmer sort of religious people he was scarcely considered to be religious; yet we suppose that would nowise be the opinion of any discerning reader who has looked into his autobiography, or seen his deportment under circumstances of calamity. Cold and insensible as he looked, all who have followed us through the several revolutions of his history will not have failed to observe beautiful underlying streams of tenderness and affection which, at the call of strong occasions, would well upwards in fountains of pure and gentle feeling. He has throughout a quiet and steady confidence in the justness and perfect wisdom of the providential oversight, in the everlasting goodness of the divine appointments and conditions. Only in his way of signifying his sense of these he displays an awkwardness and reserve which seem to indicate an insensitive disposition. There is a want of heartiness and earnestness in his demeanour which is calculated to excite suspicion that he is devoid of generous and earnest qualities. But there are indeed no grounds for such suspicion. The imperfection is but a consequence of incomplete development, of the damaging influences of his circumstances and peculiar employments. The thick atmosphere

of learned mannerism in which he works and lives, is too dense to admit of the undistorted shining of his modest virtue. The man is a good man enough, but he has no capacity for letting his light shine cheerfully and profitably among other men. He is so encumbered with learned casings, as to be almost in the condition of that singular garment which the "Tale of the Tub" makes mention of, and which had, in the progress of refinement, become so overladen with extraneous ornament, as to give rise to a controversy respecting the original colour of the cloth.

After all deductions, however, Heyne is well entitled to respect as a highly able and meritorious man. He lived through that which to many would have been death, or moral ruin. His life, upon the whole is a noble spectacle, an admirable encouragement to steady industry and perseverance. Scarcely is there any where upon record an instance of more invincible pertinacity and steadfastness in the pursuit of a worthy object, in following out an aim which involved so much protracted anxiety and distress—such immovable decisiveness in abiding by a purpose which, though nowise clear at first, appears still to have been attended by an intense conviction or presentiment that that was verily the purpose which it behoved him to strive after. His history is highly valuable, independently of his fame as a man of learning. It exhibits a man working under the most unfavourable circumstances, with scarcely any means to start with, and yet, by resolute persistency, surmounting every obstacle, and rising at last into dignity and reputation. It reveals to us something of that partial omnipotence which resides in the human will, and gives us token how a purpose, honestly and intently prosecuted, can scarcely fail to be successful. Heyne's genius was not of the loftiest, nor his object perhaps of the noblest; but still his instinct for the pursuits to which he devoted himself seems deserving of the name of genius, and his object was unquestionably a worthy and important one. It was to help forward the cause of true intelligence in the world, to clear up some of the errors and difficulties which lay opposed to the perfect understanding of those records of thought and character which the ancients have left us for our study and entertainment; and it cannot be denied that in this remote but yet useful province he wrought with admirable energy and success. By

his labours the people of antiquity have been brought more intimately before us, and the spirit and characteristics of their culture more accurately and adequately expounded ; so that, upon the whole, our knowledge of them and their proceedings has been enlarged, and their history and achievements have thus been rendered matters of a profounder and more profitable interest. This is a praise which the learned generally appear disposed to award to Heyne, and it is obviously one which assigns to him a position of no inconsiderable distinction.

The interest of Heyne's biography, however, will rest mainly in the unfavourableness of his personal circumstances, and in the spirit of endeavour which enabled him to triumph over them. He is a witness to the truth, that a man is not altogether the product of circumstances, but that he is competent to modify, and even in some degree to subjugate them. Human power has a dominion over fortune. While it is not to be denied that adversity is oftentimes the means of marring and interrupting the fair development of a man's capacities, it is yet true that he may advance to very considerable heights of culture, both morally and intellectually, in spite of the worst external hindrances. Nay, it is matter of experience, that the ablest and greatest men, in nearly all departments of affairs have been actually benefited and invigorated by the press of temporary difficulties, and have risen to higher elevations through the strength which they had gathered in conflict with misfortune. The man that can walk only in smooth and unobstructed paths, is not likely to proceed very successfully on any important journey. Great, almost incalculable, is the power of persistency. This is the conquering quality, more than any other, which Heyne's career illustrates. He is a personal exemplification of the force of persevering effort, of resolute and unwavering abidance by an approved pursuit, and of final triumph thereby over a most hostile array of circumstances. Thus is his life an encouragement to all aspirants ; not especially on account of the material rewards which attended his exertions, but most emphatically in regard to that higher and more permanent success which is realized through the true unfolding and manifestation of a man's predominating talents.*

* The facts of the preceding narrative are derived from Professor Heeren's *Life of Heyne* ; and some of the translated passages have been taken from an article on Heyne in "*Cariyle's Miscellanies*," which has also in other respects been serviceable to the writer.

In contemplating the career of a scholar such as Heyne, one cannot fail to be struck with the wide dissimilarities between the scholar-life of Germany and that of England. Overlooking such obvious differences as exist in the social conditions and habits of English and German students, we are inclined to draw attention to the kinds of encouragement which men of parts are accustomed to receive from the learned institutions of the two countries. Here we have no instance of a man making his way to university honours by independent force of scholarship—no example of any one rising into eminence at the seats of learning, who did not first study after an orthodox and prescribed plan, involving very considerable personal expense, and therefore altogether excluding the poorer sort from any participation in its benefits. There have been instances, it is true, of persons caught up out of the humbler ranks of life, and sent to study in our colleges, where the chances of advancement were undoubtedly as free to them as to others—witness, for example, the cases of Kirke White and William Gifford; but the universities are meanwhile utterly inaccessible to all such as are not supported or befriended by the like extraneous patronage. In England, Heyne, working under kindred circumstances to those which encumbered him in Germany, could by no possibility have obtained a classical professorship. No matter what amount of learning he had acquired, or what degree of aptitude he might evince for investigating or enlarging its acquisitions, he would have been entirely debarred by his poverty from ever gaining any important collegiate rank or distinction. And though perhaps this might have been no lasting impediment to the fame and ultimate influence of the man, yet it must have been an unquestionable hindrance to the progress of erudition in his generation, and would certainly have precluded him from occupying that eminent position among his contemporaries which he so well deserved, and was so admirably qualified to fill, and to which, through his most praiseworthy endeavours and exertions, he was enabled to attain among his countrymen.

The impassable bar or obstacle whereof we speak, and which so manifestly prevents the impoverished or unaided sons of genius from gaining access to our universities, and exercising an influence within them, is probably one of the most significant causes of the stagnant condition of learning

which is so commonly admitted to prevail in those institutions. The men who succeed in obtaining distinctions and emoluments in them are not generally the most gifted or enlightened, but often persons who, by dint of *cramming*, have prepared themselves expressly for the situations which by that process are procurable : they commonly enter with no other object than that of reaping the *rewards* of learning—of rising by means of the literary honours they may obtain into some desirable conventional position—a position which they are apt to regard more for its secular and connectional benefits, than for the opportunities it may afford for a patient and disinterested cultivation of truth and knowledge—the very realities which all colleges and universities were originally instituted to preserve and progressively unfold, to the end that human life and the wellbeing of men might be advanced, and their characters permanently perfected and adorned. Where the rewards of knowledge are not especially in request, a university education is sought after as being necessary to a man's condition or rank in life ; and in this case it is looked upon as a sort of accredited ornament which, by the demands of society, is needful to be worn. The genuine *lovers and devotees* of learning for its own sake, or for the sake of the advancement of humanity, are accordingly, in our age and country, extremely rare exceptions to the ordinary run of persons who enter upon such pursuits. The high importance attached to the conventional *position* it confers (when prosecuted according to the prescribed courses), is such as to drive out of all minds, except the purest and most disinterested, that just estimate of the worth and significance of knowledge which should be sedulously and reverently cultivated, and without which knowledge can never be prosecuted with any beneficial success. "The sciences," said Jean Paul, "are my heaven." In them he could expatiate with an incessant and perpetual joy ; whatsoever rewards he might reap from the world in return for his devotion to them, he could thankfully accept, and proceed onwards with an encouraged spirit ; but he, and all others such as he, would have deemed it a desecration to have regarded science or literature as only the convenient stepping-stones for their ambition, or to have followed them for any inferior satisfaction than that which they themselves will yield to their faithful cultivators and adherents.

In Germany, it would seem that if a man will prosecute knowledge or learning for its own sake, the institutions of the country, to some extent, further him in doing so, and his poverty will be no final impediment to his attainment of honourable distinction among the learned. He has only to give proofs of a superior intelligence, and the highest posts of learned eminence are open to his acceptance. He needs no further recommendation than the superiority of his qualifications. The consequence is, that men of the highest attainments are always adequately provided for, and rise to the exact position in which they can best and most effectually carry out their undertakings. The painful probation through which many of them have to pass is not entirely an evil, since by proving themselves worthy of encouragement or promotion, they are almost certain to obtain it in due season; for it appears that all over Germany there is a constant inquiry going on respecting the qualifications and merits of men of learning and ability, and a perpetual desire and effort to obtain their services in places of influence and distinction. It is said that the prime minister of every State is always in regular correspondence with some eminent director of the learned institutions; he oversees and takes note of all their proceedings and operations, and knows the character not only of every professor, but of every pupil who gives signs of promise. "He is continually purchasing books, drawings, models; treating for this or the other help or advantage to the establishment. He has his eye over all Germany; and nowhere does a man of any decided talent show himself, but he strains every nerve to acquire him"—often, indeed, without success, for a similar assiduity seems to actuate every minister of education throughout the country. Many of them are in frequent communication with each other—corresponding, inquiring, negotiating; "everywhere there seems a canvassing, less for places than for the best men to fill them."

By way of contrast to such a state of things, it may not be amiss to bring to mind an incident in our own literary history of the last age. A few years before the time when Heyne, after his stern novitiate, was entering upon the comfortable and reputable office which his learning had obtained for him in Göttingen, Samuel Johnson was striving to snatch a livelihood in London, by translating and performing other literary hackwork for the booksellers. It may be remembered that

on one occasion the stalwart Samuel subscribed himself in a letter to Sylvanus Urban—"Yours, *impransus*, Sam. Johnson;" that is to say, the man was dinnerless. Harassed and heart-weary with his irksome and precarious way of life, and willing to turn himself to any thing, however humble, which promised him a *certain* income, Johnson sought to get appointed to the mastership of a country school, to which was attached a salary of sixty pounds a year. The trustees were willing to appoint him, being well satisfied with his attainments; but the statutes of the school required that the master should have taken the degree of Master of Arts at one of the universities. Johnson had been at Oxford, but had taken no degree, inasmuch as his circumstances prevented him from continuing a sufficient length of time; though there appears to be every reason for believing that he was far enough advanced in learning to have passed a creditable examination. His scholarship, perhaps, was never of the highest order; but unquestionably degrees were taken by many students whose acquisitions were much inferior. There never was a doubt entertained as to his being amply qualified for the appointment which he sought, and only a degree was needed to enable him to obtain it. Under the circumstances, application was made in his behalf to the university of Oxford, soliciting, by way of favour, that the desired degree might be granted him, with the understanding that he was "not afraid of the strictest examination." There can be no question that, had he been examined, he would have proved himself worthy of the required honour; but the university was so hampered by forms and practices, as to be obliged to refuse the application, or else the authorities were indisposed to help a deserving man in his extremity. Any way, the favour asked was deemed too great a favour to be conferred. Johnson was constrained to continue working in his Egyptian task-field in London, and the heads of Oxford university lost the honour which they might have earned by befriending a praiseworthy scholar. They refused him, indeed, the serviceable credentials to which he was intrinsically entitled; and by their indolence and heedlessness they cast an unmerited slight upon the unexceptionable qualifications which he was seeking to turn honestly to account as the means of earning his daily bread.

Now, we are not prepared to say that it was not really better in the end, both for Johnson and the world, that the

The first of these is the fact that the English system of education is based on the principle of the "open market." The student is free to choose his own course of study, and to enter upon it at any time. This system has been found to be the most effective for the purpose of training the mind, and it is the basis of the English system of education. The second of these is the fact that the English system of education is based on the principle of the "open market." The student is free to choose his own course of study, and to enter upon it at any time. This system has been found to be the most effective for the purpose of training the mind, and it is the basis of the English system of education. The third of these is the fact that the English system of education is based on the principle of the "open market." The student is free to choose his own course of study, and to enter upon it at any time. This system has been found to be the most effective for the purpose of training the mind, and it is the basis of the English system of education.

perhaps, as in Johnson's case, the university might have condescendingly bestowed some honorary distinction on him at a time when he had made his own way in the world, and had no longer any special need of it. Oxford favoured Johnson with a diploma when he had executed the most useful, and, every thing considered, the greatest work of English scholarship that was produced in his own age—his famous English Dictionary; but it was then a greater honour to the university for Johnson to accept such a degree, than it was to Johnson to have it granted him. What he said of Chesterfield's patronage might have been as reasonably said of this university distinction—"Had it been earlier, it had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it—till I am *known*, and do not want it." All such distinctions are extremely paltry when compared with the services which a university might render to the struggling aspirants and devotees of learning, were it so constituted as to admit them to examinations, independently of residence or tests, and grant degrees or testimonials corresponding to their actual proficiency. Here, indeed, would be a noble vantage-ground wherefrom the poor and honest student might, if duly gifted and industrious, rise to honour in spite of poverty and its concomitant obstacles; it would set him in good measure square with his richer competitors; and give a freer and wider scope for the success of a manly and enterprising emulation.

In conclusion, we submit, with due respect, whether, in any contemplated enlargements of the usages and usefulness of our universities, it may not be well and possible to make some provision for the admission of our English Heynes, should any such arise, seeing that for the due and perfect prosecution of learning there should be men thoroughly and earnestly devoted to it, without respect to its conventional immunities; and while public encouragement is requisite for the furtherance of all difficult and abstruse studies, it is surely just that the same should be liberally and fairly accessible to all who may manifest any aptitude or diligence in regard to them. One thing, we think, may be affirmed with safety, which is—that so long as university dignities and emoluments are obtainable almost exclusively by the mere mechanical *crammers*—which, we hear it said, is quite the general rule—and so long also as these positions are sought solely or mainly out of regard for their advantages as places of mere material estimation and

respectability, the condition of learning in England cannot be satisfactorily progressive, nor the universities themselves continue to be held in that high respect which formerly they merited. That cause or interest is always the best advanced which can command the willing services of those who are devoted to it with pure and disinterested intents; not that we undervalue the advantages to be derived from a regular and systematic training, but that we claim for genius, for talent and industry, wherever found, or in whomsoever they may appear, that freedom of development, that respect and honour, those privileges and those rewards, to which, by their own intrinsic merits, they are so righteously entitled.*

* Since this was written, some changes have been effected in the constitution of our universities which render them more easily accessible to certain classes of the community; but the substance of what is here said still remains true as regards the chances of men like Heyne being admitted to offices of collegiate or university distinction, such as were open to him in Germany. 1861.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE.*

IN the middle of the eighteenth century, at the village of Rammenau, near Pulsnitz, in Upper Lusatia, there lived and worked among his contemporaries a certain manufacturer of ribbons, named Christian Fichte. He, recently married, and reputedly established in trade there, paying rates and taxes, and other like dues and imposts, cheerfully fronted the world, and took thankfully from fortune whatever benefits she sent him.

Among the most memorable of these was a first-born son, who struggled into existence on the 19th of May, 1762. This is he who, being subsequently baptised according to orthodox prescription, was thereafter called by the name of Johann Gottlieb Fichte—a name since considerably well known, and not indifferently respected, by all persons who are anywise acquainted with German Transcendentalism.

As the boy grew up he showed signs of extraordinary capacity, and waxed steadily in favour with all who were interested in his welfare. Long before he was old enough to be sent to school his father had taught him to read; taught him also a number of pious songs and proverbs, and initiated him somewhat into the higher mysteries of Bible-history and the Catechism. Often, by way of entertaining his curiosity, the father would relate to him the story of his personal wanderings in Saxony and Franconia, whither, in conformity with a well-known German usage, he had gone in former years for improvement in his calling. To these recitals young Gottlieb listened with exceeding interest, and was thereby awakened into some vague sympathy with the existing outward world. The wonder and manifold train of feelings thus excited fostered in the boy a fondness for solitary rambles, and often impelled him forth into the lonely and

* Chambers's "Papers for the People," 1851.

quiet fields, where for many hours he would hold a still communion with his thoughts. A quiet, pensive child, he was already receiving influences and forming habits which were afterwards to grow to great results.

Among the persons whose attention young Fichte very soon attracted was the clergyman of the village, who, perceiving his talents, often assisted him with instruction. Happening one day to ask him how much he thought he could remember of the last Sunday's sermon, the boy astonished the good pastor by giving a very correct account of the course of argument pursued in the discourse, and also of the several texts of Scripture quoted in illustration. This circumstance was subsequently mentioned incidentally to a nobleman residing in the village; and when, a short time afterwards, a certain Baron von Miltitz, who was on a visit at the castle, chanced to express his regret at having arrived too late for sermon on the Sunday morning, he was half-jestingly apprised that it was of very little consequence, as there was a boy in the neighbourhood who was capable of repeating it from memory, and might easily be sent for, if desired, to reproduce it for the baron's edification. A messenger was presently despatched for little Gottlieb, who very soon appeared, dressed in a clean smock-frock, and bearing in his hand a most enormous nosegay, as a token of respect from his mother to the mistress of the castle. He answered all questions put to him with a quiet and natural simplicity; and on being requested to repeat as much as he could recollect of the morning's sermon, he proceeded to deliver a long and eloquent discourse, which, from its grave and impressive tendency, threatened rather to discompose the gaiety of the company. Desiring to escape this consummation, the count thought it necessary to interrupt him, signifying doubtless that, of an admirable memory and good natural powers of elocution, a sufficient proof had been exhibited. The young preacher, however, interested his auditory greatly, and more especially the baron, who, after making some inquiries of the clergyman, which were favourably answered, determined to undertake the charge of the boy's education. The consent of the parents having been with difficulty obtained, young Fichte was shortly consigned to the care of his new patron, and departed with him, as it seemed, for foreign parts.

His destination was the castle of Siebeneichen, a country seat of the baron, situated on the Elbe, near Meissen. Here the heart of the poor boy sank within him, as he daily contemplated the gloomy grandeur of the baronial hall, and the mountains and dark forests by which it was surrounded. His first sorrow, his earliest trial, had come to him in the shape of what a misjudging world might regard as a singular piece of good fortune; and so deep a dejection fell on him as seriously endangered his health. His kind fosterfather, entering into the feelings of the child, prudently removed him from the lordly mansion to the residence of a country clergyman in the neighbourhood, who, though himself without family, was greatly attached to children. Under the care of this worthy pastor and his wife, Fichte passed some of the happiest years of his life, and ever afterwards looked back upon them with tenderness and gratitude. Here he received his first instruction in the ancient languages, in which, however, he was left pretty much to his own efforts, seldom receiving what might be called a regular lesson from his teacher. This plan, though it might invigorate and sharpen his faculties, left him imperfectly acquainted with grammatical principles, and retarded to some extent his subsequent progress. He, nevertheless, made rapid advances; and his preceptor soon perceived the insufficiency of his own attainments for furthering the studies of a pupil so promising, and therefore urged upon his patron the desirability of sending him to some public school. He was accordingly sent, first to the town school of Meissen, and afterwards to a higher seminary at Pforta, near Raumburg.

This latter establishment retained many traces of a monkish origin; the teachers and pupils lived in cells, and the boys were permitted to leave the interior only once a week, and then under inspection, to visit a particular play-ground in the neighbourhood. The stiffest formality pervaded the whole economy of the place; the living spirit of knowledge was unrecognised in its antiquated routine, and the generous desire of excellence excluded by the petty artifices of jealousy. The system of fagging existed in full force, and with it the usual consequences—tyranny on the one side, and cunning and dissimulation on the other. Fichte's native strength of character guarded him somewhat from the evil influences around him, yet he confessed that his life at Pforta was any

thing but favourable to his integrity. He found himself gradually reconciled to the constraint of ruling his conduct by the opinion of his companions, and compelled to practise occasionally the same artifices as others.

Fichte was scarcely thirteen years of age when he entered this seminary. Most painful was the transition to its gloomy monastic buildings from the joyous freedom of fields and woods, where he had been accustomed to wander at will ; but still more painful were the solitude and aridity of the moral desert into which he was introduced. His sadness and tears exposed him to the derision of his school-fellows ; and he, shy and retiring, shrunk within himself, restrained his tears, or suffered them to flow only in secret. Here, however, he learned the useful lesson of self-reliance—so well, though so bitterly taught, by the absence of sympathy in those around us ; and from this time to the close of his life it was never forgotten. The wretchedness of his situation, meanwhile, led him to contemplate escape. He had met with a copy of “Robinson Crusoe,” and his imagination was so fascinated by the wild solitary life therein depicted, that he conceived the project of seeking out some similar seclusion. On some far-off island of the ocean, beyond the reach of men and pedagogues, and of the sneering students that mocked at his distress, he would fix his solitary dwelling-place, and live golden days of happiness and freedom ! The manner in which he attempted to carry his notion into execution favourably illustrates the bent of his character. Nothing could have been easier for him than to have departed unperceived on one of the days when the scholars went out to the play-ground, but he scorned to steal away in secret ; he wished to make it evident that his departure was occasioned by necessity, and was taken with deliberate determination. He therefore made a formal declaration to his superior, a lad who had made a cruel and oppressive use of the brief authority intrusted to him, that he would no longer endure the treatment he received, and that, if not amended, he would leave the school on the first opportunity. This announcement, as may be supposed, was received with laughter and contempt, and Fichte thenceforth considered himself in honour free to fulfil his resolution.

Accordingly, one morning he departs, having previously studied his intended route upon the map. He is off on the

highway to Raumburg: the world is all before him, and the desert island in the distance. But now, as he walks along, he remembers a saying of his dear old friend the pastor, that one should never begin an important undertaking without a prayer for Divine assistance. He turns, therefore, and kneeling down on a hillock by the side of the road, in the innocent sincerity of his heart he implores the blessing of Heaven on his wanderings. As he prayed it occurred to him that his disappearance must occasion great grief to his parents: "never, perhaps, might he see them again!" This terrible thought overcame him; the joy which he had felt in his emancipation was changed into contrition; and he resolved to return, and meet all the punishments that might be in reserve for him, so that he should be able to "look once more on the face of his mother." On his way back he met those who had been sent in pursuit of him; for as soon as he had been missed, the conversation between him and his superior had been reported to the authorities. When taken before the rector, Fichte immediately admitted that it had been his intention to run away, but at the same time related the whole story of his persecutions, and of the motives which had influenced him in taking the step, with such straightforward simplicity and openness that the rector became interested in his behalf, and not only remitted his punishment, but selected for him, from among the elder scholars, another senior, who treated him with the greatest kindness, and to whom he became warmly attached, the two being subsequently friends at the same university.

From this time Fichte's residence at Pforta was rendered gradually more tolerable to him. He entered zealously upon his studies, and by continued industry supplied the defects of his previous education. In 1780, at the age of eighteen, he entered the university of Jena. He attached himself to the theological faculty, his inclinations at this time being towards the calling of a clergyman. Subsequently he removed to Leipsic, and there attended a course of dogmatic lectures, though, as it afterwards appeared, with little satisfaction. In attempting to obtain a clear comprehension of the theological doctrine of the Divine attributes, the creation, freedom of the will, and other like questions, he encountered unexpected difficulties, which led him into a wider circle of inquiry, and finally resulted in his abandoning theology for

philosophy. Some hints of the early direction of his philosophical studies may be gathered from his letters written at this period. The question which chiefly engaged his attention appears to have been the very common one of Liberty and Necessity; in regard to which he seems to have rejected the doctrine of free-will, considered as absolute indifferent self-determination, and to have adopted the view which, to distinguish it from Fatalism, has been named *Determinism*. According to this, every complete and consistent philosophy exhibits a deterministic side: the idea of an ultimate and all-directing Unity being the beginning and end of metaphysical investigation. Thus while Fatalism sees in this highest unity only an unconscious and mechanical necessity, Determinism recognises it as the highest disposing reason—the infinite originative influence to which the determination of each living being is not only to be referred, but in which it is fundamentally subsistent.

On communicating his opinions to a Saxon preacher, who had considerable reputation for his philosophical attainments, Fichte was told that he had adopted Spinozism. Up to this time he was unacquainted with Spinoza's writings, and his first knowledge of them was subsequently derived through Wolff's refutation. His attention being turned in this direction, he applied himself to the study of Spinoza's *Ethica*, which made a powerful impression upon his mind, and confirmed him for a time in the opinions he had adopted. In after years, however, the deterministic theory left him dissatisfied; the indestructible feeling of independence and freedom of which he was inwardly conscious, and which was also powerfully confirmed by the energy of his own character, not being explainable on exclusively deterministic principles, he was constrained to abandon that point of view, and accept the doctrine of free self-determination as the only true and intelligible basis of being. This is the ground-principle of his philosophical creed, which so far stands opposed to the doctrine of Spinoza, although a general harmony of details is observable in the two systems; both, nevertheless, showing marks of individual character, and each being properly the expression of the spiritual life of its originator."

engaged in these lofty speculations, Fichte received of the death of his benefactor, and found himself to his own resources. These, unhappily, were of

the most unpromising description. Nevertheless he adjusted himself to his fortunes, and for four years earned a precarious livelihood as an occasional tutor in various houses in Saxony. His studies were desultory, and subject to continual interruption; he had no means for procuring books, no opportunities of intercourse with persons of cultivated and matured mind: his life was daily little better than a sacrifice to the mere necessity of living. He had, however, a very sufficient fund of courage, an iron resolution, and a hopeful elasticity of disposition, that would not readily yield to disappointment. He learned to regard the privilege of existence apart from its contingencies, and manfully determined to live obediently to the high and imperative law of his conscience, and abide by the result. "It is our business," said he, "to be true to ourselves; the consequence is altogether in the hands of Providence." Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, he went on his way doing what came to hand; thankful for the day of small things, and trustful for the future.

His favourite plan of life at this period, and for some time afterwards, was to become a village clergyman in Saxony, and amid the leisure which such an occupation would afford him, to prosecute without disturbance his own intellectual culture. But this scheme could not be carried into practice, inasmuch as he had not completed his theological studies, and was without the means required for continuing them. With a view to supply his deficiencies in this respect, he, in 1787, addressed a letter to the president of the Consistory of Leipsic, requesting to be allowed a share of the support often granted to poor students at the Saxon universities, until the following Easter, at which time he promised to present himself before the Consistory for examination. "Without this," said he, "my residence at Leipsic is of no avail to me, for I am compelled to give all my time to extraneous pursuits, in order to obtain a livelihood." No notice, however, was taken of his request; that blissful Saxon parsonage, with its abundant leisure for cultivating literature, so pleasant to contemplate, remained, unhappily, or perhaps happily, incapable of being realized.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in any president of Consistory, for, as thou perceivest, dear Fichte, there is no help in them! That selfsame "poverty" of thine, which

thou sayest can be so "clearly proved," is, as matters go, no recommendation to preferment. For the present thou must continue to make that thin resource of private teaching serve thee, and crush into annihilation all thy prouder aspirations. Fichte contrives to make it serve him for a time; but alas! that also, like every feeble soil that is much wrought in, runs more and more into barrenness. The "precarious subsistence" which he had for some time gained in this way went on gradually diminishing, and ultimately failed altogether. "In May, 1788, every prospect had closed around him, and every honourable means of advancement seemed to be exhausted. The present was utterly barren, and there was no hope in the future."

It is the eve of his birthday, in this same month of May. The pensive fancy figures him walking disconsolately about the environs of Leipzig, the balmy evening air blowing fresh upon his cheek; birds of various note warbling softly their May-night vespers, or nestling with placid murmurings in the fields. He walks, as we said, disconsolately; pondering with unavailing anxiety all the projects which it has entered into his mind to devise, and finds them all alike hopeless. The world has cast him out—his country has refused him bread; this approaching birthday, for aught he can tell, may prove to be his last. Doubtless people *have* died of starvation—why not he? Full of bitter thoughts, he returns, as it appears likely for the last time, to his solitary and uncheerful lodging.

Can this be really a *letter* lying on the table? Yes, Fichte, even so; or say rather, a hastily written note—a note from friend Weisse, the tax-collector, requesting thee to step over to his house without delay. What can so peremptory a summons signify? It turns out that friend Weisse is authorized to make him the offer of a tutorship in a private family at Zurich. Here is fortune returning to shake hands with us after having resentfully bidden one adieu; or call it, if you will, a friendly rope thrown to us by an unknown Providence, at the very moment when we were in the extremity of sinking. The sad, disconsolate face brightens up into a joyous smile; the bitterness of despondency is past; warm-hearted thanks ensue, and confidential explanations. The offer is straightway accepted—the worthy tax-collector undertaking to advance the needful for the journey.

How Fichte lived in the interval does not appear ; but behold him now in August setting out for Switzerland. His scanty finances compel him to travel on foot ; but his heart is as light as his purse, and fresh youthful hopes, mingling with the harvest sunbeams, shine brightly on his path. Disappointment and privation seem left behind him, morose companions of his foregone pilgrimage ; for yonder, in Liberty's own mountain fastnesses, which Tell has consecrated by the light of bravery and of genius for evermore, he is now to find a welcome and a home. So feels and muses our incipient philosopher, journeying on foot to that private tutorship at Zurich.

Thither he arrived on the 1st of September, and was immediately installed into his office. His duties occupying him the greater part of the day, his philosophical studies were necessarily laid aside, but he nevertheless found time for some minor literary pursuits. He preached occasionally in Zurich, and at several places in the neighbourhood, as it is said, with very distinguished acceptance and success. During his residence here he became acquainted with Lavater and several other literary men ; through some of whom he was introduced to a local notability named Rahn, whose house is said to have been "in a manner the centre of the society of Zurich." This Rahn had married a sister of Klopstock, who, however, was at this time dead, having left behind her, among other representatives, a rather interesting eldest daughter.

Fichte has already tolerable skill in languages ; but now, for his behoof he is about to learn another. He gets to understand the alphabet of bright eyes, and is shortly qualified to construe the fine Delectus of a woman's love. His teacher in this case, as the reader is probably prepared to hear, was this same "interesting eldest daughter" of collateral-poetical relationship—Johanna Maria Rahn. She seeing him, and hearing him speak oftentimes manfully at her father's table, cast kind glances on him, as one worthy of a maiden's blessing. Her generous pure-mindedness gave her assurance here of the presence of a man such as in moments of maidenly meditation she might perchance have fancied she could rather love than otherwise. He, truly, is but a poor tutor, and somewhat proud withal, with a dash of blunt honesty and impetuosity ; very unlike the "nice young men" of ordinary

parties, whom, it would seem, the good Johanna persisted in keeping at a distance ; for we are authentically informed that she, in her time, had refused a moderate number of "very excellent offers." Fichte, however, belongs to quite another category. Accordingly, from glances it gets to smiles and signs of welcome recognition, and so onwards to a more perfect understanding. We suspect that Father Rahn did not at first perceive the turn things were taking in his household ; nevertheless, we are prepared to justify Fichte and his fair beloved before any manner of tribunal, if needs be, for the decided fashion in which they set about loving each other (being thereto inwardly necessitated) without leave asked of any one. If our Othello had gone, cap in hand, to the old burgher, and respectfully explained his intentions in the beginning—Fichte being, as we know, a poor, unprovided tutor, and his Desdemona the daughter of a Zurich notability with expectations—it is highly probable that he would have been refused, and he must thereby have lost a very admirable wife ; as, on the other hand, the lady herself would have also lost an extremely desirable husband ; which, according to our notions, would have been a great misfortune for both parties. As it was, however, the affair went on agreeably, and ultimately prospered. There seems to have been a good deal of correspondence between them, even while Fichte remained in Zurich ; which circumstance leads us to suppose that opportunities for private interview were far from being frequent. As love-letters, distinguished by genuine common sense, warmth of feeling, and the absence of absurdity, are held to be extremely rare, and might with certain persons be matters of curiosity, we regret that lack of space prevents us from inserting here some few select passages from these epistles of Fichte to Johanna. Let readers of sentiment be nevertheless assured that here, in old Zurich, went on and unfolded itself, in pleasing sequence and variety, an actual and beautiful romance ; which romance also was destined to be chequered by a few unwelcome shades of anxiety and disappointment.

For now at the end of two years, Fichte's engagement reaches its termination. There is consequently a painful, regretful parting, sorrowful professions of heart-anguish, earnest and solemn interchange of vows, an unspeakable immutable attachment on both sides passionately declared ; and

so they are separated for a time. For the rest, Fichte's tutorship, besides being distinguished by his zealous performance of its duties, had also been remarkable for a rigorous moral supervision, extending to all parties concerned in it. The parents of his pupils, although neither perfectly comprehending his plans, nor approving of that part which they did comprehend, were nevertheless such admirers of his character, and stood in such respectful awe of him, that they were induced to submit their own conduct towards their children to his judgment. In furtherance of his object, Fichte kept a journal, which he laid before them every week, and in which he had noted the faults of conduct whereof he conceived them to have been guilty. Of course, such a domestic censorship could not last long; and that it should have lasted so long as it did, has been justly considered sufficient evidence of the respect in which his character was held. In less than two years, however, it had become irksome, insupportable, and ended at length in mutual dissatisfaction. Rahn, to whom the attachment between Fichte and his daughter had been in due time communicated, endeavoured to obtain for him a superior situation through certain of his connections in Denmark, but appears to have been unsuccessful in the attempt: Fichte was therefore thrown once more upon the world, his outward prospects as uncertain as when he first entered Switzerland.

Towards the close of March, 1790, he left Zurich on his return to his own country, bearing with him some letters of introduction to persons of influence at the courts of Weimar and Wirtemberg. As formerly, he performed the greater part of his journey on foot. He reached Stuttgart in the beginning of April; but not finding his recommendations to the Wirtemberg court of much advantage, he shook off the dust from his feet, and trudged on to Saxony. Visiting Weimar, he expected to see Herder, Goëthe, and Schiller, but here again was disappointed; Herder was ill, Goëthe in Italy, and Schiller too much engaged with his historical professorship at Jena to receive visitors. About the middle of May he is once more in Leipzig, his small stock of money exhausted by the expenses of his journey. Friend Weisse receives him kindly, but for the rest he meets with little welcome. The old practice of private teaching is resorted to—unhappily with small success. Meanwhile the natural cravings and

unspeakable necessity for bread and cheese get rather pressing. What is there that an honest incipient philosopher can turn his brains to and live thereby?

Fichte has long had a secret turn for authorship, and has by him even now certain miscellaneous essays, which the kind Johanna, with characteristic simplicity, had desired him to publish while at Zurich, and thereby create a sensation. He, with profounder judgment, had answered that such a publication could not have the wonderful effect which she expected—that same capacity for producing a “sensation” being neither in him nor his compositions. But now the need of provender growing paramount, he seriously applies himself to literature, that being, as all the world knows, a universal refuge for the destitute. He conceived the plan of a monthly literary journal, “the principal objects of which should be to expose the dangerous tendencies of the prevalent literature of the day; to show the mutual influence of correct taste and pure morality, and to direct its readers to the best authors, both of past and present times.” This projected undertaking was considered excellent by all to whom it was communicated, and even admitted to be a decided requirement of the times, but was nevertheless held to be liable to one grave objection—he would never find a publisher. The thing was too much opposed to the interests of the booksellers to meet with any countenance from them. “I have therefore,” said Fichte, “out of sorrow, communicated my plan to no bookseller, and I must now write—not pernicious writings, that I will never do, but something that is neither good nor bad, in order to earn a little money. I am at present engaged upon a tragedy, a business which, of all possible occupations, least belongs to me, and of which I shall certainly make nothing; and upon novels, small romantic stories, a kind of reading which is good for nothing but to kill time; this, however, it seems, is what the booksellers will accept and pay for.”

Fancy Isaac Newton, with the confused elements of a “Principia” circulating in his brain, constrained to write installation odes or opera criticisms for the “Morning Post;” or fancy, if you will, some impetuous rhinoceros set to draw water from the well at Carisbrook Castle, in the place of the celebrated donkey so long accustomed to it, and you will have some notion of Fichte’s tragical labour of writing tragedies and

short romantic stories, adaptable for purposes of temporicide. It was sufficiently intolerable while it lasted, and utterly fruitless in results. Moreover, the difficulty of obtaining regular employment at it put him upon the necessity of trying other schemes; his life was one of continual shifts and expedients, whereby, with his utmost efforts, he could scarcely realize the scantiest subsistence. Once he writes:—"In regard to authorship, I have been able to do little or nothing, for I am so distracted and tossed about by constant schemes and undertakings, that I have had few quiet days." Finally, by way of abandonment of the whole despicable business, he determines that if ever he becomes an author, it shall be on his own account. "Authorship, as a trade," says he, "is unfit for me. It is incredible how much labour it costs me to accomplish something with which, after all, I am but half satisfied. The more I write, the more difficult does it become. I perceive that I want the living fire."

With regard to his other schemes and occupations, we can gather no very clear account. At one time he gives "a lesson in Greek to a young man, between eleven and twelve o'clock," and spends the remainder of the day in "study and starvation." A lady at Weimar had a plan for obtaining him "a good situation;" but speaking of this, Fichte said—"It must certainly have failed, for I have not heard from her for the last two months." Of other prospects which he had reckoned on as "almost certain," he thinks it at length the best course to "be silent." Contemplating his affairs in the month of August he says: "Providence either has something else in store for me, and hence will give me nothing to do here, as indeed *has* been the case; or intends by these troubles to exercise and invigorate me still farther. I have lost almost every thing except my courage." Then we hear of a distant prospect of going to Vienna, to prosecute some new literary plans, and thus being nearer to Zurich, and even visiting it on his way. Subsequently he writes: "This week seems to be a critical time with me; every one of my prospects, even the last, has vanished." In respect to a project for engaging him in the ministry, he expresses himself in terms of strong disgust at the "cringing" and "dissembling" which would be required to get him forward, and declares at last, "I will be no prescher in Saxony."

Thus Fichte, like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, is

painfully entangled with a complexity of mean embarrassments, and can make no progress. A strong man, in most ignoble captivity, whose every struggle towards free volition brings down upon him sharp puny arrows, vexing and irritating him at every pore. His case is by no means an uncommon one, but his spirit and deportment under it are far beyond the average manifestations of that kind. In the midst of destitution, anxiety, and neglect, he approves himself a man, nowise debasing the faculty within him, sinking neither into sycophancy, pusillanimity, nor stormful indignation against fate. The brave Fichte! how like a colossal statue he stands uprightly, with his bosom bared to the weather, majestic and unflinching, with a proud insensibility to cold and rain, and when the sun shines out again, looking refreshed and brighter for the showers. Misery and want press hard upon him, but engender no envy in his heart; he entertains no hatred, cherishes no resentment, complains of no neglect. He braves his misfortunes as he can, soliciting neither pity nor admiration, sustaining himself by the strength of his own integrity. A right healthful, self-sufficient man; patient under evil, trustful in good; in faithful endeavouring and endurance manfully holding on his way.

But now, in the winter of 1790, his private teaching operations appear to have become a trifle more successful; whereby his outward circumstances were in some degree improved, and his mind left at greater ease and liberty for engaging in intellectual pursuits. The critical philosophy of Kant was at this time the subject of much discussion in Germany, and to it Fichte's attention was now accidentally directed. The system of deterministic necessity before alluded to was never in much harmony with his personal character; and if we are at liberty to regard certain passages of his work on the "Destination of Man" as the expression of his own earlier state of mind, it would appear that the theory which had satisfied his understanding had long stood in opposition to his feelings. His introduction to the writings of Kant produced a complete revolution in his opinions. Many of his former doubts vanished, and the purpose of man's life, his faculties and endowments, acquired a new and nobler significance in his belief. This event was probably more important, and exercised a greater influence upon him than any other that occurred in connection with his spiritual

culture. The terms in which he speaks of it sufficiently testify the high estimation in which it was regarded by himself. Writing to Johanna, he says :—

“My scheming spirit has now found rest, and I thank Providence that shortly before all my hopes were frustrated, I was placed in a position which enabled me to bear the disappointment with cheerfulness. A circumstance, which seemed dependent on mere chance, led me to give myself up to the study of the Kantian philosophy—a philosophy that restrains the imagination (which in my case was always too powerful), gives reason the dominion, and raises the soul to an elevation above earthly concerns. I have accepted a new and nobler morality ; and instead of occupying myself with outward things, I am employed more exclusively with my own being. This has given me a peace such as I have never before experienced ; for amid uncertain worldly prospects I have spent my happiest days. I propose to devote some years of my life to this philosophy ; and all that I write, at least for some time to come, shall have reference to it. It is difficult beyond conception, and stands greatly in need of simplification The principles indeed are hard speculations, having no direct bearing on human life, but their consequences are extremely important to an age whose morality is corrupted at the very fountain ; and to set these consequences before the world in a clear light would, I believe, be doing it good service I am now thoroughly convinced that the human will is free, and that to be happy is not the purpose of our being, but rather to deserve happiness.”

Under the influence of this new inspiration, Fichte addressed himself once more to literary composition. He commenced an explanatory abridgment of Kant's “Critical Inquiry into the Faculty of Judgment,” designed to further and facilitate the study of the new philosophy, and obviating somewhat the repulsive terminology in which it was involved. This undertaking, however, he did not complete, and the portion which he wrote was never published, owing chiefly to the pre-appearance of other similar publications, which, as he anticipated, had been rapidly vamped up to profit by the excitement which the new doctrines had occasioned. In regard to German literature in general, he believed that its golden age was at hand, discerning intima-

times of a promise in Götting, Schiller, and others, which has now in great part been fulfilled. In the various revolutions of the new school, the rational philosophy operated with considerable effect: and in this department, first by way of expansion, and subsequently in further development and new investigations, Fichte was destined to be distinguished.

As yet, however, he is losing his time, and has a variety of fortunes to undergo in the interim. Early in the year 1791, without any perceptible improvement in his circumstances, Fichtelmann set in progress for his marriage. The generous Johanna, bethinking her that she was "a person with expectations," and duly or wisely considering the applicability of those to the ordinary requirements of domestic economy, and discerning, as she believed, no difficulty which faith and a good purpose might not overcome, resolved within herself that, Fichte being willing, they two should without further dilatory or delay, try the unspeakable possibilities of wedlock, and commit the consequences to the gracious concern and kindly interpretation of the Higher Powers. By this arrangement, Fichte would be enabled to pursue his own literary projects peacefully, free from the immediate necessity of wasting his time and energies in the distressing struggle for a scanty subsistence from day to day, and with the ultimate prospect of acquiring some settled provision through his unimpeded activity in the provinces of philosophy and letters. Whatever scruples he might entertain respecting the propriety of marrying without having first secured an independence for himself, appear to have been overruled. Father Rahn had consented to the alliance; Fichte was of course eagerly inclined to it; and thus, all obstacles being seemingly removed, he awaited the event with pleasurable anticipation.

And so at length, as he believes, all his brightest dreams are to be fulfilled; his cup is brimming with delight; the draught of unutterable joy is sparkling at his lips. Alas, for the stability of human expectations! Here is the hand that is to dash his anticipated pleasures to the ground. The day of his departure was already fixed, when the bankruptcy of a mercantile house, to which Rahn had intrusted his property, threw his affairs into disorder, threatening even to him to indigence. There was an end to all plans

founded in reference to his prosperity. The shock brought upon the old man a lingering illness, whereby his life was for some time endangered ; but by the unremitting attention and tenderness of his daughter, he was finally restored to his accustomed state of health. She, with that noble devotion which bears suffering without a murmur, and merges every element of self in the generous offices of affection, ministered to the good old father's helplessness, cheering and consoling him under the visitations of calamity, and crushing meanwhile the withered blossoms of her own hopes into the silent places of her memory.

As for Fichte, he must out again upon the bleak wilderness of life, and adjust himself to such weather as shall befall. The world, with its difficulties and obstructions, is again before him ; but his is the indomitable spirit which shall rise superior to them all. For the present, he obtained a private tutorship in the house of a Polish nobleman at Warsaw ; and having announced the circumstance to Johanna, bidding her at the same time to be of courage, and assuring her of his continued faithfulness, he resumed his staff, and quitted Leipzig. In the course of the journey he halted at Rammenau, to pay a visit to his parents. "The good, honest, kind father!" said Fichte, "his look, his tone, his reasoning, how much good they always do me! Take away all my learning, and make me such a worthy, true, and faithful *man*, how much should I gain by the exchange!"

On the 7th of June he arrived at Warsaw, and immediately waited upon his employer, a certain Count Von P——, a good easy man, though suffering immoderately from henpeck. Here, it seems, the grey mare is the better horse ; in other words, the countess leads the orchestra ; nay, as it turns out, is the sole fiddler in the establishment. Fichte finds her music unpleasantly discordant ; and herself withal, "a vain, haughty, and whimsical woman." The elect tutor perceives himself regarded as a mere appendage to the supreme petticoats ; no respect is paid to the dignity of his profession ; his pronunciation of the French language proves unsatisfactory ; and his German bluntness of demeanour tells not the less to his disadvantage. What shall the proud Fichte do but resign his office without having entered upon its duties ; constrain the countess, with some difficulty, to grant him a slight compensation of travel-money, sufficient

for his maintenance for the two succeeding months ; and with this limited supply once more journey homewards ?

First, however, he resolves to visit Königsberg ; there lives the much renowned Immanuel Kant, the master of the new philosophy ; him would Fichte see visibly in the flesh, and reverently take counsel of. With that intent he departs from Warsaw on the 25th of June.

On his arrival at Königsberg, he, with all the ardour of a pilgrim of knowledge, straightway presents himself to Kant ; finds the critical philosopher less enthusiastic than he had supposed ; meets with only a formal reception, and retires deeply disappointed. Unwilling, however, to abandon his purpose, he reflects a little how he may obtain "a more free and earnest interview ;" but for some time does not perceive in what way it can be effected. At last he determines to write a "Critique of all Revelation," with which, as a battering-ram, he will storm the philosophic citadel, and gain, if possible, some inspection of its wonders. The work is finished by the 18th of August, and submitted to the transcendentalist for judgment. The philosopher unbends a little, even praises the performance ; but neither by it does Fichte attain his object, which, it seems, was the establishment between himself and Kant of a "free, scientific confidence." In regard to his many philosophic doubts, he receives little in the way of answer—for solution of these Kant merely refers him to the "Critique of Pure Reason : " is it not all written *there*, so that whoever runs, and has a touch of philosophic capacity, may read to satisfaction ?

Fichte now meditates publication ; but on revising his production, thinks it does not fitly express his profoundest thoughts on the subject, and therefore he undertakes to remodel it, and give it some further graces of composition. But here once more arises a grave difficulty. He, like here and there a Chancellor of Exchequer, as well as many a private person, is in a dilemma of ways and means. Counting his meagre stock of money, and distributing it prospectively over such a space of time as with utmost attenuation it is capable of covering, he finds that it will not last him beyond a fortnight. Whereupon come no small perplexity and serious questionings as to what is to be done. He strives to obtain some employment through certain of Kant's friends to whom he had been introduced ; but the friends are wanting either

in influence or zeal ; nothing can Fichte get to do. Alone, and in a strange country, what shall he resolve upon ? It occurs to him that the great transcendentalist is doubtless a man of kindly and enlarged sympathies—for does not greatness of intellect always imply abundant generosity ? He writes a manly, noble letter to Kant, highly characteristic of himself, and therein reveals to him the nakedness of his circumstances, discloses somewhat of his personal history, and, with delicate frankness, requests the loan of a small sum of money to defray the expenses of his journey to the humble roof yet open to him in Fatherland. For security and guarantee of subsequent repayment, Fichte offers all he has to give in such a case—his honour and integrity as a man. He feels the singularity of the pledge, and admits its inadmissibility as an ordinary bond. “I know no one,” says he, “except yourself, to whom I could offer this security without fear of being laughed at to my face.” However, he proceeds : “It is my maxim never to ask any thing from another, without having first of all examined whether I myself, were the circumstances inverted, would do the same thing for some one else. In the present case I have found that, supposing I had it in my power, I would do this for any person whom I believed to be animated by the principles by which I know that I myself am now governed.” It is not without a sense of humiliation, that the proud, noble heart of the man is thus reduced to mortgage its sincerity. “I am so convinced,” he continues, “of a certain sacrifice of honour in thus placing it in pledge, that the very necessity of giving you this assurance seems to deprive me of a part of it myself. . . . So far, however, I can rely upon my principles, that were I capable of forfeiting my word pledged to you, I should despise myself for ever afterwards, and could never again venture to cast a glance into my own soul : principles which constantly reminded me of you, and of my own dishonour, must need be cast aside altogether, in order to free me from this most painful self-reproach.” For the tone of mental independence and manly self-respect which predominates in the letter, Fichte solicits no pardon ; he even declares that he cannot ask it, alleging that “It is one of the distinctions of sages, that he who speaks to them speaks as a man to men.” The letter being written and transmitted, he awaits the issue with composure. This memorable day was the 2nd of September, 1791.

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In his own hired attic, however, things are getting daily more cheerless; the image of grim Scarcity sits before him in his lonely room all day long; the autumn evenings are growing chill, and on his hearth are only the ashes of extinguished fires. The spirit of despondency overshadows him, and his brave heart is sick from hope so long deferred. Visions of the parental fireside, and its cheerful evening faces, far away in nativeland, visit him at intervals, making him to feel, by contrast, more keenly the hardships of his lot. Neither is the image of his fair Johanna Rahn ever absent from him long, but as a serene angel of consolation shines beckoning in the distance, and does at least partially illuminate his melancholy thoughts. Nevertheless the present time is pressing; Fichte has fallen into painful extremity. But why not sell the manuscript of that "Critique of all Revelation?" Kant says it is admirably written, and does not need to be reconstructed. Truly, nothing shall hinder, provided one can get a publisher. Kant recommends him to offer it to Hartung, a Königsberg bookseller of some distinction; but unhappily the worthy Hartung is from home. With him, therefore, at present, there is no dealing. Fichte tries to dispose of the work elsewhere, but utterly without success;

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Any analysis or adequate description of this remarkable book cannot be attempted here. Such an account of it as we could render by a brief allusion to its principles would almost certainly create a false impression of its purpose. Whoever would know it as Fichte designed it to be known, let him bring with him a clear head, a mind open to conviction, and a resolution strong enough to abide by the truth when he has learned it. Let us take, however, one sentence from the preface, and mark in what spirit Fichte approaches the inquiry : "To truth," says he, "I solemnly devote myself, at my first entrance into public life. Without respect of party or of reputation, I shall always *acknowledge*

that to be truth which I recognise as such, come whence it may ; and never acknowledge that which I do not believe. It may be of little importance to the world to receive this assurance, but it is of importance to me to call upon it to bear witness to this my solemn vow." A noble vow, nobly fulfilled, and one which the humblest of the sons of Adam might enjoin upon himself, and abide by to advantage.

Glancing back a little, we now perceive with satisfaction that the prospective father-in-law's affairs have got somewhat righted. Fichte is already a rising man, so the time has come when he may safely wed. Accordingly, in March 1793, he writes to the fair Johanna that he shall be with her in June, or at latest in July, with a view to that agreeable consummation. He contemplates the event with deepest pleasure, but also with much solemnity of feeling. An overflowing thankfulness fills his heart ; the magnitude of the happiness which awaits him seems too great for his unworthiness. The strong, stern soul of the thinker, with its rocklike stability and earnestness, touched by affection's gentle rod, gushes out in streams of tenderness. Then there are kindly leave-takings, half-sorrowful, with his worthy friends at Dantzic, "who are unwilling to let him go ;" plans and preparations for the future ; above all, a visit to his well-beloved parents, and his "seven sisters," who have heard somewhat of his honours in authorship, and now give him their blessing and approval of the course on which he is about to enter. Fichte, doubtless, tells them something of his wanderings and endurances, and how a benignant Providence had helped him in his extremity ; nor, amidst his many wondrous relations, can that grand interview with Kant fail to be spoken of. There, in the old Lusatian home, they are gathered, speaking and listening by turns, happy as this world can make them ; and as they speak and listen, the proud old father's eyes are glistening with tears. The patient mother, too, feels well rewarded for all her care and many anxieties for this noble son ; and the assiduous sisters are bountiful of all kindly ministrations. Far into the night they sit, parting at length with sad, yet happy faces, and silent prayers for mutual welfare.

Early in the month of June he takes his leave of them, and journeys to the bride-home in the land of mountains. On the 16th he is drawing nigh to the very spot. Pleasantly

glance the rays of the summer sun about the old walls of Zurich; there, in her father's house, is the long-beloved, waiting with expectation to become his wife. The echo of his footsteps through the rather silent summer streets is unheard by him, for before him is the bride-father's house; and his entrance there is one of pleasant greetings.

But what means this new vexation coming upon us unexpectedly, and positively putting off the marriage? It arises simply out of certain "laws of the state affecting foreigners," which happily will only occasion a few months' delay. On the 22nd of October the marriage takes place, and Fichte is away with his bride to enjoy a short "tour in Switzerland." Returning home, he takes up his residence in the good father-in-law's house; here in friendly Zurich, with the distant mountains frowning down on him with a grand benignity, he will rest for a time, and gain a livelihood by his pen. For several months he enjoyed "a life of undisturbed repose," sweetened by the society of her whose love had been his stay in times of adversity, and now gave a holier living purpose to the prosperous hour.

In the peaceful Swiss canton all is yet happiness and security; but the rest of Europe is shaken with a new-born terror; and tidings are abroad of that grand convulsion called the French Revolution. Old Feudal Europe, with its obsolete usages, and establishments of ancient power grown intolerable, has fallen into distraction and decadence. Folly and oppression have ruled it long, but now has come the dawn of a world's deliverance. France has spoken forth a word of terrific prophecy, which the assembled nations have quailed to hear, though all have long been struggling to utter it; every where is promise and expectancy; the new-born giant of Democracy is chanting loud his daring hymns to freedom; the genius of humanity, so long discomfited and trodden down, has mounted a pinnacle of unheard-of glory, whence, as from a throne, she shall dispense the bounties of a golden age. Alas! these prospects are all delusive, and the struggle proves no deliverance, but only a bewildered agony and madness—a convulsive irregular tumult of unconsecrated indignation; like the mournful catastrophe of a blind Samson's strength, when he threw down the pavilion of the Philistines, and buried himself and his oppressors in the ruins.

Yet doubt it not, the French Revolution had a *meaning* in it of great significance, which is going on even now unto fulfilment. Read it truly, it is, as one has said, a reproclamation, as amidst "infernal splendours," of the everlasting majesty of Justice, whose divine right of government had been foully overthrown. Whosoever will look may perceive that the old feudal incarnation of humanity is abolished and dead, and men are now burying its remains; the new development towards which we are progressing is the dominion and supremacy of Industry, which, however, is not likely to be founded without difficulty. Nevertheless, courage to brave hearts! What is dead need not be lamented; in the conflict of principles and institutions the new spirit proves ever triumphant; for humanity is as a phoenix, from the ashes of whose despair springs a nobler birth of hope.

Fichte, looking on at this revolutionary procedure from his Swiss retirement, conceived that there was much misunderstanding respecting it, and accordingly wrote and published his "Contributions to the Correction of Public Opinion" thereupon. Instead of execrating or eulogising the Revolution, Fichte adopts a far preferable course, and endeavours to understand it, which, indeed, was strictly his business as a philosopher. And this is the leading principle of his work:—"That there is, and can be, no absolutely unchangeable political constitution, because none absolutely perfect can be realised; the relatively best constitution must therefore carry within itself the principle of change and improvement. And if it be asked from whom this improvement should proceed, it is replied that all parties to the political contract ought equally to possess this right. And by this political contract is to be understood not any actual and recorded agreement—for both the old and the new opponents of this view think they can destroy it at once by the easy remark, that we have no historical proof of the existence of such a contract—but the abstract idea of a state, which, as the peculiar foundation of all rights, should lie at the bottom of every political fabric." This book subjected Fichte to the charge of being a democrat, which, however, in the popular English sense of the term, he really never was, as from his work on the "Principles of Natural Law" may sufficiently be seen.

These political speculations, however, were not the most important upon which Fichte was engaged during the period of his residence in Zurich. We are told of "several powerful and searching criticisms" which appeared in a leading philosophical journal, and in which discerning eyes had discovered the hand that wrote the "Critique of Revelation." Furthermore, at the instigation of venerable Parson Lavater, he prepared a short course of lectures, a sort of critical philosophy made easy, by means whereof, since the fame of Kant's achievement had reached Switzerland, the worthy pastor proposed to indoctrinate his friends, that they, as well as others, might be enabled to discuss the same whenever thrown into philosophical society. It need not surprise us, that "this excellent man retained the warmest feelings of friendship towards the philosopher," inasmuch as Fichte was right worthy of any body's friendship, be he who he might. For the rest, it seems Fichte lived in close retirement; the manners of the Zurich burghers not pleasing him, he "seldom went out into society." His own wife, his father-in-law, the unexceptionable Lavater, and certain indefinite people, described as "a few others," made up the circle of his acquaintance. He had considerable correspondence, however, with several distinguished persons, amongst whom prominently appears Reinhold, then professor of philosophy at Jena, and recognised leading Kantist of the day—known also for certain fanciful modifications of the original doctrine, and by him called "philosophy without nickname."

But apart from these secondary occupations, Fichte was to some extent engaged in planning the philosophical system upon which his reputation mainly rests. Further meditation has convinced him that even the sage of Königsberg is not infallible; and that indeed much remains to be done before the cycle of philosophy is complete. In this very month of October 1793, whether before marriage or afterwards the present writer knoweth not, he writes to a friend thus significantly:—"My conviction is that Kant has only *indicated* the truth, but neither unfolded nor proved it." Subsequently he announces: "I have discovered a new principle, from which all philosophy can be easily deduced;" and he even has the audacity to prophesy that "in a couple of years we shall have a system distinguished by all the clearness of geometrical evidence." Fichte of course is to produce it,

and is even now devoting all the energies of his intellect to that end. His intellect is of the subtlest, and he works in his vocation with the zealous energy of one who loves the truth with undivided earnestness; but alas for the promised philosophy with the clearness of geometric evidence—that, we believe, is still waited for, and perhaps need scarcely be expected before doomsday—rather late in the evening!

However, Fichte for the present believes otherwise, and, so believing, will intrepidly pursue his speculations, and see what may become of them. He is invited to undertake the education of the Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a tutorship with good appointments and prospects of court patronage, all of which Fichte firmly and modestly declines. "I desire nothing," says he, "but leisure to execute my plan—then fortune may do with me what it will." Here is a man, evidently, who will not compromise philosophy for pudding. Nevertheless his studies are interrupted. Without solicitation of his, he is appointed Professor Supernumerarius of Philosophy at the University of Jena, in room of friend Reinhold, who, it seems, has removed to Kiel, there to edify a new set of students by that fanciful "philosophy without nickname." Court tutorships may be declined without compunction, but not a professorship of philosophy; Fichte accordingly accepts it, on condition that he shall be allowed to devote the greater portion of the first year to study.

The University of Jena was at this time the most distinguished university in Germany. Its contiguity to the court at Weimar connected it with the highest literary names of the age. The Grand Duke Charles Augustus, having an eye and reverence for talent, had adorned his little Saxon court by the presence of such men as Wieland, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller, and, as one might reasonably suppose, found them very tolerable company. Indeed the intellectual brilliancy of the Weimar circle seems to have had in modern times no parallel elsewhere; so that it might stand in quite envious comparison with the courts of many a larger state, some of which can boast of nothing higher than an occasional "apothesis of a Beau Brummel." To this brilliant and busy scene was Fichte translated from his Swiss retirement—to the society of the greatest living men—to the office of instructor to a thronging crowd of students "from all surrounding nations."

Mark, however, the supremacy of genius, and how a man possessed of that does not fail to acquit himself right nobly. His already considerable reputation, and the bold originality of his philosophic system, as displayed in the published programme of his lectures, had raised the public expectation to the utmost; so that his position was one of no little difficulty, inasmuch as he might possibly prove unequal to what had been expected of him. Arrived at Jena on the 18th of May, 1794, he was received with great kindness by his colleagues at the university. On the 23rd he delivered his first lecture—to an audience so numerous that the largest hall in Jena, although crowded to the roof, proved insufficient to contain all who had assembled. The impression which he made even exceeded all prior expectation. His singular and commanding address, his fervid, impetuous eloquence, the profoundness and rich profusion of his thoughts, poured forth in the most convincing sequence, and fashioned with a wondrous precision, astonished and delighted his hearers. The rugged, earnest force of his uncommon character, strengthened by long silence, and perfected by inward struggle, burst forth with the first occasion in a grandeur of originality not to be otherwise attained; resembling that volcanic vehemence which, from the central depths of the earth, darts upwards through barriers of perennial ice, and flames forth aloft an object of astonishment. Fichte's first appearance in his new capacity was quite triumphant: we are told that "he left the hall the most popular professor of the greatest university of Germany."

Of that astonishing popularity we do not account much; happily for himself, Fichte also knew what estimate to put upon it. Not for popularity, or breath of vain applause did he live; but that out of the unshaped possibilities of his life, he might build up a pillar of completed duty. What else, indeed, does every true man live for, if not for this? What else, except this, is all men's mission and prescribed destiny in this fluctuating life of time?

Fichte's residence at Jena was nowise distinguished for its peacefulness. German students are proverbially obstreperous. Then, as now, they were united in certain irregular orders or unions, known by the name of *Landsmannschaften*, their proceedings being marked by great turbulence and licence.

Fichte's time, riots of the most violent description were of

common occurrence ; houses were broken into and robbed, either by way of a pleasant excitement, or for the purpose of obtaining means of sensual indulgence. Legal authority was impotent to restrain these excesses : so bold indeed had the unionists become, that on one occasion, when the house of a professor had been ransacked, five hundred students openly demanded from the duke an amnesty for the offence. It seems to have been considered a highly commendable and interesting achievement to plunder a professor. The academical authorities had made frequent efforts to suppress these societies ; but on such occasions the students uniformly broke out into more frightful irregularities. For, indeed, is not "Liberty for ever" the undeniable right of men and students ? Whosoever, therefore, would restrain established Burschen privileges, immemorial rights of "academical freedom," let him look out for broken windows, and deem himself happy if he can hide his wine !

But now, cannot an indomitable Fichte, with his manifest strength of character, do something in the way of reforming this unpleasant state of things ? Most willingly would he do it ; but the question is, how can it be done ? Try logic. German students have a certain share of understanding, and perhaps they possess some kind of succedaneum for conscience—who knows ? On this flattering hypothesis, Fichte commences a course of public lectures on "Academical Morality ;" in which proceeding he appears to prosper almost beyond his hopes. These lectures, and his own personal influence among the students, are attended with the happiest effects. The three *orders* then existing at Jena are smitten with penitence ; and express their willingness to dissolve their union, on condition that the past should be forgotten. To Fichte they delivered over the books and papers of their society, for the purpose of being destroyed as soon as he can make their peace with the court at Weimar, and receive commission to administer to them the "oath of renunciation," which, however, they will receive from no one but himself. Fichte seems to have accomplished, by the sole force of his individual character, what the university authorities, armed with the rigour of the law and implements of punishment had been unable to effect.

And yet it would seem that every reformation can be only partial. A very Luther, with his strong "battle-voice," and

defiant, lifelong warfare against principalities and powers, cannot make a whole Europe Protestant. So too it happens with the reformer Fichte. That expected commission from Weimar is somewhat tardy in arriving. It is even whispered that the university authorities, jealous of the success of an individual professor, who had done by himself what they could not do in their collective capacity, are enviously raising obstacles. Whereupon arise suspicions, stupid rumours of all sorts, and dissatisfaction on account of the delay; and, by way of practical consequence, one of the three orders withdraws from the engagement, turning with great virulence against Fichte, as a man suspected of deceiving them.

The success, as we said, is only partial. Still, two orders gained over is some encouragement. Were it not well, therefore, to put on an extra pressure of logic, with a view to reduce likewise the rebellious third? Fichte accordingly determines to deliver, during the winter session of 1794, another course of lectures, "calculated to arouse and sustain a spirit of honour and morality among the students." To accomplish his purpose thoroughly, it was necessary that these lectures should take place at a time not devoted to any other course, so that he might assemble an audience from among all the several classes. But every hour, from eight o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening, of every six days in the week, was already occupied by other lectures. No way seemed open to him but to deliver these moral discourses on the Sunday. Before adopting this plan, however, he made diligent inquiry whether any law, either of the state or the university, forbade such a proceeding. Discovering no such prohibition, he examined into the practice of other universities, and found many precedents to justify Sunday lectures. Finally, he asked the opinion of some of the oldest professors, none of whom saw any objection to his proposal, provided he did not encroach upon the time set apart for divine service. "If plays are permitted on Sundays," said Schütz, "why not moral lectures?" Fichte, therefore, fixed upon nine in the morning as the hour, and commenced his course under favourable prospects. A large concourse of students from all the different classes attended, together with several of the professors, who willingly acknowledged that they derived great benefit from the discourses.

Fichte believes himself to be in the way of duty. Nevertheless "the best-laid schemes of mice and men," not to say professors, "gang aft agley;" and Fichte finds that the worthiest intentions, and conduct the most prudent, are no protection against calumny. A political print, of the anonymous slanderous description, "distinguished by crawling sycophancy towards power," directs its wondrous sagacity to the consideration of this phenomenon, and traces a very intimate connection between the Sunday lectures and the French Revolution! If a discerning public will believe this anonymous slanderous publication, here is a "formal attempt to overturn the established religious services of Christianity, and to erect the worship of Reason in their stead!" A stupid, undiscerning public to some extent believes it, and the Consistory of Jena conceive it to be their duty to forward a complaint on the subject to the High Consistory at Weimar. Finally, an assembly lodges an accusation before the duke and privy council against Professor Fichte, for "a deliberate attempt to overthrow the public religious services of the country." Inquiry is thereupon directed to be made; meantime let Professor Fichte suspend his lectures.

Fichte suspends, but will in the interim take occasion to defend himself. The best way of doing so is to give a "simple narrative of the real facts," and to make government acquainted with his projects for the moral improvement of the students. This done, the charge is effectually demolished. The duke forthwith gives judgment, "dated 25th January, 1795," whereby Fichte "is freely acquitted of the utterly groundless suspicion which had been attached to him;" his wisdom and prudence are mentioned with approbation; and he receives assurances of the "continued good opinion" of the prince. The Sunday lectures, accordingly, are resumed, avoiding, as heretofore, the hours of divine service.

Meanwhile, that outstanding third union, or Belial-fraternity, proves utterly invincible by logic, and its outrageous proceedings are beginning to render Fichte's residence at Jena, not only uncomfortable, but even dangerous. The good wife Johanna has been several times insulted on the public streets; his own person is not always safe; and his property has been subjected to repeated outrages. Obviously the town of Jena is in great want of new police. In lack of such

desirable force, Fichte is constrained to apply to the senate of the university for protection. The senate declares it can do nothing more than authorize self-defence, in case of necessity; except remind him that he has brought his difficulties upon himself, by bringing the conduct of the orders under the notice of the state, without the senatorial sanction. If more protection than the academy can afford him be desirable, Fichte is at liberty to apply to his friends at court. Such is the position of affairs till towards the close of the winter session. Then we have a crisis. In the middle of the night (date unknown), a party of the Belial-fraternity made an attack upon Fichte's house, perpetrated considerable damage, and caused much alarm, the worthy father-in-law, who it seems was now living with our professor, narrowly escaping with his life. It appears high time for the household to be moving. Accordingly Fichte applied to the duke for permission to leave Jena, which being granted, he took up his residence at Osmanstadt, a village about two miles from Weimar.

About this time, if we mistake not, Fichte completed his speculations which were begun at Zurich, and published them under the title of "*Wissenschaftslehre*," which being interpreted into our vernacular, signifies "*Doctrine of Science*." This is the scientific development of his philosophical system—the systematic co-ordination of those "*materials for a science*," which he conceived Kant to have discovered but not developed. In this he endeavoured to construct *à priori* the whole system of human knowledge upon the original basis of consciousness; as, from the fundamental principles here evolved, he designed to construct a complete system of morals.

It has been said that the peculiarities of Fichte's philosophy are so intimately bound up with the personal character of its author, that both lose something of their completeness when considered apart from the other. So far, at least, as ideal and actual may approximate, the one is the idea whereof the other is the visible realization. The two mutually illustrate each other. Nevertheless, to attempt any sufficient exposition of the system in this place would be futile. It were easy to bewilder uninitiated readers with the transcendental phraseology—but what profit? The thing solely essential in the case were to make it understood. But

Fichte is not to be understood without much sedulous and patient study. His is nowise what the Germans call a "parlour-fire philosophy;" but a rugged obstinate element, which one must contend with lustily before it will yield us any result. Whoever has courage and opportunity for such an enterprise will probably find himself ultimately rewarded for the pains bestowed upon it; whatever may be his conclusions as to the value or truth of the opinions he will here encounter, a due consideration of them will of itself be an admirable discipline of his understanding.

Here, however, it is curious to observe how any new system, or important modification of an old one, is uniformly met with outcry and distrust. Let a man, or any number of men, be settled down into any given habitude, either of thought or of mere material arrangement, and how difficult and unpleasant it is to move out of it. It has often occurred to us that our numerous railways must have many times proved marvellous annoyances in this respect. Fancy a retired burgher, who has built for himself a quiet snuggerly, a little way out of town, all precisely accordant with his own notions of a private residence, thinking to dwell there unmolested for the rest of his lifetime. Lo, suddenly, some cosy afternoon, when he is perhaps congratulating himself on the quietude of his retreat, he receives the astounding intimation, that it is proposed to carry the Donner and Blitz Railway slap through his drawing-room! Here is a touch of unexpected electricity for him! What does he do but straightway begin to anathematize the project, and predict all manner of evil concerning it! Just so is it with that whole class of thinkers who have complacently settled all that appertains to man and the universe according to some quiet life-theory of their own. That there should be any thing in heaven or earth not "dreamt of in *their* philosophy" is what they cannot be prevailed upon to admit. Many at this period were the self-satisfied retired thinkers, inhabiting suburban boxes in the vicinity of the capital city of Transcendentalism. How very uncomfortable now to be dispossessed, with no better prospect for some time to come than that of furnished lodgings! Really it is difficult for any retired individual, man of business or philosopher, to reconcile himself to so unpleasant a predicament. Accordingly, one need not wonder greatly at the many attacks which the Wissenschaftslehre sustained

from some of the philosophical journals of the day. To these for some time Fichte paid little or no regard ; but becoming at length more frequent and importunate, he was in a manner constrained to reply to them. He did this in a very decided fashion. Take, for instance, a glance at the measure dealt out to a certain Herr Schmidt, a very stolid and troublesome antagonist. "My philosophy," says Fichte, "is nothing to Herr Schmidt from incapacity ; his is nothing to me from insight. From this time forth I look upon all that Herr Schmidt may say, either directly or indirectly, about my philosophy, as something which, so far as I am concerned, has no meaning, and upon Herr Schmidt himself as a philosopher who, in relation to me, is non-existent." Here at any rate is no lack of emphasis, whatever one may think about courtesy. A perfectly fair mind might regret the tone of contemptuousness and asperity here and elsewhere observable in Fichte's treatment of his opponents ; nevertheless, in judging of it, it were well to consider the specific circumstances under which it was adopted. He himself was never the assailant, but desired if possible to avoid controversy, and entered into it only when he seemed impelled by persecution and abuse. Besides, he always professed himself to contend, not for distinction, but for truth. "With him to whom truth is not above all other things"—said he, "above his own petty personality—the Wissenschaftslehre can have nothing to do." And again ; "It fills me with scorn which I cannot describe, when I look on the present want of any truthfulness of vision, on the deep darkness, entanglement, and perversion, which now prevail." He admits that he had not handled Herr Schmidt very tenderly ; but says that every just person, knowing many things that were not before the public, would give him credit for the "mildness of an angel." Fichte complains of nothing more distinctly than that his system was misapprehended ; that his opponents would not take the trouble to understand it, or admit their inability if they could not : above all, that they would not refrain from pronouncing *against* it, even when they *knew* that it was not understood by them. Nothing more natural than that he should consider such conduct foolish and unreasonable, and treat it accordingly. "It is surely to be expected," said he, "from every scholar—not that he should understand every thing—but that he should at least know whether he does

understand it or not ; and of every honest man, that he should not pass judgment on any thing before he is conscious of understanding it."

While, however, the *Wissenschaftslehre* was indifferently received, and indifferently comprehended by many of his philosophic brethren, it was not without success in other quarters. Men of genius, not so exclusively devoted to metaphysical speculation, accepted it with much avidity and welcome, as considerably the most serviceable philosophy they had met with. Foremost amongst these, as foremost among all German men, was the poet Goethe. Knowing Fichte well, and entertaining a high opinion of his character and ability, he requested that the work might be sent to him, sheet by sheet, as it went through the press ; and he afterwards acknowledged that the study of it had been of essential service to his culture.

The disturbances which had driven Fichte out of residence at Jena gradually subsiding, his academical life went on for some time unmolested, and he appears to have devoted himself assiduously to literary exertion. His contributions to the "*Philosophical Journal*," of which he became joint-editor with his friend Niethammer, in 1795, form an important part of his works, and are directed chiefly to the further scientific development of his system. In 1796 appeared his "*Doctrine of Law*," and in 1798 his "*Doctrine of Morals*," wherein the fundamental principles of the *Wissenschaftslehre* are applied to practical departments of knowledge.

Meanwhile two events had transpired in connection with his domestic relations: the death of the good father-in-law in September 1795, and subsequently the birth of a son, who we believe is, at this present writing, a professor of philosophy in the University of Tübingen. Fichte's household life throughout appears to have been distinguished by peaceful simplicity and general uniformity of happiness, varied only by such solitudes and trivial infelicities as are understood to chequer the most favourable matrimonial alliances.

Now, however, diligent literary exertion, domestic comfort, academical reputation, and even the future prospects of his life, are about to be blasted by an unexpected blow. Fichte, who has already suffered much, must adjust himself to a greater calamity than has hitherto befallen him. He may

nerve his strong heart, and shield him well in his integrity, for the powers of malice and stupidity are coming down upon him from the high places, to lay waste the little garden of his peace! This man, whose life has been a continual adoration of the Infinite, to whom the immeasurable universe has been but as a vast and solemn temple, wherein his earnest spirit has mused and worshipped; whose heroic sentiments and lofty contemplations tend pre-eminently to inculcate and exalt a faith in the God-like, and to make it manifest in the consciences and visible activities of men—this man of steadfast virtue, and of humble, trustful piety, is now to stand publicly accused of atheism!

This is a charge which has been oftentimes preferred against philosophers, whose speculations, from their novelty and the imperfections of language, have on their first announcement been generally misunderstood. The popular mind in all ages has been apt to misconstrue the discoveries and further developments of truth, which new and greater intellects occasionally reveal, into a profane interference with established opinions. It is ever the lot of the man who outstrips his contemporaries in spiritual discernment, to be first misinterpreted, and then denounced. The catalogue of noble names who have thus suffered would be comparatively endless. Accusations of atheism and infidelity swell everywhere the records of history and literature; a reader of any compass of comprehension comes gradually to regard them as only sorrowful instances of that mental and moral perversion which inevitably results from imperfect cultivation. For, really, atheism as a faith is manifestly incredible. Who ever knew an atheist from conviction—a man who, using his senses and understanding, yet believed there was no God? It is only the fool that hath said so in his heart, and wished it might be true.

The accusation against Fichte was founded upon an article which he published in the "Philosophical Journal" for 1798, "On the Grounds of our Faith in a Divine Government of the World." In this he examines the true foundations of our belief in regard to a moral government of the universe; not, indeed, for the purpose of establishing faith by demonstration, but to show the fundamental elements of a faith subsistent in man, and indestructibly rooted in his nature. The absurd charge of atheism must have originated

from an utter misapprehension of the writer's purpose; which, so far from controverting the existence and superintendency of a moral ruler, was solely directed to inculcate clearer and more comprehensive conceptions respecting his attributes and supremacy. Into further particulars of the calumny we have here no space to enter, and can only mention that the matter was brought before the court at Weimar for investigation, and that the proceedings terminated with a decision sufficiently exonerating Fichte from the charge preferred against him, though a strong disapprobation was expressed in regard to the "imprudence" whereof he was considered chargeable in giving publicity to his doctrines in terms offensive to the popular understanding. Dissatisfied with the qualified character of the decision, Fichte resigned his professorship at the university, and indignantly quitted Jena.

In the summer of 1799 we find him in Berlin, writing his book on the "Destiny of Man." In the progress of this work he took a deeper glance into religion than he had ever done before. In allusion to it he says: "In me the emotions of the heart proceed only from perfect intellectual clearness; it cannot be but that the clearness I have now attained on this subject shall also take possession of my heart. To this disposition is to be ascribed in a great measure my steadfast cheerfulness, and the mildness with which I look upon the injustice of my opponents. I do not believe that without this dispute, and its evil consequences, I should ever have come to this clear insight and this disposition of heart which I now enjoy; and so the violence we have experienced has had a result which neither you nor I can reasonably regret." So writes he to the good frau Johanna, still left behind at Jena. Fichte seems to have understood what Shakspeare meant when he said: "There is a soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out."

His economical circumstances, meanwhile, were none of the brightest. Towards the end of the year, however, he succeeded in removing his family to Berlin, in which place he thenceforth continued to reside. Here, surrounded by a "small circle of friends worthy of his attachment and esteem," he appears to have lived for some time privately and happily, "cultivating literature upon a little oatmeal"—like the illustrious projectors of the "Edinburgh Review." Unin-

interrupted by public duties, he applied himself diligently to the perfecting of his philosophy. At the close of 1799 he published his "Destiny of Man;" and during the two following years he was occupied with certain preliminary treatises, designed to prepare the public mind for the complete reception of his doctrines, by showing their application to subjects of general interest. These introductory writings he intended to follow up with a more strict and complete exposition of his scientific method, designed solely for the philosophic reader. This purpose, however, was for a time postponed, owing partly, it would seem, to the doubts which he entertained respecting the best mode of communicating with the public, and partly, it is said, to his personal dissatisfaction with the reception which his works had hitherto received. For one reason or another, he refrained from publishing any thing for the space of six years, with the exception of one or two minor works of a controversial character which appeared in 1801.

Fichte, nevertheless, could not remain altogether inactive, nor restrict himself wholly to a contemplative life. Shut out, as he conceived, from the reading public, he sought to collect around him a listening one, to whom he might verbally impart such message as he had. This, indeed, is said to have always been his favourite mode of communication; as in the lecture-room he found a freer scope for his peculiar powers than the form of a literary work would admit of. A circle of pupils was gradually gathered about him in Berlin, to whom from time to time he delivered private lectures. Many distinguished scholars and statesmen were also among his auditory, it being soon generally understood that Fichte was a man worth going to hear. There, accordingly, for awhile, in his own hired lecture-room, he addressed fit audiences on some of the toughest subjects that could engage the understanding.

In 1804, through the influence of certain ministerial friends, he was appointed professor of philosophy at the University of Erlangen, with privilege to return to Berlin during winter to continue his lectures in that city; and in this new appointment he achieved as brilliant a success as he had formerly gained at Jena. Here he addressed, to all the students of the university, his memorable lectures on the "Nature of the Scholar." These he subsequently published as an amended edition of a former course on the same subject which he had

given to the public, twelve years before, whilst resident at Jena. In these singular disquisitions the characteristics and duties of the scholar are deduced with a rigorous scientific precision, and presented, as Carlyle has said, "in all their sacredness and grandeur, with an austere brevity more impressive than any rhetoric."

Fichte's outward history is now for some time undistinguished by any thing of general interest: we accordingly pass over a number of minor details, to contemplate his attitude and behaviour under new circumstances of trouble and privation. In 1806, the dominion of Napoleon had become extended over nearly the whole of Germany; and Prussia, which alone maintained its independence, was surrounded on all sides by his armies or auxiliaries. While preparations were in progress to oppose the advances of the enemy, Fichte made an application to the king to be permitted to accompany the troops in the capacity of patriotic orator—thinking he might, by force of eloquence, inspire his fighting countrymen with some additional courage and a resolute invincibility of resistance. The proposal was honourably received, but declined as incompatible with military arrangements. The impending struggle, moreover, was very briefly settled; the invader marching successfully from Auerstadt and Jena, and so onward to a triumphant occupation of Berlin. This event rendered it necessary for all who had identified themselves with the interests of their country to seek refuge in flight or concealment. Fichte resolved not to tender submission to the conqueror, and seeing no especial beauty in remaining to be shot as a rebellious partisan of a vanquished cause, timeously betook himself to cover. Leaving his wife to take charge of his household, he with his friend Hufeland fled beyond the Oder. Awaiting the issue of the war, the two took up their residence at Königsberg, where Fichte was so far fortunate as to get appointed provisional professor of philosophy during his stay. In Königsberg University he accordingly lectures throughout the winter with his usual ability and zeal.

As was natural in the case, the good wife Johanna many times entreats him to return home to Berlin; the French soldiery proving nowise troublesome to quietly-disposed people, but being, on the whole, and especially the officers, rather amiable fellows. Fichte, notwithstanding, cannot be

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...the Government
...fostering
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...should the
...new founda-
...must be suc-
...from a deeper
...One
...for the attainment
...of a new school
...of the old
...from the
...of life and energy might be poured
...Fichte was chosen as the man best
...and unalloyed power was given him to
...university a constitution. No employ-
...more congenial to Fichte's inclinations.

Here, indeed, had arrived at last the long-desired opportunity of developing a systematic plan of instruction founded on the spiritual elements of humanity. He entered with ardour upon the undertaking; and by the end of 1807 his plan, well digested and arranged, was ready for adoption; though the university was not actually established until 1810. Then, however, Fichte was elected rector; and it is said that during the two years in which he held the office, he laid for the institution the foundation of the character which it still maintains—that of being the best regulated, as well as one of the most efficient schools in Germany.

The course of events brings us down to the year of 1812, when the commotions and contentions of the European continent are working out a series of new and significant results. Napoleon the Grand, hitherto conceived to be invincible, has become at length Napoleon overthrown: Russian snows and Moscow conflagrations contributing to that unanticipated consummation. Now, it seems, the time has come when, by the blessing of Providence, and a seasonable use of gunpowder, the Germans may recover their lamented independence. Wise in his generation, the King of Prussia enters into an alliance with the Russian emperor, and straightway from Breslau sends forth a proclamation, calling upon the young and active men of the country to arm themselves for the restoration of its liberty. The Germans aforesaid have suffered much defeat, in spite of skilful and experienced commanders; nevertheless they do not hesitate to answer to the summons, but with grim consent march forwards to fight for freedom, or in default thereof, to get themselves patriotically shot!

An earnest Fichte shall now assuredly have a chance of exhibiting his mettle. He renews his application to be appointed military orator, that so he might share the dangers and animate the courage of the "army of liberation." But there are difficulties of the insuperable sort which exclude him from any such appointment. It seems that of all that warlike oratory with which he is inwardly and so intensely burning, he cannot get himself satisfactorily delivered. In which exigency it appears best to remain stationary in Berlin, and there lecture "On the Idea of a True War." Meantime he and other patriot professors can organise an army of reserve of the volunteer description, and announce its readiness to

contribute personally, when called for, to the defence of Fatherland. Professors and literati also institute, on novel principles, a sort of impromptu life-assurance society, whereby the widows and children of such as may fall in battle shall be provided for by the amenities of survivors.

But who is this stealing upon us in the solemn night-time with moody, sinister aspect, and air of affrightened courage, like one who had recently killed a brother sinner in a duel, and needed absolution? Him we discern, after due scrutiny, to be a veritable Captain Swing, or untimely resurrection of Guy Faux—student of philosophy notwithstanding—who, taking counsel of the powers of darkness, has conceived a plan for firing the magazine of the enemy by stealth, and thus blowing them compendiously out of the planet. Fichte, to whom the scheme is revealed, will be no partner in such atrocity. With cool alacrity he is off by break of day to the superintendent of police, and has the whole abominable business timeously prevented. If the powers on high are indifferent to interfere in the defence of right, the devil shall in no case be invited to condescend with his assistance! The sacred cause of freedom shall not be sullied by that kind of partnership.

Captain Swing retires with his tinder-box to the subterranean shades of an ignominious obscurity, and Fichte meantime continues lecturing on the perils and disasters of the times. "With a clearness and energy of thought which seemed to increase with the difficulties and danger of his country," he keeps alive in the people an unquenchable animosity to the compromise of liberty, or to any terms or conditions of peace which did not recognise the unlimited independence of the German kingdoms. Austria, it is true, mediates, and persuades to compromise, whereby ensues only a *nominal* independence; but a "brave and earnest people," seeking for "true freedom," express unanimous dissatisfaction with the counterfeit, and are obviously inclined towards violation of the amnesty. Hostilities are accordingly recommenced, and go on through the autumn and winter months of 1813.

It was at the commencement of this campaign that the multitudinous students of Berlin were one day assembled to hear Fichte lecture on the imposing topic of "Duty." breathless waiting and expectation; whispered

permeant criticism on the great masses, whom all are nevertheless most anxious to hear: interchange of college gossip, reminiscences of Burschen jollity, small talk and scandal, wrath and effervescence of indignation, rapid veers and commonplace solemnities, with a marvellous readiness of style and tact; here and there a flash of native wit of characteristic brilliancy, but often only an involuntary parody of some inferior speculation, started in a phraseology so vague as to make the speaker seem profound, and like one who would probably understand his subject but for the impediment of stupidity. Such, as near as we can guess, is the scene and the occasion. Behold, however, Fichte has arrived, calm and modest as a lion, standing in unconscious lordliness under the shade of forest-trees. There is hush of miscellaneous tongues, and a simultaneous preparation for listening—as when the sun shines forth upon the hemisphere, provident householders disperse their candle-lights. He lectures with his usual dignity and calmness, rising at intervals into fiery bursts of eloquence, but governed always by a wondrous tact of logic, such as few men could equal. From the topic of Duty in the abstract he leads his audience to the present state of national affairs. On them he glows and expands with animation; the rolling of drums without meanwhile frequently drowning his voice, but inspiring him with fresh spirit to proceed. He paints the desolation of his country—the withering hideousness of usurpation—the boundless ravages and ambition of the foe; he swells with a sublime hatred and indignation against oppressors; and passionately enforces it as the duty of every one before him to consecrate his individual strength and faculty to the rescue of his native land. "Gentlemen," he exclaims finally, "this course of lectures will be suspended till the end of the campaign. We will resume them in a free country, or die in the attempt to recover her liberties!" The hall reverberates with loud responsive shoutings; the rolling of the outward drums is answered by the clapping of innumerable hands, and the stampings of a thousand feet; every German heart there present is moved to resolution, and pants for conquest or for martyrdom. The orator, like the fabled Orpheus, by the impassioned melody of his words has achieved the miracle of moving stones—stones reputed to have been quarried out of Harzgebirge rock, and shaped by supreme powers into Saxon men. Fichte descends from his place,

BIOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS.

to crowd, and places himself in the ranks of
 then departing for the army.

in the neighbourhood of Berlin. The
 and Demewiz secured the capital from
 its nearness to the scene of action it became
 for the sick and wounded. The public in-
 reception were speedily crowded, and soon
 to the demands made upon their means of
 therefore, called upon the inhabitants
 with extraordinary contributions,
 the women to take charge of the sick. Foremost
 devoted themselves to this amiable ministry
 who, as a patient nurse and dispensing
 and consolation, exerted herself sedulously for
 months. In the distribution of clothes, and
 in the exercise of pious offices around
 she dying and unknown, by generous and
 in many ways—she day by day contri-
 of no inconsiderable suffering and

consequence of her long uninterrupted exertions in
 she began at length to feel alarming symptoms
 In January 1814 she was attacked by a violent
 fever, which had been prevalent among the wounded.
 so dangerous as to leave hardly a hope of
 On the very day when she was in greatest
 who had been engaged in close and assiduous
 her from the commencement of her illness,
 to leave her, to deliver the first of a course of
 which he had previously announced. With won-
 he spoke for two hours on the most
 subjects, sorely hoping to find, on his return, his
 still alive. This, as it happened, was the
 With transports of gratitude and joy
 the indications of recovery: those who witnessed
 of his delight were alone able to estimate the almost
 power of control which he had exercised while

in his sacerdotal vocation.
 the tremblings of affection, and the graceful
 who, after danger or anxiety, look thank-
 faces on delivery from fear. Beautiful
 of love that springs from past

calamity. Yet often does it happen, in our world of vicissitude and care, that at the very time when we have been graciously relieved from apprehension, then does some new and terrible distress befall us. Even so it was fated to be now. As his wife was being restored to him with health, Fichte himself caught the infection. Its first symptom was a nervous sleeplessness, which resisted the effect of baths and the ordinary remedies applied for its relief. Then he was attacked by a wild delirium, in which the memories of past activity mingled confusedly with the phantasma of present pain. The valiant soul in its bewilderment held conflict with imaginary enemies, and struggled with deadly passion against the invisible furies of a distempered fancy. At times he conceived that only will and resolution were required to conquer the disease, and would strive desperately to resist the insidious agonies which were vanquishing his strength. In one of his lucid intervals, which were brief and seldom, he was told of Blücher's passage of the Rhine, and the final expulsion of the French from Germany. Then rose before him resplendent visions of future blessedness for Fatherland, and he imagined himself to be contending in the fray for the restoration of its liberties. All this feverish excitement and restlessness wore away his life. Once when his son was approaching him with medicine, he said, with a look of much affection, "Leave it alone; I need no more of that: I feel that I am well." He passed some hours in profound and unbroken sleep; nevertheless, on the eleventh day of his illness, during the night of the 27th of January 1814, he died. He died in his fifty-second year, while his bodily and mental faculties were as yet unimpaired by age; his fine black hair unshaded by any signs of grey; his step still firm, and his whole appearance vigorous and well sustained. "So robust an intellect—a soul so calm, so lofty, massive, and commanding," the world shall not see again for many days.

And so, reader, we have come abruptly to the strong man's end. We have followed him—not without a sympathizing admiration—through the changes and chances of his life; and now we must pause in reverence over the untimely grave of his mortality. His life has been "a battle and a march" against the principalities of evil and temptation—a conflict with error and insincerity, in others and in himself; and now the valiant soul has attained to its rest, the strong courageous

fighter goes home with victory. The doctrine which he taught, and practically asserted by his life, is a justification of that higher hope which dawns in all times upon earnest and enthusiastic souls—that lofty and commanding faith in the integrity of the moral principle in man, which seeks to transform the world into the image of the ideal. If it be true, as has been said, that the whole value of history and biography is to increase our self-trust, by demonstrating what is possible to man, then shall the life of this man be an encouragement and indication to them, who would strive to fashion their own in accordance with the eternal realities of things. In severe rectitude, in endurance that would not shrink, in energy, and perseverance, and resolution, in incorruptible integrity and devout heroism of character, he is admirable for ever: “as a man approved by action and suffering, in his life and in his death, he ranks with a class of men who were common only in better ages than ours,” but who were needed in no age more imperatively than now. The grand moral of his life, did any one still need to ask it, is to shew the possibilities of worth and virtue which are yet open to other men. Farewell, thou brave Fichte! and may the love of good men everywhere embalm thee in their memory!*

* The facts related in this Paper are principally derived from a *Life of Fichte* by his son. The writer has been partly aided in shaping them to the present result by an English “*Memoir*” by William Smith; whose excellent translations of several of Fichte’s writings he takes the opportunity of recommending to the attention of studious and intelligent readers.

DANIEL DE FOE.*

AMONG the books which may be reckoned as belonging to the world's acknowledged stereotypes, there are probably few that have been read more frequently, or proved acceptable to a greater variety of tastes, than the illustrious "Robinson Crusoe." While, however, in connection with this performance the author's name has become so extensively familiar, it is principally by means of it that he continues to be remembered. The generality of modern readers know little of the extent and merit of De Foe's political and controversial writings, or of the conspicuous position which he occupied on account of them with his contemporaries. Having reference chiefly to the disputes and contentions of his times, these productions have naturally lost much of their original interest, and their value has been therefore considerably diminished. It is nevertheless conceived that they are worthy of a more general investigation and attention; and accordingly it is here intended to furnish some account of them, and also to present such an outline of the writer's personal history, character, sufferings, and disappointments, for conscience' sake and otherwise, as can be conveniently rendered within the limits of the present Paper.

De Foe's entire works consist of more than two hundred separate publications, embracing a vast variety of subjects, and all exhibiting evidences of great ability, honesty of intention, and a keen perception of just and wholesome principles. As a politician, he was throughout his whole career the steady advocate of liberal interests, the manly and upright champion of justice, of tolerance, and of all those citizen-rights valued by honest Englishmen. Living in a

* From "Chambers's Papers for the People," 1850.

turbulent era of our history, when the pretensions of rival and selfish factions were agitated with an inveterate and unprincipled animosity, he seems to have been in great part proof against the prevalent contagion, and to have entertained the questions in dispute with a scrupulous regard to their truthfulness or reasonable expediency. By being an honest man than the generality, he became the object of general misapprehension and opprobrium. Few men had more of the world's notice in his day; none more of its calumny and persecution. In a more than ordinary degree he shared the fate of every man who, by genius or cultivation, is in advance of his own times. The party whose aims and schemings he opposed he very naturally offended; but he was also not unfrequently misrepresented and calumniated by the very party whose interests he endeavoured to promote. This party consisted of the nonconforming Presbyterians, who, as the successors of the Puritans of the foregoing age, continued to protest against the narrowness and dominancy of the Protestantism of the Reformation. De Foe is in a certain sense the representative of the aims and spirit of modern Independence: he was in creed and political principle a dissenting Presbyterian, and he advocated most of the claims and opinions by which the dissenting sects were then, and are still in part, distinguished; but he seems, upon the whole, to have been greatly superior to his party, inasmuch as he was less sectarian, and more liberal and catholic in his sentiments.

In proceeding to narrate the principal events and transactions of his life, it may be well to mention at the outset that the participle *De*—for reasons which cannot now be ascertained—was adopted, and not inherited, by our author; his original family name being simply *Foe*, without any euphonious or ornamental prefix. Of his ancestry or immediate progenitors there is very little known. The earliest that has been mentioned is his grandfather, Daniel Foe, who was a substantial English yeoman, and farmed his own estate at Elton in Northamptonshire. He is supposed to have been attached to the Cavalier and High Church party; and as an evidence of his respectability, it has been recorded that he kept a pack of *foxes* for his diversion. Daniel pleasantly relates, that *his* huntsman had the irreverent habit of naming *foxes* or the most illustrious officers in the Puritan and

Royal forces : "he had his Roundhead and his Cavalier, his Goring and his Waller, and all the generals in both armies were hounds in his pack ; till, the times turning, the old gentleman was fain to scatter the pack, and make them up of more dog-like surnames." Besides scattering his hounds, it would seem that Mr. Foe had also to disperse his family, for we find that James Foe, who is presumed to have been a younger son, was "sent at a proper age to London," and there apprenticed to a butcher. In this calling he became afterwards established in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and after flourishing in business for many years, he ultimately retired upon a decent competency, which he enjoyed until his death. He was the father of our celebrated Daniel, who was born in the parish of St. Giles aforesaid in the year 1661.

His parents having embraced the Nonconformists' principles, the boy was accordingly brought up in their faith. Of the manner in which he spent his early years there is no existing record. The imagination is left to picture him as it can. A lively and pleasant fellow we conceive him to have been, of quick and generous impulses, not backward to contend in feats of sport or warfare, but nowise given to the exaction of unfair advantages, for he says he "learned from a boxing English boy not to strike an enemy when he is down." One cannot readily bring his figure and appearance very near to us ; but there assuredly, in St. Giles's parish, Cripplegate, he once visibly lived and went to school with his contemporaries. Nightly for some years was he perhaps seated at the family table in the sitting room—a little back parlour, as we fancy, behind the butcher's shop—conning lessons for the coming day, and possibly relieving his strained attention by counting the flies upon the ceiling. There were times, doubtless, when he read books for his own amusement : most likely the historical portions of the Bible, and probably the wondrous allegory of the "Pilgrim's Progress." On Sundays he had to put on a grave face, and go forth with the family to the "meeting house in Little St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street," to hear the Rev. Dr. Annelsey, "an esteemed Presbyterian minister," who had been formerly ejected from the incumbency of Cripplegate. There, with subdued and steady countenance, in the grave Presbyterian congregation, Daniel undoubtedly sat and listened to the fervid eloquence of the preacher, and imbibed from it something of the manly

independence and invincible love of liberty which he was destined afterwards to display in his own career. It is even conceivable that the good minister sometimes visited his father's house, and it is not unlikely that, on suitable occasions, he may have put his hand on the boy's head, and bade him remember to stand resolutely by the principles and religious doctrines in which he had been instructed.

It were interesting to know whether Daniel ever carried a butcher's tray, and what was the price of mutton, as his father retailed it to customers, two hundred years ago. To such questions as these, however, we can now obtain no answer. But judging from the prosperous circumstances of his family, and from the fact that young De Foe was early destined for the Presbyterian ministry, it seems improbable that he was ever actively connected with his father's business. At the age of fourteen, after he had been sufficiently qualified by inferior teachers, he was sent to a Nonconformist college, or academy, at Newington, then under the direction of the Rev. Charles Mutton, a gentleman who had the reputation of being a "polite and profound scholar." Here he is reported to have had great advantages for learning, and to have lived in very agreeable society. Little, however, is known of his manner of life, or of the progress which he made while residing at this institution; but it has been concluded, from certain passages in his writings, that he had not failed to turn his opportunities to account. He has informed us that he had in his time been master of five languages, and that he had studied the mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, geography, and history. With the theory and practical capabilities of the English constitution he was thoroughly acquainted; and he sometimes boasts of having investigated politics as a science. Under the direction of his tutor, he went through the authorized courses of theology, in which he acquired such a proficiency as enabled him to cope with the acutest writers of the disputatious age in which he lived. His knowledge of ecclesiastical history was also very considerable; and indeed his attainments in all departments of general information were such as to entitle him to be considered a person of great intelligence and cultivation. A man of ^{no} extensive "learning," in the technical acceptance, he ^{never} was, nor as such was he ever desirous of being ^d; but that he was any thing like the "illiterate

person" which some of his opponents delighted to represent him to be, there is evidence enough in his writings to disprove. The poet Gay, adopting the cant of the Scriblerus Club, speaks of him as "a fellow who had excellent natural parts, but wanted a small foundation of learning," and cites him, as "a lively instance of those wits who, as an ingenious author says, will endure but one skimming;" but this is a judgment which time has since emphatically reversed; and it is not likely that it will be again referred to, either in depreciation of De Foe, or by way of illustrating the poet's penetration.

At what time De Foe quitted the Newington institution is not distinctly known; neither is it apparent what induced him to abandon the design of entering the Presbyterian ministry. Perhaps he had no sufficient sense of any call to the work. It has even been surmised that the volatility of his disposition might have proved incompatible with that dignified vocation. An early turn for authorship, and an inveterate tendency for satire, may have contributed to unfit him for entering into the ministry with an exclusive devotion to its duties, and may possibly have determined him to renounce his purpose, for the sake of addressing himself more freely to literary and political pursuits. At any rate, at the age of twenty-one he came forth boldly as an author, embracing the popular side in politics. His first production was a spirited lampoon, levelled at the noted Roger L'Estrange, who, in a work entitled a "Guide to the Inferior Clergy," had recently advanced some highly illiberal notions. De Foe's pamphlet bore the title of "Speculum Crape-Gownorum; or a Looking-Glass for the Young Academicks, new Foyl'd: with Reflections on some of the late High-flown Sermons, to which is added an Essay towards a Sermon of the Newest Fashion. By a Guide to the Inferior Clergy. London: 1682." The title was adopted in allusion to the crape-gowns then in use among the inferior clergy, and the banter was sufficiently effective to put them out of fashion, and thereby damage the respectability of the material against which, however, the author had no particular antipathy. The design of the work was to expose and ridicule the pretensions of the High Church faction. The most amusing portion is the sermon, which is a clever parody of the pulpit discourses of the times, and was especially intended to satirize the "crape-gown men" for their interferences

with politics, "that they may see how ridiculous they are, when they stand fretting, and fuming, and heating themselves about state affairs in their pulpits." Its success with the town, and the fertility of the subject, induced the author to follow it up with a second part, in which, however, he deals more seriously with the government on account of its severity to Dissenters, and by exhibiting the practical effects of persecution, cleverly exposes its absurdity. The work seems to have attracted attention enough to lead some one to reply to it, as the same year we have notice of a publication bearing the title of "Reflections upon Two Scurrilous Libels, called Speculum Crape-Gownorum." The author is commonly supposed to have been L'Estrange himself.

Three years after the publication of his pamphlet—namely, in the summer of 1685—De Foe engaged in practical hostility against the government of James II., by joining the standard of the Duke of Monmouth when he landed in Dorsetshire with his hundred and fifty men, for the purpose of delivering the country from the dominion of arbitrary rule, and the anticipated sway of popery, and thereby gaining for himself the crown of England—"a romantic kind of invasion," says Welwood, "which is scarcely paralleled in history." On the suppression of this rebellion, our adventurous volunteer narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. Eluding pursuit, however, he managed to save his head; and being personally unknown in that part of the kingdom which was the seat of the insurrection, he does not appear to have been afterwards suspected, and therefore was never brought to trial for his treason. Returning subsequently to London, he next proceeded to settle himself peaceably in business, resolved, if possible, to refrain from interfering further in public or polemical affairs. In Freeman's Court, near the thoroughfare of Cornhill, he accordingly became established as a hose-factor, designing to live by a reasonable commission on the sale of stockings. In 1688, being a freeman by birth, he was admitted into the livery of London. For ten years he devoted himself more or less to business; but the times were too unfavourable to permit him to succeed. The discontents and agitations of the country, occasioned by the arbitrary proceedings of the king, who was aiming at absolute power over the lives and consciences of his subjects, and fomented by the disputes and controversies of

the several factions into which the nation was divided, were of too exciting and interesting a character for a man of De Foe's active and earnest temperament to refrain from taking part in them. Mixing continually in company, in coffee-houses and in taverns, he seems to have spent more of his time in discussing the movements and pretensions of the parties, and the bearings of political disputes, than in attending to his personal interests at the counter. With him, it would appear, there was no alternative: when the well-being of the nation, and the most important liberties of the people were endangered, all private convenience and advantage ceased, in comparison, to have any sensible hold on his regards. He therefore stood forth boldly in defence of the popular rights, speaking and writing whatsoever might seem to him calculated to consolidate and support them.

One of the prominent dogmas of the day, and one which served the cause of despotism more effectually than any other, was the absurd pretension of the unlimited and unconditional *divine right* of kings. "It was for many years," says De Foe, "and I am witness to it, that the pulpit sounded nothing but the duty of absolute submission, obedience without reserve, subjection to princes as God's vicegerents, accountable to none, to be withstood in nothing, and by no person. I have heard it publicly preached, that if the king commanded my head, and sent his messengers to fetch it, I was bound to submit, and stand still while it was cut off." That the reader may be assured that this is really no caricature of the opinions which then prevailed, let him take the following delectable passage from a published sermon of the bishop of Chester in those days, who undoubtedly spoke only what were the common sentiments of the clergy:—"Though the king," saith he, "should not please or humour us—though he read off the mantle from our bodies, as Saul did from Samuel—nay, though he should sentence us to death, of which, blessed be God and the king, there is no danger; yet, if we were living members of the Church of England, we must neither open our mouths nor lift up our hands against him, but honour him before the elders and people of Israel; nor must we ask our prince why he governs us otherwise than we please to be governed ourselves; we must neither call him to account for his religion, nor question h

policy in civil matters, for he is made our king by God's law, of which the law of the land is only declarative!"*

To this sort of doctrine De Foe altogether objected to subscribe, and scrupled not to denounce it as an abominable heresy. Such a presumptuous exaltation of the divine right of kings he considered to be entirely subversive of the divine rights of men; and rather than acknowledge it, or sanction its acknowledgment, he was constrained to try the case by logical disputation, and was even nowise disinclined to try it by argument of battle. To this disposition, indeed, the whole country came at last. James II., in attempting to carry the current dogmas into practice, aroused a universal opposition to his schemes and government; and Church of England people and Dissenters finally combined to expel him from the kingdom. The 4th of November, the day on which the Prince of Orange landed, De Foe is reported to have commemorated ever afterwards as a sort of sacred holiday. "It is a day," said he, "famous on various accounts, and every one of them dear to Britons who love their country, value the Protestant interest, or who have an aversion to tyranny and oppression." In the following year when King William and Queen Mary visited the city, our exulting dissenter rode on horseback in the procession as a member of a royal regiment of volunteers.

The Revolution being settled, De Foe appears for some time to have abstained from politics, and to have directed his attention principally to affairs of trade. For some years past he had been engaged in "commercial speculations with Spain and Portugal;" but being repeatedly unsuccessful, he finally failed in business. The occupations of trade seldom assort well with literary genius, and it is thought that De Foe's lively and discursive talents were the principal hindrance to his success. "With the usual imprudence of superior genius," says Mr. Chalmers, "he was carried by his vivacity into companies who were gratified by his wit. He spent those hours with a small society for the cultivation of polite learning which he ought to have employed in the calculations of the counting-house; and being obliged to abscond from his creditors in 1692, he naturally attributed those misfortunes to the war which were probably owing to his own misconduct." Be this as it may, it is very evident that his failure

* Somers's Tracts, ix. 129.

was no impeachment to his honesty. An angry creditor, indeed, took out a commission of bankruptcy against him ; but this was shortly afterwards superseded, on the petition of those to whom he was most indebted, and who accepted a composition on his single bond. This was punctually paid, as he became capable of paying it, by efforts of unwearied diligence. Some of his creditors who had been thus satisfied, falling afterwards into difficulties themselves, De Foe voluntarily paid up their entire claim—"an example of honesty," says Mr. Chalmers, "which it would be unjust to De Foe and to the world to conceal." The amount for which he failed cannot now be ascertained, but it must have been considerable, and shows that he was no peddling or petty trader, such as his political enemies delighted in representing him. Being reproached by Lord Haversham as a mercenary, De Foe tells him, in 1705, that "with a numerous family, and no help but his own industry, he had forced his way, with undiscouraged diligence, through a sea of misfortunes, and reduced his debts, exclusive of composition, from seventeen thousand to less than five thousand pounds."*

As the estimate to be taken of De Foe's moral character must be in great part determined by his conduct under these pecuniary difficulties, it is essential that whatever evidence there may be now existing illustrative of his integrity should be fairly stated. In the first place it would appear that his personal probity was unsuspected ; for "so high a sense of his honour was entertained by his creditors, that they agreed to take his own personal security for the amount of composition upon his debts." The confidence reposed in him seems likewise to have been justified, inasmuch as he returned ultimately to all or the greater number of his creditors the full amount of their original claim. "This," says Mr. Wilson, "was a fine illustration of the effect of moral principle, and an exemplification of the advice he gave to others." Which advice is :—"Never think yourselves discharged in conscience, though you may be discharged in law. The obligation of an honest mind can never die. No title of honour, no recorded merit, no mark of distinction, can exceed that lasting appellation—an *honest man*. He that lies buried under such an epitaph has more said of him than volumes of history can contain. The payment of debts, after fair dis-

* Reply to Lord Haversham's Vindication.

disgrace, or the dearest title to such a character that I know ; and how my men can begin again, and hope for a blessing from Heaven, a second term grant, without such a resolution, I cannot say." Was this all that De Foe's sense of obligation would permit him to utter ? As an illustration of the character of a man, the following recorded testimony to his honesty, by one who was no friend of his, from a pamphlet entitled, "A Dialogue between a Dissenter and the Churchman," published in 1705 :—"I must do one piece of justice to the man, whatever the writer, although I love him no better than you do. It is this, that meeting a gentleman in a coffee-house, when I and every body else were railing at him, he arose, and took me up, with this short speech—'Gentlemen, I know this De Foe as well as any of you, for I have been in his workshop, compounded with him, and discharged him fully.' Several years afterwards he sent for me, and told me he was clearly discharged, he paid me all the money that was due to him voluntarily, and of his own accord ; and then told me, that as far as God should enable him, he intended to do so with every body. When he had done, he desired me to sign and my hand to a paper to acknowledge it, which I did, and found a great many names to the paper, and I think myself bound to own it, though I cannot stand to the book he wrote any more than you." The allusion to the book he wrote any more than you," alluded to was the "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," at which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. It is thus as far as possible exonerated from blame, and this unhappy failure must be regarded rather as an unfortunate than as a fraudulent or unprincipled speculation—as many of the contemporary scribblers, without knowing him sufficiently, were accustomed to consider him. The passage thus quoted affords as satisfactory a proof of his upright and commendable efforts and intentions as can be reasonably desired. When, however, the operation of the harsh and crushing laws, which were then in force against insolvents, he appears to have absconded, and lived in hiding for some time under a false reputation. To what part of the kingdom he fled is not clearly known ; but as it was ascertained that he fled for a while at Bristol, it has been supposed that so at the time when he was under apprehensions of creditors. There is even a tradition which seems to

countenance the supposition. A gentleman of that city informed Mr. Wilson that one of his ancestors had a distinct recollection of De Foe, and often spoke of having seen him walking in the streets of Bristol, accoutred in the fashion of the times, with a fine flowing wig, lace ruffles, and a sword by his side; also that he there obtained the name of "The Sunday Gentleman," because, through fear of bailiffs, he did not dare to appear in public upon any other day. The fact of De Foe's residence in Bristol, either at this or some later period of his life, is further corroborated by another circumstance, mentioned to Mr. Wilson by the friend alluded to. By this it appears that there was formerly a tavern in Castle Street, known by the sign of the Red Lion, and kept by one Mark Watkins, "an intelligent man, who had been in better circumstances," and whose house was in considerable repute among the Bristol tradesmen, who were then in the habit of resorting to it after dinner for the purpose of smoking their pipes, and hearing the news and small talk of the day. Here De Foe, following the custom of the times, is reported to have spent an occasional afternoon among the company, and was well known to the landlord under the same name of "The Sunday Gentleman." Mark Watkins, who appears to have been a humourist, is said to have entertained his guests in after-times with a very whimsical account of a strange man, who went about Bristol clothed in goat-skins, and who he affirmed was none other than the celebrated Robinson Crusoe.* The house, we believe, is still standing, but has been latterly reduced to a mere pot-house, so that none need go there to make inquiries about De Foe.

Having at length come to a satisfactory arrangement with his creditors, De Foe was enabled to emerge from his retirement. For two years he had been living in unpleasant and involuntary leisure; not indeed altogether idly; for, notwithstanding the pressure of his affairs, he contrived to write a book. This was his "Essay upon Projects," which, however, he did not find it convenient to publish till nearly five years afterwards. Of his proceedings subsequent to his liberation he himself gives us the following account:—"Misfortunes in business having unhinged me from matters of trade, it was about 1694 when I was invited by some merchants, with whom I had corresponded abroad, and some also at home, to

* De Foe's Life and Times, by Walter Wilson.

settle at Cadiz in Spain ; and that with the offers of very good commissions. But Providence, which had other work for me to do, placed a secret aversion in my mind to quitting England upon any account, and made me refuse the offers of that kind, to be concerned with some eminent persons at home, in proposing ways and means to the government for raising money to supply the occasions of the war then newly begun."* The war in question was an expensive one with France, entered on in support of the title of King William, and for the purpose of arresting the conquests of Louis XIV. ; and it was part of De Foe's business to devise and suggest taxes, to enable the government to carry on the enterprise. "Some time after this," says he, in continuation of the statement just quoted, "I was, without the least application of mine, and being then seventy miles from London, sent for to be the accountant to the Commissioners of the Glass-Duty, in which service I continued to the determination of their commission." This appointment he received in 1695, and held it till the suppression of the tax in August 1699.

About this time, or somewhat earlier, De Foe became a partner in certain tile and brick kiln-works at Tilbury in Essex, and continued to be the acting secretary of the concern for several years. Here he had a country-house, overlooking the river Thames, and seems to have lived for some time in thriving circumstances. With his share of the proceeds of the business, and his settled salary as accountant to the Glass Commissioners, he is once more in a condition to pay his way, and by dint of thrift do something to reduce his former debts. As a scheme, perhaps, for raising additional ways and means, he now, in 1796, ventured on the publication of the before-mentioned "Essay upon Projects." Herein he descants largely and sensibly on "politics, commerce, and benevolence." He expatiates on banks, highways, and bankruptcy ; and amongst other things advocates a plan for the promotion of friendly societies, "formed by mutual assurance, for the relief of the members in seasons of distress." By way of experiment, he proposes to establish one for the support of destitute widows, and another for the assistance of seamen. "The same thought," says he, "might be improved into methods that should prevent the general misery and poverty of mankind, and at once secure us against beggars, parish-poor,

* Appeal to Honour and Justice, pp. 5, 6

almshouses, and hospitals; by which not a creature so miserable or so poor but should claim subsistence as their due, and not ask it of charity." We have here the seminal idea of all the friendly clubs, savings' banks, and mutual associations, that have since been established in the country. Another of his projects was the formation of institutions for cultivating certain neglected branches of education. He conceived that there might be some academy or society for correcting, purifying, and establishing the English language, such as had been founded in France under Cardinal Richelieu. "The work of this society," says he, "should be to encourage polite learning, to polish and refine the English tongue, and advance the somewhat-neglected faculty of correct language; also to establish purity and propriety of style, and to purge it from all the irregular additions that ignorance and affectation have introduced; and all those innovations of speech, if I may call them such, which some dogmatic writers have the confidence to foster upon their native language, as if their authority were sufficient to make their own fancy legitimate." A similar notion had been started in the time of Charles II. by Lord Roscommon and the poet Dryden; and when De Foe had thus revived it, it was again renewed by Prior, and subsequently by Swift; though in spite of promises from various influential persons, no attempt was ever made to carry it into practical effect, and it remains to this day as a matter worthy of consideration.

Schemes for military schools, and for lunatic asylums of an educational description, were also ingeniously propounded, and their practicability and advantages very ably stated in this treatise. But perhaps the most interesting of all the author's projects is that of an institution for the better education of young women. As De Foe's remarks on such a subject will tend to illustrate the comparative progress which has been made in female culture since the time at which he wrote, let us here insert some sentences on the dignity of woman. "We reproach the sex every day," says he, "with folly and impertinence, while I am confident had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves." He complains that the women of his time were taught merely the mechanical parts of knowledge—such as reading, writing, and sewing—instead of being exalted into rational companions; and he argues that men in the same

class of society would cut a sorry figure if their education were to be entirely neglected. "The soul," he observes, "was created in the body like a rough diamond, and must be polished; or the lustre of it will never appear. And it is manifest that as the rational soul distinguishes us from brutes, so education serves as the distinction, and makes some less degraded than others. Why, then, should women be denied the benefit of instruction? If knowledge and understanding be of divine origin and common to the sex, God would never have given them capacities to be made nothing needless. What has women done to forfeit the privilege of being taught? Shall she be deemed too weak for prudence and impertinence? Why do we not see her wiser than she may have more wit? Shall we condemn women to folly, when it is only the error of vulgar education that hinders her being made wiser? . . . Women, in my observation of them, have little or no differences but as they are or are not distinguished by education. Education, indeed, may in some degree influence them, but the main distinguishing part is their breeding. If a woman be well bred, and taught the proper management of her natural wit, she proves generally very sensible and retentive: such without partiality, a woman of sense and manners is the sweetest and most delicate part of God's creation, the glory of his Abode, and the great instance of his singular regard to man, to whom he gave the best gift either God could bestow on man receive: and it is the sordidest piece of folly and ingratitude in the world to withhold from the sex the due tuition which the advantages of education give to the natural beauty of their minds. A woman, well-bred and well-taught, enriched with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison. Her company is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments; she is all sweetness and sweetness, love, wit, and delight; she is every way suitable to the sublimest wish; and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to do but to rejoice in her and be thankful." Persons imperfectly acquainted with the Elm will have probably been unprepared to give him credit for so much elegance and delicacy of sentiment as are here displayed, and which certainly were nowise very common among the wits and gentlemen of his age.

As to the substance and execution of this work, Wilson has accurately remarked, that "it abounds

in strong sense, couched in nervous language, and contains some specimens of good writing. His sentiments upon the various topics discussed are delivered with diffidence, but at the same time with becoming freedom; and they discover a versatility of genius, accompanied by correct thinking, that are not often united in the same individual." * It is a book, indeed, which is now but little known, and rarely read, but it is nevertheless in several respects worthy of perusal. Of its sterling and substantial merit there needs no better testimony than that of Dr. Franklin, who found it in his father's library, and, alluding to it, says, he received impressions from it which influenced some of the principal events of his after-life.

After the publication of this performance De Foe several times exercised his pen in writing pamphlets on various political topics, but produced nothing of any moment till in 1698 he came forward with a tract designed to further the reformation of manners in the nation. The exceeding dissoluteness of the times had offended the moral sense of the constitutional monarch, who had been used to stricter ways, and accordingly, in his speech of the present year, he signified a desire for improvement. "I esteem it," said he, "one of the greatest advantages of the peace (which had lately been concluded), that I shall now have leisure to rectify such corruptions and abuses as have crept into any part of the administration during the war, and effectually to discourage profaneness and immorality." The House of Commons, in their address to the king shortly afterwards, commended his design, declaring their readiness to support him; and, "in concurrence with his majesty's pious intentions, they most humbly desired that his majesty would issue out his royal proclamation, commanding all judges, and justices of the peace, and other magistrates, to put in speedy execution the good laws that were now in force against profaneness and immorality, giving encouragement to all such as did their duty therein." The king, in reply, said that "he could not but be very well pleased with an address of this nature, and he would give immediate directions to the several particulars they desired." Accordingly, a proclamation was issued for preventing and punishing the crimes and vices specified; and the parliament passed a bill to the same effect. In the like

* De Foe's Life and Times.

EXTRAITS

[illegible]

...the "disease" ... to know the ... reigning ... who ... to ... of a ... to ... the King ... farm ... the ... the ... the great ... at undoubted over ... the ... and

all this work of reformation, reforming rigour makes the real against all manner of vicious as these are all cobweb laws, in ight, and the great ones break has whipped about the poor females have been sent to the alehouse-keepers and vintners drink on the Sabbath-day; but the mob, as if all the vice lay among whether laws or proclamations

are capable of having any effect while the very benches of our justices are infected? 'Tis hard, gentlemen, to be punished for a crime by a man as guilty as ourselves: this is really punishing men for being poor, which is no crime at all; as a thief may be said to be hanged not for the theft, but for being taken." De Foe is not backward to acknowledge that in the upper classes are to be found many persons of honour and good morals, but their partiality in the execution of the laws rendered them almost as criminal as the vicious. "The quality of the person," he observes, "has been a licence to the open exercise of the worst crimes; as if there were any baronets, knights, or esquires in the next world, who, because of those little steps custom had raised them on higher than their neighbours, they should be exempted from the divine judicature; or, as Captain Vratz, who was hanged for murdering Esquire Thynne, said, 'God would show them some respect, as they were gentlemen.'"

Upon the importance of example in the higher orders, he remarks—"If my own watch goes false, it deceives me and no one else; but if the town clock goes false, it deceives the whole parish. The gentry are the leaders of the mob: if they are lewd and drunken, the others strive to imitate them; if they discourage vice and intemperance, the others will not be so forward in it, nor so fond of it." Of another class of persons who, by the theory of their position, should be patterns of all goodness, he observes—"The *clergy* also ought not to count themselves exempted in this matter, whose lives have been, and in some places still are, so vicious and so loose that it is well for England we are not subject to be much priest-ridden. The parson preaches a thundering sermon against drunkenness, and the justice of peace sets my poor neighbour in the stocks, and I am like to be much the better for either, when I know, perhaps, that this same parson and this same justice were both drunk together but the night before. A vicious parson that preaches well, but lives ill, may be likened to an unskilful horseman who opens a gate on the wrong side, and lets other folks through, but shuts himself out. The application of this rough doctrine," he concludes, "is, in short, both to the gentry and clergy—*Physicians, heal yourselves!*"

For his own labours in the cause of reformation, De Foe informs us that he was signally ill treated, and calumniated

often extremely pertinent to the subject. Take, for instance, one brief sentence of advice from his "Six Distinguishing Characters of a Parliament Man," published on the occasion of a general election in 1701. It is his opinion that the persons chosen should be thoroughly satisfied with the order of things established at the Revolution; therefore neither Papists nor Jacobites, nor other declared or supposed friends of James II., can be reasonably considered eligible. To such he has nothing to say provided they keep the peace, and do not push themselves into public notice: "but," says he, "to single out such men to serve the nation in a Protestant parliament, and to advise King William in matters of the highest importance, is a thing so preposterous, that I know not what to say to it: 'tis like going to the devil with a case of conscience." It seems to us, that at the time when this was written, it was a most necessary and important caution, and precisely the one which a wise and prudent man would give in order to guard against the dangers that were then most threatening to the state. There is a penetrating and statesmanlike discernment in it, much beyond the capacity of ordinary politicians, who are famous for never seeing a difficulty till they find themselves no longer able to contend with it.

Now, however, about this same year of 1701, the serpents of faction are beginning to raise their heads and hiss, malignantly designating our respectable Dutch monarch by the opprobrious epithet of "foreigner." This term had then a very offensive meaning, and there was even danger that simple-minded people might be signally misled by it. De Foe therefore puts saddle and bridle upon a sort of Pony-Pegasus, and valiantly rides forth with a poetical satire called the "True-born Englishman." It opens with the memorable lines, which have since become a proverb—

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there;
And 'twill be found upon examination
The latter has the largest congregation."

object of the satire is to reproach the author's discontented countrymen with ingratitude for abusing King James as a foreigner, and to humble their pride for sing some of the newly-created nobility on the same point. He accordingly traces the elevation of our ancient

families to the favour of the Norman Conqueror, who partitioned out the country among his followers, and by his usurped prerogative made them lords and denizens. He conceives that the descendants of a nobility so created have not much to boast of; and he thus strongly exposes their inordinate pride of ancestry:—

“ These are the heroes who despise the Dutch,
And rail at new-come foreigners so much;
Forgetting that themselves are all derived
From the most scoundrel race that ever lived—
A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and dromes,
Who ransack’d kingdoms and dispeopled towns.
The Fict and painted Briton, treacherous Scot,
By hunger, theft, and rapine, hither brought;
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Dames,
Whose red-hair’d offspring every where remains;
Who, join’d with Norman-French, compound the breed
From whence your true-born Englishmen proceed;
And lost by length of time it be pretended
The climate may the modern race have mended,
Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,
Mixes us daily with exceeding care.”

Descending to the age of Elizabeth, the satirist notices the further mixture of the breed by the influx of foreigners, who fled hither on account of persecution; as also happened from another reason in the time of her successor—

“ The first seven years of whose pacific reign,
Made him and half his nation Englishmen.”

To rebuke the vanity of ancestry, he adds—

“ ’Tis well that virtue gives nobility,
Else God knows where we had our gentry;
Since scarce one family is left alive
Which does not from some foreigner derive.
Of sixty thousand English gentlemen
Whose names and arms in registers remain,
We challenge all our heralds to declare
Ten families which English-Saxon are.”

Wherefore, he goes on to say—

“ A true-born Englishman’s a contradiction—
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction;
A metaphor invented to express
A man akin to all the universe.”

From thus exploring the origin of the race, De Foe proceeds next to discuss its character—

“ Fierce as the Briton, as the Roman brave,
And less inclined to conquer than to save;
Eager to fight, and lavish of their blood,
And equally of fear and forecast void.

The Plot has made 'em sour, the Dane morose,
 False from the Soot, and from the Norman worse.
 What honesty they have the Saxons gave them,
 And that, now they grow old, begins to leave them.
 The climate makes them terrible and bold ;
 And English beef their courage does uphold ;
 No danger can their daring spirit pall,
 Always provided with their bellies full."

The remainder of the work is chiefly occupied in laudations of King William, and in exposing the ingratitude of the nation towards its deliverer. After reviewing his principal exploits, and the services and virtues of some of his associates in the Revolution, the author concludes his poem by asserting the pre-eminence and supreme nobility of *character*—

" Could but our ancestors retrieve their fate,
 And see their offspring thus degenerate ;
 How we contend for birth and names unknown,
 And build on their past actions, not our own ;
 They'd cancel records, and their tombs deface,
 And then disown the vile degenerate race ;
 For fame of families is all a cheat,
 'TIS PERSONAL VIRTUE ONLY MAKES US GREAT !"

It should be mentioned that the immediate occasion of this performance was the previous publication of a sorry pamphlet, in ill-natured verse, and called "The Foreigners," by a writer whom De Foe alludes to as "one Mr. Tutchin." It seems to have been quite a scurrilous affair ; and it was to correct the impression which it was making on the public that the "True-born Englishman" was produced. De Foe's work had a wonderful success, having passed in a short period through not less than *nine* authorized editions, and appears to have been *pirated* to an almost unlimited extent. Of the cheap editions published without the author's concurrence or assent, it is said that not less than 80,000 copies were disposed of in the public streets of London.* He tells us that, had he been permitted to enjoy the profits of his own labour, this production would have yielded him above a thousand pounds.†

It is difficult to judge of the merit of a satire when the occasion which produced it has passed away ; but if, as seems reasonable, we are to estimate its value by its effects, we shall be justified in considering the "True-born Englishman" as an excellent performance. Its poetical attractions, to be

* *Life and Times*, by Walter Wilson.

† *Preface to the Collection of his Writings*, vol. II.

mure, are nowise extraordinary—there being in the entire work scarcely an inkling of what we are now accustomed to esteem poetry. Yet the versification is often good, and the whole piece is replete with sense, vigour, and ingenuity. It discouraged that vain reliance upon the merits of rank and ancestry which it was intended to expose; it reprov'd, and so far moderated the national vanity, as to silence the absurd pretensions to superiority over other nations which were then so commonly indulged in; and it contributed to the promotion of a more general respect for natural talent and personal integrity in the kingdom. Of its reformatory efficacy the author appears to have been individually satisfied. Many years after its publication he said, in allusion to it: "None of our countrymen have been known to boast of being *True-born Englishmen*, or so much as to use the word as a title or appellation, ever since a late satire upon that national folly was published, though almost thirty years ago. Nothing was more frequent in our mouths *before* that—nothing so universally blushed for and laughed at *since*. The time I believe is yet to come for any author to print it, or any man of sense to speak of it in earnest, whereas, before, you had it in the best writers, and in the most florid speeches, before the most august assemblies, upon the most solemn occasions."*

Notwithstanding the injuries he sustained by the piratical practices of the times, the publication of the "*True-born Englishman*" had a favourable effect upon the author's fortunes, inasmuch as it gained for him a personal introduction to King William. Having read and admired the poem, his majesty desired to become acquainted with De Foe, and accordingly sent for him to the palace, and subsequently employed him in various state transactions, the nature of which, however, has been scrupulously kept secret. It is nevertheless apparent that he was held in great estimation by the king, and received from him many substantial marks of his approbation. This is indeed the most prosperous period in his private history. By royal favour and the character of events, by success and popularity in authorship, he has now attained to considerable elevation in worldly respectability, even understood to keep his carriage.

At times, nevertheless, as the proverb goes, are

* *Use and Abuse of the Marriage-Bed*, pp. 400-1.

liable to change. On the 8th of March, 1702, King William, after a reign of thirteen years, is lying dead at Kensington ; and De Foe speedily discovers that he has no longer any friend at court. The new reign appears propitious for reaction. The Whigs, whose influence in the national councils had been declining during the latter days of William, now find themselves entirely displaced by their old enemies the Tories. Moreover, High-Church sectarianism is lifting up the darkness of its countenance, and intolerance and persecution are at work, striving to coerce private consciences. A grand controversy arises about "occasional conformity;" argumentations begin, all more or less affecting the interests and comfort of Dissenters. Now also arose that eminent distinction between *High Church* and *Low*, which was destined to play so large a part in the history of those days, and to survive even down to the present writing. According to Burnet, all that were opposed to rational liberty, held up the standard of persecution for the faith, and were inclined to practise extreme and violent measures against Dissenters, were called *High Churchmen*—and some of them gloried in the name—while all that treated the Dissenters with temper and moderation, diligently laboured in their cures, and approved of the principles of the Revolution, were considered to be ill affected to the interests of the church, and were therefore denominated *Low Churchmen*. The High-Church faction being now in the ascendancy, all toleration was repudiated, and the most strenuous exertions made to subject the Nonconformists to tyrannous and degrading disabilities. Parson Sacheverell, probably the greatest blackguard of his day, sounded the "pulpit drum" at Oxford, declaring that every man who desired the true welfare of the church "ought to hang out the bloody flag and banner of defiance" against Dissenters. Great was the war of pamphlets thereupon—newspapers having not as yet become sufficiently established to be the organs of party contests.

In such a threatening state of things, De Foe could not fail to advance into the fray, to the help of the oppressed against the mighty. Tract after tract, loaded with argument and sharp derision, was accordingly fired off in rapid and continuous succession—wounding and convincing some, and irritating and offending many more. Argument, however, was upon the whole sadly ineffective, and fell for the most

part as harmlessly as cannon-balls on feather-beds. De Foe therefore, thinks it well to change his tactics, and instead of argument to try the force of satire. Being well acquainted with the writings of his opponents, and seeing the absurd lengths to which their intemperate dispositions urged them, it occurred to him that by personating the character of a High Churchman, and judiciously employing his gift of irony, he might perhaps be able to expose the wickedness and folly of the ascendant faction in such a way as would in some sort frustrate their intolerant designs. With this view he produced and published, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters; or, Proposals for the Establishment of the Church. London, 1702,"—a work which apparently recommended the infliction of the harshest pains and penalties on those unquiet people, and which, being published without the author's name, was at first misapprehended, as well by the party whom it was designed to serve, as by that against whose malignity and perverseness it was intentionally directed. At the two universities it was accepted as the work of a violent High Churchman, and under that impression was considerably applauded; while the Dissenters, on the other hand, gave proof of their incapacity for understanding banter, by being seriously alarmed lest the infictions derisively proposed should be actually put in exercise.

The work begins with some bitter reflections on the principles and conduct of Dissenters, showing how inimical they are to the peace and well-being of the nation. Then, after a review of their fanatical irregularities from the period of their original secession, and some remarks on the injudicious lenity which had been exercised towards them by all preceding governments, the author proceeds to propose and justify a resolute course of persecution. He declares that "we can never enjoy a settled, uninterrupted union and tranquillity in this nation till the spirit of Whiggism, faction, and schism is melted down, like the old money." Accordingly, the Dissenters must be all exterminated. Nothing short of their absolute destruction will suffice to render us "a national and unmixt church." "I do not prescribe fire and fagot," says he; "but as Scipio said of Carthage, *Delenda est Carthago*—they are to be rooted out of this nation, if ever we will live in peace, serve God, or enjoy our own." How desirable a consummation is to be effected, he declines to

say, leaving it "to those who have a right to execute God's justice on the nation's and the church's enemies." For the rest, he continues—" 'Tis vain to trifle in this matter. The light, foolish handling of them by fines, is their glory and advantage. If the gallows instead of the compter, and the galleys instead of the fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle, there would not be so many sufferers. The spirit of martyrdom is over. They that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors, would go to forty churches rather than be hanged. If one severe law was made, and punctually executed, that whoever was found at a conventicle should be banished the nation, and the preacher hanged, we should soon see an end of the tale—they would all come to church, and one age would make us all one again. To talk of five shillings a month for not coming to the sacrament, and of one shilling a week for not coming to church, is such a way of converting people as never was known! This is selling them a liberty to transgress for so much money. If it be not a crime, why don't we give them full licence? And if it be, no price ought to compound for the committing it, for that is selling a liberty to people to sin against God and the government. We hang men for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming; but an offence against God and the church—against the welfare of the world—and the dignity of religion—shall be bought off for five shillings! This is such a shame to a Christian government, that 'tis with regret I transmit it to posterity."

One wonders how any human heads could have been so obtuse as not to perceive the irony of passages such as this. Perceived, however, it was not, but was, as we have said, entirely mistaken both by Churchmen and Dissenters. In one of his later works our author says—"The wisest Churchmen in the nation were deceived by this book. Those whose temper fell in with the times hugged and embraced it—applauded the proposal—filled their mouths with the arguments made use of therein; and an eminent Churchman in the country wrote a letter to his friend in London, who had sent him the book, in the following words:—'SIR—I received yours, and with it that pamphlet which makes so much noise, called "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," for which I thank you. I join with that author in all he says, and have such a value for the book that, next to the

Henry Bitch and the sacred comments. I take it for the most valuable piece I have seen since the late her majesty's death: but what is their proposed execution. Yours, &c. In 1703, De Foe states in his "Review" that he had the original of this letter sent to his possession. A similar story is related by CHAMBERLAIN, where it is unnecessary to repeat.

As soon as it was discovered that De Foe was the author of the "Shortest Way," his church and Tory party went at him as to comprehend his object, and that which had been already imputed as a production directed only to the "Holy Bible and the sacred comments" was now denounced as infamous and its author deemed deserving of a public prosecution. As the tempest of rage began to rise De Foe thought it prudent to conceal himself, though it was soon apparent that any lengthened concealment would be impossible: witness the "Gazette" of London for the 10th of January, 1703, offering a reward for his apprehension on the grounds that he is "charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet." We are much indebted to this document for preserving to us an intelligent description of Daniel's outward man. "He is," says the Gazette, "a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes and a large mole near his mouth: was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor in Freeman's Yard in Cornhill, and is now owner of the brick and pantile works near Tibbury Fort in Essex. Whoever shall discover the said Daniel De Foe to one of her majesty's justices of the peace, so he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of £50, which her majesty has ordered immediately to be paid upon such discovery." On the 25th of February, as an instance of further animosity against De Foe, a formal complaint was made of his publication in the House of Commons, when some of the obnoxious passages being read, resolved—"That this book, being full of false and reflections on this parliament, and tending to dition, be burnt by the hands of the common morrow in New Palace Yard." "y, on the morrow, in New Palace Yard there is display of fire-works. The Calcraft of the day, a, bewildered countenance, in second-hand, un-

certain small clothes, indefinite jerkin, and other nondescript apparel, has been summoned to execute the "last severity of the law" upon a book. Suitable official persons, indignant zealots, and the universal "tag-rag and bob-tail" of the neighbourhood, are also assembled to see it done; and there, amid execrations and huzzas, the free-spoken thought of a bold man, so far as authority can do it, is suppressed. By every burnt book, however, the world is more effectually enlightened; and "every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side." There always comes a day of stern retaliation for such indignities. "The minds of men are at last aroused; reason looks out, and justifies her own, and malice finds all her work in vain." * Nay, are not the author's popularity and importance, even at the time, thereby extended and advanced? In one of his works De Foe relates that he had heard a bookseller in King James's time affirm, that if he desired a book to *sell*, he would, if possible, have it burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

The book being thus, as we suppose, burnt, the printer and publisher were next taken into custody, and thereupon De Foe came forward and surrendered. While in retirement he had prepared "A Brief Explanation of a late Pamphlet," hoping by its publication to correct the misunderstanding which had led to a hasty censure of his book; nevertheless, he was indicted for libel and sedition, and was subsequently brought to trial on the charge. Bench, bar, and jury were alike prejudiced against him, so that there was little difficulty in obtaining a verdict favourable to his prosecutors. Being pronounced guilty, he was sentenced to pay a fine of two hundred marks to the queen; stand three times in the pillory; find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years; and be imprisoned during the pleasure of her majesty. In retired durance under lock and key in Newgate, he has accordingly to compose himself as well as possible, and contemplate his prospects. To a man who lately "kept his carriage," and is now in a manner ruined, that side of things can hardly present any thing very cheering. However, it is consolatory to him to reflect that his misfortunes have befallen him, not as the consequences of his misconduct, but as an unjust and violent infliction from malicious men on account of deeds whereof

* Emerson.

his conscience can approve. He therefore abates not a jot of heart or hope. The indignities awarded him can neither humble his erect spirit, nor cover his manifest integrity with disgrace.

But now, will the reader endeavour to imagine a warm July day—say the 29th—of the year 1703, and go with us to Cornhill, and see what is doing near the Royal Exchange there? There is rather a great crowd, and much anxiety among certain parties to behold a man who has been largely talked about, and is now expected to be visible, standing in the pillory.

“Fearless on high stood unabash’d De Foe.”

He conceives, indeed, that he has not any cause to be abashed. In the calm consciousness of honour, he can brave the jeers and insults of his enemies, and is even protected from their missiles by the presence and activity of many steadfast friends. The ignominy of his situation is all reflected on his persecutors. The very populace regard him with sympathy and interest, and in generous “fraternity” greet him with triumphant acclamations. Instead of pelting him with stones, they deck the pillory with garlands, and, raising a voluntary contribution, in strong liquor purchased with the same, audaciously proceed to *drink his health!*

That same night, too, a “Hymn to the Pillory” was proclaimed about the streets—a new and daring satire, in which De Foe denounced the injustice and defied the power of the ministry, and boldly vindicated his own integrity. With mingled playfulness and sadness he begins—

“Hail! hieroglyphic state-machine,
Contrived to punish fancy in;
Men that are men in thee can feel no pain,
And all thy insignificance disdain.
Contempt, that false new word for shame,
Is, without crime, an empty name;
A shadow to amuse mankind,
But never frights the wise or well-fix’d mind.
Virtue despises human scorn,
And scandals innocence adorn.”

Apostrophising still further this “State-Trap of the Law,” he says—

“Thou art no shame to truth and honesty,
Nor is the character of such defaced by thee
Who suffer by oppressive injury.

Shame, like the exhalations of the sun,
Falls back where first the motion was begun;
And he who for no crime shall on thy brows appear,
Bears less reproach than they who placed him there."

Then, in a burst of indignation, he commands the pillory to break silence, and publish forth the facts and merits of his case to all the world—

"Thou bugbear of the law! stand up and speak;
Thy long misconstrued silence break;
Tell us who 'tis upon thy ridge stands there,
So full of fault, and yet so void of fear;
And from the paper in his hat,
Let all mankind be told for what.
Tell them it was because he was too bold,
And told those truths which should not ha' been told;
Extol the justice of the land,
Who punish what they will not understand."

The last lines are stinging—

"Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times—
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes."

By this discreditable prosecution, De Foe was once more ruined in his circumstances. In consequence of his imprisonment, he could no longer attend personally to his pantile works, from which his income was principally derived; and, owing to his lengthened absence, they were finally obliged to be given up. By this affair, he tells us, he lost no less a sum than £3500. He had now a wife and six children dependent on him for support, and was utterly without resources, save such as must be realized by the produce of his pen. In this trying situation his virtue appears to have been put to a rather severe test. It is reported by Oldmixon, that the Earl of Nottingham, one of the ministers who had been most prominently concerned in the prosecution, either went or sent to him in Newgate, offering him the mercy of the government if he would discover who set him on to write the "Shortest Way." But this was a needless piece of tampering, and was treated with the contempt which it deserved. The same writer observes, that all who were acquainted with De Foe, were satisfied that "he needed no setting on to put such a trick on a party of whose understandings, as well as principles, he had no good opinion." The calumny propagated by Leslie in his "Rehearsal," to the effect that he would have made any submission to have been excused the pillory.

seems to be entirely without foundation. Alluding to it afterwards, De Foe remarked—"Till he can tell the world what submissions they were he offered to make, it must stand for one of the most scandalous slanders any man that pretends to truth can be guilty of." * As the unscrupulous Leslie does not appear to have ever furnished the requested information, the matter stands precisely as it did at the time when his statement was contradicted.

De Foe remained in Newgate for nearly two years. He did not, however, sit down idly and disconsolately to lament his fate. An honest man may even live in prison, and turn his hours to account. Pen and ink were not denied him, nor had he lost the habit or ability for using them. It is true he had to cultivate literature under difficulties ; but he nevertheless at this time produced various political works of merit, and also collected and republished a new edition of most of his former pieces. As an occasional recreation, he set himself to study the habits and characters of the prisoners, which he afterwards turned to use, when writing such works as "Colonel Jacque" and "Captain Singleton." Moreover, he started a "Review," apparently the first that was ever published in the country. It differed materially from the Reviews of modern days, being rather akin to the Tatlers and Spectators which succeeded it, and were partly modelled on its plan. In this work De Foe discoursed from week to week on all the various questions relating to trade, politics, and ecclesiastical affairs, which occupied the popular attention, much after the fashion of Cobbett's Register—the work being also conducted with as much boldness and unflagging energy as ever distinguished Cobbett ; while in point of moral consistency and genuine liberality of scope, it was far superior to any thing the latter at any time wrote or contemplated. The "Review" was published without intermission for nine years—during the greater part of the period three times a week, and was exclusively the production of De Foe himself—a feat of authorship which few men (perhaps Cobbett alone) can parallel. Possibly a collection of its best parts, if judiciously selected and arranged, might still be worth the reading. The same remark would indeed apply to several of the author's now neglected writings. His "Reasons against a War with France" has been character-

* Review, III. 218.

rized as one of the finest political tracts in the English language.

By such a round of occupations as we have indicated, De Foe was enabled to render his incarceration tolerable, and to realize in some degree that fine sentiment of Lovelace—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage."

Meanwhile, by his unrelenting wit, and powers of argument and satire, he continued to assail and mortify the ruling powers, until at length, it is said, they "tried hard to enlist him in their service," and thus silence his opposition. De Foe, however, "preferred poverty to the shame of serving a cause which his soul abhorred." He would nowise condescend to release himself from prison by the sacrifice of his integrity; and accordingly he continued in confinement as long as his persecutors remained in power. A change of ministry was at length the occasion of his deliverance. The high-flying administration had so embarrassed and distracted the country, that it became at last a matter of necessity to transfer the government to men of more moderate and enlightened principles. Shortly after Harley's accession to office, in 1704, the queen, through him, became acquainted with the merits of De Foe, and was made conscious of the injustice of his punishment. Desirous of mitigating it, she sent relief to his wife and family through Lord Godolphin, and even forwarded a sufficient sum to De Foe himself for the payment of his fine, and for the rest of the expenses attending his discharge from prison. Mr. Chalmers has observed that "Harley approved probably of the principles and conduct of De Foe, and doubtless foresaw that during a factious age such a genius might be converted to many uses." Be this as it may, in the beginning of August, 1704, Daniel found himself at large, without, as far we can learn, having stipulated to render any political service to the government.

On his liberation, De Foe quitted London, and went down to the "Montpelier of Suffolk"—in other words, to Bury St. Edmund's, in that county—"a town famous for its pleasant situation and wholesome air; famous also for the number of gentry who reside in the vicinity, and for the polite

and agreeable conversation of the company resorting there."* Here, among excellent and steady friends, he appears to have enjoyed for a while the sweets of recovered liberty. It was, however, only for a while, for, ere many months had passed, certain slanderous "news-writers" in London had propagated a report that he had fled from justice, and that warrants were out for his apprehension. This was something of an annoyance to De Foe; but, to set the matter right, he immediately wrote to the Secretary of State to inform him where he was, and offered to go up to London by post, to answer any charge that should be brought against him. In reply to this, he was informed that there was no charge whatever against him, nor had any officer, messenger, or other person received any order or warrant to apprehend him, or was in any way authorized to disturb him in his avocations. A statement of all this De Foe published in his "Review," "in justice to the government and himself," as the only course open to him for effectually silencing the slander.

Of the kind and amount of persecution which De Foe endured we can have in these days no adequate conception, much less any thing at all corresponding to it in experience. By his political enemies he was not only subjected to perpetual slander and abuse, but was even frequently necessitated to guard himself from violence. His writings were scandalously misquoted; and even reprinted in a garbled and mutilated state, to suit party purposes; his works pirated and hawked about, to defraud him of the emolument arising from the legal sale of them; his property intercepted, and made away with in the most lawless manner; his Reviews were stolen out of coffee-houses, to prevent them from being read; his debts were bought up, that proceedings might be instituted against him; and he was even at last obliged to withhold his name from his works, as the only chance of successfully introducing them to the public. The published attacks upon him were endless. "'Tis really something hard," said he on one occasion, "that after all the mortification they think they have put upon a poor abdicated author, in their scurrilous street-ribaldry and bear-garden usage, some in prose, and some in their terrible lines they call verse, they cannot yet be quiet; but whenever any thing comes out that does not please them, I come in for a share of the answer, what-

* Tour through Great Britain, I.; Letter I. p. 71.

ever I did in the question. Every thing they think an author deserves to be abused for must be mine."* He was subjected to a similar ill-treatment in connection with many of his personal transactions. The following statement may be given as a curious specimen of the manner in which his conduct was watched and punished even by private individuals. "On board of a ship," says he, "I loaded some goods. The master is a Whig, of a kind more particular than ordinary. He comes to the port, my bill of lading is produced, my title to my goods undisputed; no claim, no pretence—but my goods cannot be found. The ship sailed again, and I am told my goods are carried back; and all the reason given is, that they belong to De Foe, author of the Review, and he is turned about, and writes for keeping up public credit. Thus, gentlemen, I am ready to be assassinated, arrested without warrant, robbed and plundered by all sides: I can neither trade nor live; and what is it all for? Only, as I can yet see, because, there being faults on both sides, I tell both sides of it too plainly."† It needed a brave and steadfast spirit to bear up under long years of treatment such as this; and few things are more honourable to De Foe than the perfect and manly patience with which he sustained so many hardships and vexatious trials. With a gay but yet resolute self-possession, he set his face against the slings of fortune, and, like Luther under supernatural illusion, hurled his ink-stand at the devil!

Some time after his release from Newgate, De Foe wrote voluminously on the subject of the Union then pending between England and Scotland, and thus acquired a measure of ministerial favour which led to his employment in the service of the government. His acquirements and general knowledge, in combination with his acuteness and moral probity, seemed to render him well qualified to undertake matters of delicate diplomacy, and he was therefore sent to Scotland to further and facilitate the Union. It appears that his labours in that country obtained for him general approbation. While in Edinburgh, he took occasion to publish a complimentary poem, under the title of "Caledonia," "in honour of Scotland and the Scottish nation." In his Review, which continued to be regularly published in his

* Preface to an Elegy on the Author of the True-born Englishman.

† Review, vii. 490.

absence, he carefully represented the advantages which would succeed to the Union in a favourable, but not delusive light ; and he appears to have exercised his influence and performed his mission most judiciously and beneficially. Writing on the subject, he says—"I have told Scotland of improvement in trade, wealth, and shipping, that shall accrue to them on the happy conclusion of this affair ; and I am pleased doubly with this, that I am likely to be one of the first men that shall give them the pleasure of the experiment." On returning to London, at the beginning of 1708, he was rewarded with a fixed salary and an appointment under government. In the course of the two succeeding years he several times visited Scotland, and when the Union was completed, he published in Edinburgh the first edition of his work on "The Union of Great Britain."

Though De Foe had accepted employment under a Tory government, he does not appear to have ever rendered the ministry any service in the way of advocating their expressly Tory measures. He not unnaturally abstained from writing against the cabinet which employed him ; but less perhaps from any sympathy with their general proceedings, than from the perception that his former labours had been imperfectly comprehended, and ungenerously received by the party he had designed to benefit. The "popular cause" of the day had become unfaithful to itself. De Foe desired universal toleration ; but it needed only to raise the absurd cry of the "Church in danger !" to divert the people from the pursuit of their personal and proper liberties. Any one at all acquainted with the history of the period will remember the disturbance and intense excitement occasioned by the proceedings of Sacheverell, who at one time went about London with a mob at his heels, demolishing dissenting meeting-houses ; and being unwisely brought to trial by the government, could not be more than nominally punished, by reason of his popularity, and the boundless sympathy which his insensate conduct excited in the public. During the early part of 1710 the nation was almost wholly occupied with the political aberrations and ill-judged trial of this notorious divine. For the time, nothing was so fashionable as discussions on church politics : the very women and children, and even the desolate street-gentry, who might have been supposed likely to remain neutral in such a matter, arranged

and paraded themselves in the hostile attitudes of party, vociferously demanding of their neighbours, and of everybody they encountered, "What side, friend, takest thou in this important controversy?" De Foe has given us a felicitous parody of this astonishing state of things, which pleasantly reminds us of Camille Desmoulins's pithy sketches of the movements and debates of the Palais Royal during the earlier days of the first French Revolution. He says—"The women lay aside their tea and chocolate, leave off visiting after dinner, and forming themselves into cabals, turn privy-counsellors, and settle the affairs of state. Every lady of quality has her head more particularly full of business than usual; nay, some of the ladies talk of keeping female secretaries, and none will be fit for the office but such as can speak French, Dutch, and Latin. Gallantry and gaiety are now laid aside for business; matters of government and affairs of state are become the province of the ladies; and no wonder if they are too much engaged to concern themselves about the common impertinences of life. Indeed they have hardly leisure to live, little time to eat and sleep, and none at all to say their prayers. If you turn your eye to the park, the ladies are not there—even the church is thinner than usual, for you know the mode is for privy-councils to meet on Sundays. The very playhouse feels the effects of it, and the great Betterton died a beggar on this account. Nay, the Tatler, the immortal Tatler, the great Bickerstaff himself, was fain to leave off talking to the ladies during the doctor's trial, and turn his sagacious pen to the dark subjects of death and the next world, though he has not yet decided the ancient debate—whether Pluto's regions were, in point of government, a kingdom or a commonwealth."* Under circumstances such as these, though De Foe never altogether abstained from writing, he for a considerable time remained comparatively quiet—deeming it best to restrict himself mainly to observation, and to wait the issue of events.

There are men born into the world who *cannot* rest. They seem to be "driven by the spirit" into wildernesses of strife, difficulty, enterprise, and ceaseless labour. They must *do* or die. The old Ulysses returns after long years of warfare and adventure from the conquest and desolation of the towers and plains of Troy, and seeks to repose his age on

* Review, vii. 69.

his "still hearth" in Ithaca, and to live in the blameless dispensation of laws befitting to the people over whom he rules. Much has he seen and known—"cities of men and manners, climates, councils, governments;" himself "not least, but honoured of them all;" yet finds that "all experience is an arch where-through gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades for ever and for ever when he moves." He cannot rest from travel—

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!"

He counts it vile to "store and hoard" himself, while his "grey spirit" is still "yearning in desire to follow knowledge, like a sinking star, beyond the utmost bound of human thought." Therefore will he quit again his patrimonial dominions, and say to his brave comrades—

———"My purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die."

So likewise our hardy De Foe, after reposing for a while in "easy circumstances" at Newington, ventures forth again on the troublous waters of political contention, with the view of opening people's eyes to the advantages of the Protestant succession, and the danger to be apprehended from the success of the Pretender.

He first of all wrote, "A Seasonable Caution and Warning against the Insinuations of Papists and Jacobites in favour of the Pretender. London: 1712." But finding that this, although an argumentative and persuasive pamphlet, did not produce the effect which he desired, he pursued the subject in three other successive publications, all written in that style of keen and subtle irony which he had employed so ingeniously in the "Shortest Way with the Dissenters." The titles of the pamphlets, as remarked by Mr. Wilson, "corresponded with the *ruse de guerre* which he played off in their contents:" being—1. "An Answer to the Question that Nobody thinks of—namely, What if the Queen should Die?" 2. "Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover; With an Inquiry how far the Abdication of King James, supposing it to be Legal, ought to affect the Person of the Pretender. *Si populus vult decipi decipiatur.*" 3. "And what if the Pre-

tender should Come? or Some Considerations on the Advantages and Real Consequences of the Pretender's Possessing the Crown of Great Britain." In these papers De Foe sought, by a caricatured use of the Jacobite arguments then in vogue, to expose the absurd and dangerous pretensions of that party, and thus to consolidate the interest of the Protestant succession. While ironically urging the people to bring in the Pretender to settle their existing differences, he was in reality ridiculing the folly of such a course of action. Unluckily, neither Whig nor Tory could understand irony, so that De Foe's pamphlets were collectively construed into a libel against the "glorious constitution," and he was suspected and represented to be in league with the discarded Stuarts. Worse still, a certain stupid patriot of the Whig connection—William Benson by name—was so totally blinded and bewildered in the affair, as to institute proceedings against the author, with the view of bringing him to trial for high-treason. One morning there enters a sinister-looking mortal with a "judge's warrant," and carries off De Foe a second time into the limbo of Newgate! Harley, however, interferes—assures the queen's majesty that this prosecution has been instigated by prejudice and sheer mistake, and succeeds in presently obtaining the prisoner's release. Such, nevertheless, was the importunity of his enemies, that his ministerial friends considered it advisable to certify his acquittal under cover of a formal royal pardon—a circumstance to which De Foe could never afterwards allude without expressions of astonishment, saying sarcastically that he might have been as reasonably accused of being a Mohammedan; and he playfully desired it might be "engraved upon his tomb, that he was the only Englishman who had been obliged to seek a royal pardon for writing in behalf of the Hanoverian succession."

All this happened in 1713. On the 1st of August in the following year there were signs of mourning about the royal palace. Queen Anne had given up the ghost, and Elector George of Hanover reigned in her stead. The Whigs were now again installed in the administration, and the government of the country went on—as it happened. That seems to be the peculiarity of a Whig cabinet. Having been connected with the former ministry, De Foe was entirely discountenanced, though he, more than any man, had advocated

and supported zealously all the most important principles and political doctrines which the Whigs pretended to admire. His public career was now drawing to its close. He had been a political writer for more than thirty years; the blossoms of old age were springing about his head; the fires of life, which had long blazed fiercely, were fading at length into quiet embers; and so, with a still regret, but with a spirit resigned to the inevitable, he gradually withdrew from the turbulence of political agitation. His spirit is saddened, but not broken; though forsaken and calumniated, he is not cast down; yet the long years of enmity and persecution, whose progress has marked his brow and surrounded his eyes with wrinkles, have left him little either to hope for or enjoy. With a plaintive complacency he can say—

"No man has tasted different fortunes more,
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor."

Pondering over the manifold ill-usage he had received both from enemies and friends, and mindful of the aggravated misconstruction that had been put upon his acts and writings, he determined, as a final labour, to furnish a defence of his life and conduct; and with that intent began to write "An Appeal to Honour and Justice." Thereby he trusted to justify himself before his candid contemporaries and posterity; but ere the work was properly completed, the wearied and overburthened man was suddenly struck and prostrated by a fit of apoplexy. For a time he lay in helpless stupor, and hovering apparently on the brink of dissolution; but eventually his vigorous constitution recovered from the attack, he regained comparative health and vigour of mind and heart, and came back into the world as from the resurrection of the dead.

Now it was that, quitting the thorny tracks and encumbered regions of contemporary party interests, he came forth to entertain society as a popular author for all time. Numerous instructive and amusing works sprung rapidly from his pen, which, like another Aaron's rod, seemed to blossom with unexpected buds of pleasantness. Among these, in 1719, appeared the first part of the famous "Robinson Crusoe," which, notwithstanding De Foe's well-known capacity for producing saleable and popular books, had to be "carried round the trade" before he could obtain a purchaser

for the copyright. Happy and astonished was the publisher when, after selling four editions in as many months, he discovered that he had cleared a thousand pounds by his lucky bargain! The amount of the author's remuneration is not known, but considering the difficulties attending the publication, it may be reasonably supposed to have been nowise very large. The success of the work, however, induced him to produce a continuation, or second part, which was also well received, and obtained as great a popularity as the first. From that day to the present "Robinson Crusoe" has been a familiar and household book; and it seems no more likely to become obsolete than the use of household bread, or the faculties of the mind to which it is addressed.

We have no space to speak at any length of the great and peculiar merits of this production. The first thing that strikes every reader of discrimination is the easy matter-of-fact character of the narrative. The whole story reads like a reality. The incidents and adventures are for the most part extraordinary—that is to say, are altogether out of the ordinary courses and chances of experience; yet they are so related, so ingeniously and beautifully woven, that the mind feels it difficult to regard them as anyway fictitious or imaginary. Such an air of plausibility pervades the story, that you say at once, "If this thing were really true in fact, it would be thus, and thus only, represented." Then consider the boundless extent of details, the vast and various knowledge here cunningly but unobtrusively set forth. What insight into the inventive and constructive powers of man—what extensive and accurate geography—what large acquaintance with the manners and customs of savages, seamen, mechanics, husbandmen, merchants, travellers, adventurers—what knowledge of the surface and productions of the earth, the institutions and characteristics of different countries and races of mankind—what inexhaustible and natural invention! From the beginning to the end, the author seems to write of what he *knows*. He can put a face of *fact* on the most inconsiderable adventure. You would say he has *seen* the things which he describes, and known intimately every character he delineates. Along with the wonderful reality of the narrative must be taken the appropriate and natural reflections by which it is diversified. What a store of worldly prudence—what exquisite illustrations of the

mysteries of life and Providence—how calm and benign a vindication of the ways of God to man! Then how fine a revelation have we of the author's sentiments and sympathies—with what generous interest and compassion does he look upon the varied creeds, systems, and opinions of his fellow-beings, and with what just discernment does he detect some presence of goodness in them all, thereby teaching us a kindly toleration, and soliciting us by insinuation to exercise that holy charity "which hopeth all things!" Here and there too are strains of pathos—gentle and tender as the sighings of a living heart in deep distress, or as the mournful reverberances of winds dying away upon the sea. But the grand peculiarity of the work is its immense display of *worldly wisdom*, its wide and varied representation of the interests, motives, rewards, and considerations whereby men are actuated to their welfare or their sorrow—its deep and thoughtful lessons of a soul most largely learned in the daily and hourly experiences of human life. This is a quality in the work which is rarely noted, inasmuch as few people read it at a time of life when it would be observable: the impressions of the generality are derived from the throng of interesting incidents, the wild charm of the situation, the fascinating and wondrous *tale* that took possession of their curiosity when that was the only faculty they were desirous of gratifying. But the book is imbued with a deep philosophy of experience. Rousseau was not beside himself when he called it "a most excellent treatise on natural education." In the province of common sense there are few things wiser than some of De Foe's maxims and observations. And none of these are elaborated or introduced obtrusively, but arise naturally out of the story, and are brought in, if not precisely in the right place, at least exactly where they would appear, supposing the narrator to have been dealing in actual matter of fact. Then the style of the book, though homely and unpretending, is really beautiful in its simplicity, reminding one of a plain face lighted up with the glow of excellent conversation. Altogether, we cannot wonder at the exceeding popularity of this work, seeing that it is adapted to every understanding, is calculated to excite the dullest curiosity, appeals generously and naturally to the sympathies, and though not devoid of prejudices, nor even of superstitions, is nevertheless, upon the whole, admirably replete with the

best instruction, and tends by its pure truthfulness and simplicity to exalt and edify the moral nature, while it seems designed mainly to delight the imagination. If the poet Gray may be excused for his indolent and luxurious desire to be lying continually on sofas, reading "eternal new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux," it seems to our fancy that every schoolboy might be far more reasonably justified in saying, what has doubtless some time been the longing of his soul, "Be it mine to loll for ever under shady summer trees, and read everlasting volumes of Robinson Crusoe."

Of De Foe's minor fictions we shall not be able to say much. The most notable are—"The Life, Adventures, and Piracies of the Famous Captain Singleton"—"The History of Duncan Campbell," "The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders"—"Colonel Jacque"—"The Fortunate Mistress; or, the Life of Roxana"—and "Memoirs of a Cavalier." In all these there is the same simplicity of design, the same graphic minuteness, the same prompt invention and unvarying attractiveness—in short, all the qualities that are displayed in a more prominent degree in the author's most memorable production. There is in all the same significant sign of genius—the power of imagining a character within a certain natural range of action and existence, and of investing the conception with that breath of life and individuality which it is the privilege of genius alone to give. They all, however, belong obviously to a period less pure in external manners than our own. Some of them contain scenes and descriptions of profligacy and crime, which cannot be recommended to indiscriminate perusal; and though De Foe professes to have, and really has, a moral aim in what he writes, yet it is more than doubtful, whether the exciting pictures of vice and passion which he represents will not generally prove more attractive to uncultivated fancies than the moralities he would inculcate. One thing, nevertheless, may be said in favour of these works—they do not outrage nature or consistency. De Foe's villains never prosper; they find the whole course and force of the world against them; misery walks behind them like their shadows; and in the end they either die in misery, or are reformed through the discipline of a severe repentance. Vice is exhibited only that it may be detested and avoided. Still, Falstaff's observation about the polluting tendencies of *pitch* is deserving of remem-

brance; and those who cannot handle it without danger of defilement, will always do wisest not to meddle with it.

In any notice of De Foe's smaller fictions, the curious "Relation of the Apparition of Mrs. Veal," published in 1705, ought not to be omitted. Could a ghost story, under any circumstances, be true, one could not fail to believe this: it seems as plain and indubitable matter of fact as ever passed before one's eyes. The air of credibility in it is astonishing. As Sir Walter Scott says, "The whole is so distinctly circumstantial, that were it not for the impossibility, or extreme improbability at least, of such an occurrence, the evidence could not but support the story." One regrets that it should have been published with no worthier intention than that of puffing a dull book which the publisher could not sell—"Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the Fear of Death." This work is incidentally spoken of approvingly by the ghost; and the story, as desired, had the effect of creating a large demand for it. The whole thing of course was a bold and indefensible imposition—one of the few transactions of De Foe, which we can neither justify nor are careful about excusing, though we do not know that it is a whit more discreditable than any of the innumerable *other* forms of puffery now regularly practised by people who pass muster for very honourable men.

Besides the works already mentioned, De Foe published several other popular productions, some of which still continue in circulation. There is the "Religious Courtship," known familiarly to most serious servant-maids, and formerly a favourite companion of their mistresses. "Christian Conversation," and the "Family Instructor," have likewise their admirers in certain quarters; and the "Complete Tradesman," is also now and then republished for the benefit of apprentices who may have pocket-money to invest in it. But by far the most beautiful and interesting of these popular compositions is the "Journal of the Plague-Year," a work which is often received as a veritable history, but which is in fact as much a fiction as "Robinson Crusoe" or "Captain Singleton." It is true that in this touching narrative, the author has contrived to mingle much that is authentic with the inventions of his own brain; but it is impossible to distinguish the real from the imaginary; and the whole is such a likeness to the dread original, "as to

confound the sceptic, and encircle him with enchantments." "So faithful," says one, "is the portrait of that distressing calamity—so entire its accordance with what has been delivered by other writers—so probable the circumstances of all the stories, and so artless the style in which they are delivered, that it would baffle the ingenuity of any one but De Foe to frame a history with so many attributes of truth upon the basis of fiction."* "Had he not been the author of Robinson Crusoe," says Scott, "De Foe would have deserved immortality for the genius which he has displayed in this work."

The whole of De Foe's later writings were exceedingly successful, and enjoyed an extensive circulation. While these were severally proceeding in rapid succession from his pen, he occasionally interrupted them to bring out some temporary pamphlet. In a preface to one such publication he alludes to his growing infirmities and advancing age, but holds himself prepared to devote his still remaining days to the advocacy of the public interests. "I hope," says he, "the reader will excuse the vanity of an officious old man, if, like Cato, I inquire whether or no I can yet do any thing for my country?"

In all his latter years De Foe appears to have realised a reasonable income by his writings; yet it is melancholy to contemplate him journeying heavily towards the end, tormented with severe diseases, and plundered and abandoned by an ungrateful son, whose despicable worthlessness fulfilled old Jacob's most intolerable apprehension—hurrying down his father's grey and venerable hairs with sorrow to the grave. He passed out of this earthly existence on the 24th April, 1731, and his remains were interred in the burial-ground of Bunhill Fields.

We have thus briefly traced the life of the greatest political pamphleteer, and most ingenious, ready writer for the million that England has produced. We have necessarily left unnoticed an immense number of his writings; but we have, nevertheless, seen something of the manner of man he was. It seems to us that he is of a kind that will bear looking at. A brawny, resolute, substantial Englishman: one who, with right on his side, was afraid of neither man nor devil. Not entirely a pacific man, but rather constitutionally pugnacious; and decidedly given to interfere with any thing and every

* De Foe's Life and Times, by Walter Wilson.

thing about him which he might fancy to be going wrong. Judging from these two hundred publications, it would appear that he did not particularly cultivate the ordinarily commendable "talent of silence." He had very little talent of that kind. He was a downright noisy man; prompt to controvert, contentious, prone to disputation; a perpetual motion of thoughts and thick-flowing fancies, which he had neither power nor disposition to suppress, but of which, on the contrary, he must and would deliver himself. But what he had to say was full of sense and spirit, and therefore worthy of the saying. People listened to him too with more than common attention. There is no doubt that De Foe's influence among the masses was greater than that of any of the political writers of his age. He was the Cobbett of the Revolution. But he was a greater and a better man than Cobbett—a man of firmer principle, and of a larger candour and liberality. He is considerably tolerant: he is a lover of fairness—a faithful respecter and adorer of the truth. The views he gives you have been arrived at by just insight, or at any rate by a careful examination of the things and circumstances to which they are related.

As a man, he seems to have been eminently sincere in his opinions. Whatsoever he believed, that he boldly professed, and manifested in his conduct without disguise. There is no trimming to party notions, no adroit subserviency, no cunning dodgery to avoid the censures of such as may think fit to take offence, but a direct and manly expression of all he thinks and feels. Honesty is engrained in his constitution. We have seen how he stood by his obligations in the midst of his misfortunes, and how he strove to realise in his transactions the high integrity which he admired and recommended in his teachings. He is the same man in his life as in his writings. In these he has a keen regard for whatsoever is graphic, interesting, and effective. Though he hopes to instruct, he desires to be entertaining; but in every case he maintains a purpose, and writes for the accomplishment of an *end*. There are few instances in history of so entire a surrendering of a man's self to popular and public interests. He lives, moves, and has his being in one lifelong effort to advance the public welfare. As a politician, all his aims are honest, liberal, and thoroughgoing. In all his endeavours he seeks to *advance his object*, and not himself; and in this respect he is worthy of

universal admiration. How immeasurably superior, in this respect, to many a popular champion of later times! His patriotism and philanthropy are not *professional*—are not assumed for purposes of vanity or ambition; but they are real and earnest, and he grudges not to suffer penalties on their account. There is in him an admirable self-abandonment—a prodigal generosity, which sacrifices comfort, interest, and reputation for the sake of a cherished cause that has been conscientiously and deliberately embraced. This, indeed, is the sign of a true patriot—that he will *give himself*, and boast nothing of his devotion; counting lightly of all losses and chagrins, and, if needs be, accepting even Danton's reckless and stern alternative—"Let my *name* be blighted, if so only the good cause may prosper!" De Foe evidently lived much under a "blighted name;" but he endured it with a noble patience, and along with it manifold persecutions, exposures in the pillory, and imprisonments—and all for an able and manly advocacy of principles and sentiments whose truth and rightfulness time has since asserted and confirmed. Whoso marcheth in the van of the unborn events, under the contempt and hootings of the faithless, let him courageously hold on along the path of his aspirations—

"My faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end."

THE DAUPHIN, COMMONLY CALLED LOUIS XVII.*

I.—THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

On the 27th of March, 1785, there were the gayest manifestations of rejoicing at the Château de Versailles. King Louis XVI., followed by all his court, went to the palace chapel to hear *Te Deum* sung in celebration of the birth of a young prince, his second son, who came into the world "at five minutes before seven in the evening." At half-past eight, the infant was baptized, according to the forms of the Catholic faith, by no less a personage than the Cardinal de Rohan, bishop of Strasbourg, and Grand Almoner of France, assisted in the minor operations by the Abbé Broqueville, vicar of Versailles. The ceremony accomplished, brilliant fireworks were displayed, towards nine o'clock, on the Place d'Armes, in the presence of his majesty and the court. Loudly from all the steeples round about the bells were ringing cheerily; and onwards, on the way to Paris, the "grand master of ceremonies" was posting fast, to announce to the good people of that city the inspiring intelligence of the advent of a new prince. Arrived thither, and his message delivered, the cannon of the Bastille respond to the cannon of the Invalides. Spontaneous illuminations every where burst forth; the air is loud with the noise of bells; and the hearty acclamations of the people seem to be the testimony of a reverent and unfeigned respect for the reigning monarch and his family.

The great Revolution is approaching, but as yet its elements are at work invisibly, like the secret forces of a volcano that is preparing to explode. No one dreads or dreams of the terrible event. There is yet some remaining loyalty in the land; and this has gathered round the person of the

* From "Chambers's Repository," 1854.

really amiable king, who apparently desires to be the generous protector of his people. The people are, therefore, ready to sympathise with him in all that pertains to his affections; and the son whom he now presents to them, and recommends to their good-will, is warmly and cordially received as a hostage of present and future amity between the nation and the throne.

Nursed amid elegance and luxury, the child grew and prospered, and soon by his childish winning ways gained the hearts of all about him. In his gay beaming eyes, in his bright fantastic playfulness, in his very tricks of whim and wilfulness, his mother saw and recognised every childlike grace and beauty. Her fond maternal heart drew daily some new delight from the gentle fountain of his presence. Royal heads are apt to be drawn with something of a halo round them, but in the following description of his appearance when he was four years of age, there may, nevertheless, be some accurate and faithful touches. With a slight, but well-shaped figure, he is said to have had a forehead broad and open, the eyebrows finely arched, and the eyes large and blue, and of a soft and mild expression; his complexion was fair and blooming; his mouth well-formed and rosy; his hair, of a dark chestnut colour, curled naturally, and fell in ringlets over his shoulders; and on his chin there was a dimple, which reminded the beholder of his mother. His countenance partook of the peculiarities of both parents—uniting something of the dignity of Marie Antoinette with the milder amiability of Louis. All his movements were full of vivacity and gracefulness; and in his manner of behaviour and address, there was a delicate and natural simplicity. The whole of this description might apply to many another child, but the impression it conveys to us is sufficiently in keeping with what we can imagine the reality to have been; and, accordingly, there can be no objection to its being accepted as a tolerably correct portrait of the little prince. His mental characteristics at this age were too partially developed to be very accurately described, though it may be stated that, from the representations we have received, he appears to have been of a quick and lively apprehension, sensitively affectionate, and, upon the whole, of a tractable and generous disposition.

Such, in general outline, as near as we can picture him,

was the young infant Louis-Charles, surnamed Duke of Normandy, of whom his father in his fondness used to say : "Thy name will bring thee happiness." Certainly, if the head that wears a crown was ever happy, young Louis might be said to have been born to the goodliest of prospects. For though only second in the succession, he is destined shortly to be raised to the head of the house, and become prospective sovereign of France, in consequence of the death of his elder brother. This event occurred in the month of June, 1789, and naturally cast a heavy gloom over the royal household.

But the profoundest sorrow is mercifully destined to subside, and soon the love and pride of the royal father become centered in his remaining son. The mother has, likewise, wiped away her tears for the little buried one, and with the gentlest address, prepares to train the mind and heart of him who yet survives. It was to her a most delightful occupation, and she had the skill to render the process of instruction in every way interesting and pleasant to the child. Every thing that is told of the prince relating to this period of his life, gives one the impression of a kindly and gentle nature. Of important particulars, there are none : his life is simply that of a child reared in luxury and tenderness, secluded from every hurtful influence, and happy through the perfection of its innocence. All the days pass brightly with him. Tears of passion or of repentance he may sometimes shed, but they leave no furrows or stain upon his face ; and the little cares he has are light, and pass swiftly from remembrance. The hours roll on in gay succession, and cast no shadows over the gladsome path in which he walks. All the delights of childhood are centered in his existence, which flows on softly as the waters of some level meadow-stream. Every morning he rises to the consciousness of new enjoyment, and each day is spent in wholesome disciplines and recreations ; in seasonable instructions, pleasantly imparted ; in gardening and flower-gathering ; in listening to songs and music ; in running about the grounds and gardens of Versailles, with the free clear sky over his head, and healthy breezes blowing round him ; in cheerful play or sportive frolics with meet companions ; in mild submission and obedience to his mother ; and at night, he repeats his little prayers, and lays him down to untroubled slumbers. Shadows fall at midnight over his face, but they fall from forms that come to kiss him in his

sleep, and their effect is but to give some sweet diversity to his dreams.

So have passed the years with him in the seclusion of Versailles—a gladsome, happy season—which, however, is destined not to last.

II.—THE TUILERIES.

For what mean these tumults, which in the summer months of 1789 are breaking out in Paris? The people there have risen in insurrection, urged by famine, by desperation, by vague, alarming rumours of impending massacres, by every imaginable illusion that can excite the fears of human nature in a state of panic and uncertainty. The Bastille has been stormed and taken; Paris and all France are getting armed; daily, on the Palais-Royal, there is a loud haranguing of the population by excited orators on the urgency of affairs; at the Hôtel de Ville the city authorities are striving to maintain some show of order, and discussing how Paris can be kept supplied with bread; the press is eloquent on the “rights of man”—denounces this, denounces that—reports vaguely of the doings and misdoings of the court—deals largely in accusations, incredible rumours, threatenings, and jubulations; but, unhappily, suggests nothing that can help to solve the problem of the hour. Difficulties increase continually. Every morning one enormous difficulty recurs—the lack of bread to feed an enraged and starving multitude! A multitude which every day grows larger, as more and more of the inhabitants fall into the ranks of destitution. “I used to see,” says Mayor Bailly, “good trades-people, mercers and goldsmiths, who prayed to be admitted among the beggars employed at Montmartre in digging the ground there.” Besides, hungry creatures from all the provinces are pouring in, to augment the misery, and magnify the desperation which is already becoming rampant. There are the strangest suspicions circulated and believed. The king’s ministers, it is said, are concerting to buy up all the corn, and starve the city! What, in such a crisis, shall a bewildered, hunger-stricken, reckless population do, to keep the little life in them that is not yet spent? The women, at street corners, and before the doors of bakers’ shops, discuss this dreadful question with exasperated, mournful faces, with

shrill illogical eloquence—which, however, produces a result. On the 4th of October, somebody suggests the bold expedient of going to Versailles to fetch the king! The king once in Paris, they think, the scarcity must cease; that, surely, a supreme governor and protector of his people must have some secret divine gift for decreeing plenteousness. Under this sublime infatuation, some thousands of them are next morning in readiness to march. They march first to the the Hôtel de Ville, hurrying with them all the women they chance to meet upon the road, under the penalty of cutting off their hair. On entering the square, they are confronted by the National Guards; but they charge infantry and cavalry with a shower of stones, and the soldiers cannot make up their minds to fire on them. The women then force open the Hôtel de Ville, and enter all the offices, inquiring curiously into the use of every room, and entreating the representatives of the districts, who were present, to give a kind reception to the ladies they had forced to accompany them, several of whom, they said, were in a delicate situation. Some, however, who were wild and ravenous, shouted out for *bread and arms*, and ordered the municipals to burn their writings and waste paper. They were even going to set fire to these themselves, and might possibly have burnt the building, had they not been prevented by a man who presently gained an influence over them by his adroitness of address. This was Stanislas Maillard, a person of gigantic stature, of severe countenance, by profession a bailiff, who agrees in the end to lead the women to Versailles. They appoint him their captain by acclamation, and he puts himself at the head of them, with ten or a dozen drums and a piece of cannon. There are about 8000 women, followed by some hundreds of armed men—a hungry, excited, undrilled multitude, the leading and the guiding of whom is a work demanding rather a masterly sort of generalship.

O Stanislas Maillard, thou hast undertaken a wild enterprise! Nevertheless, thou hast a genius which is equal to it, and wilt acquit thyself triumphantly. Lead on, then, thy motley, irregular regiments of desperation, and halt not till thou hast brought them to the gates of the Great Baker.*

* In these times of scarcity, the poor people used to call the king familiarly "the Baker;" innocently thinking that he could command possession of all the
ad.

He leads them on with the most skilful circumspection ; through Paris, past the barriers, through Chaillot, Auteuil, and Sèvres ; where, however, he has the greatest difficulty in preventing the poor famishing women from stealing food. They enter Versailles, singing the popular and loyal air of *Henry IV.* The people of the town are delighted, and respond : “ *Vivent nos Parisiennes !* ” Maillard leads them to the National Assembly, where, however, he will not allow more than a select number to enter. The Assembly is astonished at the invasion, but cannot help itself. As soon as he can obtain a hearing, Maillard begins to speak of the horrible situation of Paris, and how the supplies are intercepted by other towns, or intentionally diverted by the aristocrats. “ They want,” said he, “ to starve us, and therefore we are come to claim protection of the king.” After immense confusion, immense talking and gesticulation from all sides, a deputy at length proposed that they should go and inform the king of the miserable state of Paris—a motion which the Assembly voted, and appointed a deputation for the purpose.

The deputation was followed to the palace by a large crowd of women, twelve of whom Mounier, the president, allowed to enter with him. The king, who had lately come in from hunting, listened to their statements with much kindness. A young flower-girl—who had been charged to speak for the others, but owing to her emotion could only articulate “ Bread ! ” and then fell down in a swoon—much interested and affected him ; and when, on departing, she wanted to kiss his hand, he embraced her like a father. She ran out, shouting, “ *Vive le Roi !* ” Her companions thought she had been bribed, and were going to strangle her, though she turned her pockets inside out to show she had no money. They compelled her at length to return to the château, and obtain from the king a written order to send for corn, and remove every obstacle for the provisioning of Paris.

Meanwhile, another crowd of people, including about 30,000 of the National Guards, had followed the women to Versailles. The next day, the château was stormed, and the king and the royal family were compelled to go to Paris. Nothing less than this would satisfy the people. The National Assembly, on Mirabeau’s proposition, voted their inseparability from his majesty, and prepared to accompany

him. Surrounded by deputies, by an army, by an innumerable concourse of his people, King Louis departs from the palace of Versailles, not to return again. About one o'clock the whole multitude is in motion, and marching towards Paris, some before the king, and some behind. They march with little order—a huge miscellaneous procession. "Men and women all go as they can—on foot or on horseback, in coaches and carts, on carriages of cannon, or whatever they could find." On the way they had the fortune to meet with a large convoy of flour—a prize extremely welcome to a famished town. As they march along, the women carry large loaves of bread on pikes. They enter Paris in a merry humour, as though satisfied with the termination of their exploit. "Fear for nothing now," cried they; "no more poverty. We are bringing back the Baker, and his wife, and the little shop-boy!"*

Poor little shop-boy! On entering the Tuileries, he exclaims: "Every thing is very ugly here, mamma."

The queen was probably of his opinion, but she replied: "My dear, Louis XIV. lived here, and found it very comfortable; we must not be more fastidious than he."

But you cannot teach a child contentment. He yearned after the old familiar scenes, and it was not until he had got a garden assigned to him that he became reconciled to the change. He then took to rearing rabbits, and cultivating flowers, as aforetime. As all the royal family were now under strict surveillance, the little prince was usually attended in his movements by a detachment of the National Guards. Under them he began to learn something of the use of arms. When his train was limited, he would invite them to enter his garden with him. One day, when the number was too great, he said, with a sort of princely naïveté: "Excuse me, gentlemen; I am sorry my garden is so small, as it deprives me of the pleasure of receiving all of you." He, however, plucked the flowers, and offered them to such as approached the fence and seemed to take an interest in his amusements.

The dauphin did not often leave the Tuileries, but the queen sometimes took him with her in her visits to the Foundling Hospital. The sight of the forlorn children deeply excited his sympathy and interest. He began to lay

* Michelet's History of the Revolution.

aside his pocket-money, that he might be able to contribute something to relieve them. The king, who was not at first in the secret, one day observed his son gravely occupied in counting crowns, which he carefully ranged in piles in a little coffer. "What, Charles," said the father, "are you hoarding like the misers?"

Disconcerted at the name of misers, the boy blushed, but recovering himself, replied, in a softened voice: "Yes, papa, I am a miser, but it's on account of the poor foundlings."

The king, delighted with his generosity, took the young almoner in his arms, and tenderly embracing him, said: "In that case, my child, I will help to fill your coffer."

Great public events are, meanwhile, going on. On the 14th of July, 1790, it is a year since the taking of the Bastille. The event is commemorated by a great civic festival in the Champ de Mars, at which all France appears, either in person or by representatives. The king takes the oath to the new constitution which the assembly has been framing; the queen appears with the dauphin in her arms in a gallery above the throne, and presents him to the nation; and there is such shouting, and displays of fireworks, as the world had never before heard or seen. The golden age seems at last to have arrived; nothing is talked of but liberty, peace, progress, prosperity, and universal brotherhood, which are voted and decreed with acclamations heavens high. Alas! in some few months' time it is found that the most admirable of constitutions *cannot work*, and the whole kingdom falls rapidly into a state of utter anarchy. Mirabeau dies, carrying with him, as he said, "the last shreds of the monarchy." More disturbances occur. The king finds himself a prisoner in his palace, and has reason enough to fear that neither his own life, nor the life of the queen, or of any member of his family, is safe from danger. The question of flight has often been secretly discussed, and at length it is concluded that in no other course is there any prospect of deliverance. On the 20th of June, 1791, the whole court is leaving Paris in the night; the intention being to travel in disguise to Montmèdy, a frontier fortress, where arrangements had been made for their reception by the Marquis de Bouillé, who was in command of a large army in those parts.

III.—THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES.

When they woke up the dauphin at eleven o'clock at night, to dress him like a girl, and his sister asked him what he thought they were going to do: "I think," replied he, with his eyes half shut—"I think we are going to play a comedy, because we are disguised." The flight to Varennes was, indeed, something of a comedy, though running in the later acts into very painful tragedy. Count Fersen, the prince of coachmen, drove the fugitives out of Paris in the gayest style as far as Bondy, and saw them safely started on the road to Châlons. Relays of horses were already prepared at every post-house. Some distance short of Châlons, however, the king's carriage, though a new one made for the occasion, required repairs, and the royal family were detained an hour. A fatal hour which threw all the arrangements wrong. But as yet there appeared no danger. They passed through Châlons about four in the afternoon; were recognised by a few bystanders, who prudently said nothing, and the carriages proceeded on their way. On passing the gates of the town, the king, the queen, and Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister, all exclaimed together: "We are saved!" But this, as it turned out, was rather premature gratulation. At the Pont de Sommeville they were to have been met by a detachment of hussars from M. de Bouillé's camp; but, lo! on arriving there about six o'clock, not a single soldier is to be seen. They had been waiting for six hours, under pretence of escorting "a quantity of specie," and being fearful of creating suspicions, had gone half an hour before. The fugitives, disconcerted, go onwards to St. Meneshould, expecting there to be met by an escort of dragoons; and on putting his head out of the window to look for them, the king was recognised by Drouet, the postmaster, by his likeness to the effigy upon the coins and assignats. The carriages pass out of St. Meneshould without hinderance; but in the meanwhile, away rides Drouet by the shortest road to Varennes, to give notice to the municipality, and intercept them. When the king arrived, it was past eleven o'clock; the little town seemed all asleep; the horses expected to be in waiting were nowhere visible, and no information respecting them could be obtained. They were, in fact, stationed at a place further

on, over the bridge, in what is called the Lower Town—a prudent enough arrangement, but one with which the king had not been made acquainted. The delay thereby occasioned was fatal to further progress. On trying to go on with the former horses, the royal carriages were stopped upon the bridge by Drouet and an armed party, and the travellers compelled to alight and show their passports. They were carried to a grocer's shop, the residence of M. Sausse, procureur-syndic of Varennes. By this time, the whole town was aroused, and manifested the utmost possible excitement. In vain did the king deny his rank; in vain did the queen protest against the indignity; the people insisted in detaining them. At last his majesty acknowledged himself, and appealed to the generosity of his subjects. Taking the hand of M. Sausse: "Yes," said he, "I *am* your king; and in your hands I place my destiny, and that of my wife, my sister, and my children. Our lives, the peace of the kingdom, the safety of the constitution, all depend on what you do." He begged to be permitted to proceed, that he might be enabled to regain the liberty of which the factions in Paris had deprived him. The men for a moment seemed touched, but on reflection thought it better to restore his majesty to the nation.

The poor queen tried to excite the compassion of Madame Sausse, with a view to gain her interest. "You are a mother, madame," said she; "you are a wife; the fate of a wife and a mother is in your hands—think what I must suffer for these children, for my husband!"

But madame was as inexorable as fate. "It is all very well," said she; "I wish it was in my power to serve you. You are thinking about the king, but I must think of Monsieur Sausse. It is a wife's duty to think first of her own husband."

There is no hope left. The queen withdraws indignantly with the king's sister to an upper room, where her children were asleep, and looking on their helpless faces, bursts passionately into tears. The king, after some time, joined them, and they all lay down, dressed as they were, and within hearing of the threatening murmurs of the people and the noise of footsteps, which every instant increased beneath the windows. Such was their situation in Varennes at seven o'clock in the morning. "The queen had not slept; all her

feelings as a wife, a mother, a queen—rage, terror, despair—waged so terrible a conflict in her mind, that her hair, which had been auburn on the previous evening, was in the morning as white as snow.”*

IV.—BACK TO THE TUILERIES.

The house and streets were filled with people, when, about seven o'clock in the morning, appeared M. de Romeuf, aide-de-camp of Lafayette, bearing with him a decree of the Assembly, which he, with much confusion, presented to the king. On reading it, the king exclaimed—“There is no longer a king in France!” The queen read it after him; and then he took it up, and read it over again, laying it afterwards upon the bed where the children were still lying. The queen, with fierce impetuosity, threw it off the bed, exclaiming—“I will not have it sully my children.” An officer present took up the document, and placed it on the table. By the noise in the room, the children were awakened; and the dauphin, in particular, attracted the attention of the people. Some admired his beauty, others put questions to him about the journey, which, however, were scarcely answered by the drowsy child, whose eyes, as they opened, sought his mother's, endeavouring to read there an explanation of what was passing.

“Oh, Charles,” his sister whispered to him, “you were sadly mistaken; this is not a comedy.”

“I have found that out long since,” returned the boy.

It is verily no comedy; the turn which things are taking is visibly becoming tragical. The king is escorted back to Paris as a captive, amid the hootings and jeers of crowds of people who precede and follow him along the road. Here and there some little sympathy is manifested by loyal-hearted individuals; but, in general, the populations of the towns and villages through which the procession passes are hostile and derisive. “The journey,” says Lamartine, “was a Calvary of sixty leagues, every step of which was a torture.” The royal family would probably have never reached Paris alive, had they not been met by the commissioners of the Assembly appointed to conduct them back. They had orders not only to watch over the king's security, but also to main-

* *Lamartine's Girondins*, vol. i.

tain the respect due to royalty, represented in his person ; and as they were all men of popular repute, their presence effectually overawed the people, and prevented them from breaking out into acts of violence against the prisoners. Of the three—Barnave, Petion, and Latour-Maubourg—Barnave alone requires notice in this history. He rode a great part of the way alone with the royal family, and by his compassionate and respectful manners, won the good-will of them all, and the especial admiration of the queen. He took the little dauphin on his knees, asked him several questions, and was struck by the vivacity and amiability of his responses. Asking him if he was not very sorry to return to Paris, the deputy received for answer—"O I am glad to be any where, so that it is with mamma and papa, and my aunt and sister, and Madame de Tourzel,"* glancing round successively to them all as he named them.

"It is, indeed, a very mournful journey for my children, sir," observed the king ; and the little boy, noticing his father's troubled tones, sought tenderly to kiss his hand. "My dear little Norman !" exclaimed the king ; and then, unable to say more, covered up his passion and his pity with a mantle of the saddest silence.

Paris looms murky in the distance ; and heavily beat the hearts of the poor captives, as the procession advances slowly into the grim, tumultuous city. On all the walls is posted the proclamation—"Whoever cheers the king, shall be beaten ; whoever insults him, shall be hanged." The citizens receive him with sullen, distrustful countenances, with suppressed indignation, silent hatred, and contempt. Not a tongue uttered a threat ; but the angry glances of thousands were as fierce as the shafts of death. The day was intensely hot, and the carriages were enveloped in a cloud of dust, raised by the feet of the tramping multitude, and serving as a veil to cover the humiliation of the king and queen, and to hide from them the triumphant gesticulations of the people. The sweat of the horses, the feverish breath of the crowd, excited and compact, made the atmosphere oppressive. The foreheads of the children streamed with perspiration, and the poor little dauphin could hardly breathe. Tremblingly, but quickly, the queen let down one of the windows, appealing to the people nearest for compassion and a little air. "See,

* *Governess of the Princess-royal.*

gentlemen," she exclaimed, "in what a state my poor children are—one of them is choking." "Ay, we will choke you in another fashion," replied some, ferociously, in an undertone; but these growlings do not seem to have reached the ears of the royal family. Through the dense masses of angry and sullen faces they move along towards their destination, and at length they are once more back at the Tuileries. It is the evening of the 25th of June, five days after the night of their departure.

That night, as soon as the dauphin was in bed, he called to his attendant, M. Hue, and said—"Tell me what is all this about? We had no sooner got to Varennes, than they sent us back again. Why was that? I can't tell at all; do you know?" M. Hue knew well enough, but he understood the need of silence; and represented to the prince, that he must not speak to any one a single word about the journey. The child, though weary, lay a long while restless; and, as Royalists report, when he at last fell asleep, he had a frightful dream, in which he seemed to be surrounded by wolves, tigers, and all manner of ferocious beasts—a dream which they interpret as portending all the dreadful things which subsequently happened.

V.—THE TENTH OF AUGUST.

Royalty in France is fallen. King Louis is henceforth a king without authority, without influence, without even any of the vestiges of that common respect which is indispensable to the maintenance of a throne. It will require but a few more heavings of the Revolution to strike the crown from off his head. It is true, that for a season he seems to have recovered something of his former popularity, and there are transitory signs of a reaction towards loyalty, both in the assembly and among the populace. He accepts the Constitution unconditionally, as completed in September; and there are flourishes of trumpets, and salvos of artillery, proclaiming "the reconciliation of liberty with the throne, and of the nation with the king." But these are mere holiday enthusiasms, which disappear with the illuminations, and are extinguished with the fireworks. The Constituent Assembly dissolves itself, and is succeeded by a new assembly called Legislative, which ere long begins to aim at the total

overthrow of the monarchy. Very early the Assembly passed two decrees, which brought it into direct collision with his majesty: one, pronouncing a sentence of death against all French emigrants in arms on the frontier, who did not disarm themselves within a given time; and the other, decreeing the banishment of "unsworn priests"—that is, all the clergy who, from conscientious motives, had not subscribed to the new ecclesiastical regulations established by the Revolution. By an article of the Constitution, the king was empowered to withhold his sanction from the Assembly's decrees; and, accordingly, by his veto he stopped the two in question. The result was another insurrection, another violent invasion of the royal palace by an armed and furious mob, angrily demanding the sanction of the decrees, and the restoration of the Girondist ministers, recently dismissed. The king's life was in danger; but he withstood the tumult firmly, and even won the good-will of some of the rioters by his frankness and intrepidity. He put on the *bonnet rouge*—red cap of liberty—to please them, and the act was accepted as the sign of his good faith. The rebels were the most exasperated against the queen, and, after seeking her throughout the château, found her at length in a swoon in company with her children. The little dauphin, now seven years old, was seated on a table before her; his innocent face radiant with all the beauty of the Bourbons, and expressive of more surprise than fear. The most ferocious of the rebels were softened in such a presence. They saw before them a lovely woman, a queen humiliated—a young innocent girl—a child, smiling at his father's enemies; and though fierce with rage and hatred, their better sensibilities were awakened. They did the queen no harm; but made her put the *bonnet rouge* upon her son, which he, in his simplicity, regarded as an act of playfulness. The people were at last dispersed by Santerre and Petion; and after an agony of five hours, the royal family were left amid the wrecks of their battered and disordered palace. This was the day of the 20th of June, 1792, one year after the unlucky flight to Varennes.

A more portentous day is coming—the memorable 10th of August—on which the monarchy was finally overthrown. The object of this day's insurrection, deliberately planned and organized by the municipal authorities and the leaders of the Girondist and other factions, was the immediate deposition

of the king. Some days before, Mayor Petion, at the head of a deputation of the Commune, had presented himself at the bar of the Assembly, demanding a decree to that effect, in the name of the people and the municipality of Paris. The Assembly having delayed passing such a decree, the *générale* was beaten, and the sections rose, according to arrangement. An immense multitude marched against the Tuileries, shouting: "Deposition—deposition or death!" The National Guard, stationed to defend the palace, fraternises with the insurgents; danger is imminent; resistance quite impossible. For safety, the king is urged to repair to the Assembly. There is no sure shelter for him or for his family, says Procureur-general Roederer, but among the representatives of the people. The queen, in her proud imperiousness, refuses.

"They shall nail me to these walls," says she, "before I consent to quit them! But say, sir," she continues, "are we utterly abandoned?"

"Madame, I repeat it, resistance is impossible. Would you cause the destruction of the king, of your children, of your servants?"

"God forbid!" says she. "May I be the only victim!"

"Another minute," pursued Roederer; "a second perhaps—and it will be impossible to answer for your lives."

"My children!" exclaimed the queen, pressing them in her arms; then turning to the king: "Let us go," said she. "It is the last sacrifice—you see the object. Monsieur Roederer," she added, raising her voice, "you answer for the person of the king—for my son?"

"Madame," replies he, "we answer for dying at your side; that is all we can guarantee." And so they go to the Assembly, through the thick of the tumult, conducted by brave men who are prepared to die in guarding them; the little dauphin being carried in the arms of a grenadier. Insults and threatenings smite their ears as they proceed; and from the throats of thousands there is a cry of—"Down with the tyrant!"—"Death to the tyrant!"

"What, then," said the bewildered king, "have I done to my people?"

Poor Louis! thou hast *done* nothing: thy misfortune is, that thou hast no faculty for *doing* at the right time any thing, which circumstances and the hour require to be done.

They reach the hall of the Assembly, but the tumult does not subside. Within, and all around the Château, murder and pillage are going on ; murder rages to the very doors of the Assembly ; where, above the noise of legislative oratory, and the stormy interruptions of the deputies, may be heard the louder ragings of the multitude, the vociferations of assassins, the cries of victims—all the horrible, indefinite, confused uproar of a people rampant in their fury, and utterly without mercy. Within the Assembly itself the agitation is extreme, the heat excessive ; the hall and galleries are thronged with people coming and going every minute ; it is a scene of the uttermost disorder, bewildered motion, clamours and intrusions never ceasing. Blood-stained men bring in their plunderings from the Tuileries—rouleaus of gold, silver dishes, diamonds, portfolios—which they deposit on the table of the president, amid the cheers and salutations of the deputies. Once a man rushed in, showing his bare gory arm to the Assembly : "I offer," said he, "to take the king's life, if it be necessary !" Others, less violent, simply demanded his deposition. Deputations from several quarters insist on this, as the condition on which the insurrection is to cease. The Assembly, divided between the fear of supporting the throne, and the dread of being crushed under its fall, after considerable hesitation, at length yields to the demands of the insurgents. The eloquent Vergniaud mounts the tribune, and proposes the deposition ; the decree passes unanimously ; and Louis hears the sentence without surprise, and submits to it without regret.

That night the royal family were lodged in the committee-rooms of the Assembly, formerly part of the old convent of the Feuillants. The next morning, they were reconducted to the hall, and remained there throughout the day. It was proposed to prepare the old palace of the Luxembourg for their reception ; but inasmuch as the Commune of Paris disapproved of this arrangement, and had now, by means of the insurrection, become a power superior to the Assembly, it insisted on the king's removal to the Tower of the Temple. Thither, accordingly, he was conducted, along with the rest of the royal family, on the 13th of August—never more to resume the kingly functions, or even to regain his liberty.

Amid all this revolutionary uproar, our little dauphin has not appeared conspicuously. Only once or twice have we

been enabled to get glimpses of his wondering and troubled countenance. He is too young to understand the immense events that have been passing, and knows not how fair a heritage he has lost, nor what great sorrows are rising through the dimness of the coming years.

VI.—THE TEMPLE PRISON.

The Temple, though now no longer in existence, once held an important place among the historical monuments of Paris. It derived its name from the Templars, the first of the military and religious orders founded in the twelfth century for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. In 1792 it consisted of a large square Tower, flanked at its four angles by four round towers, and having on the north side another separate tower, of less dimensions than the first, surmounted by turrets, and usually called the Little Tower. The edifice was remarkable for its massiveness and solidity; the walls of the Great Tower being on the average about nine feet thick, and the height 150 feet without the roof. It may be described as being partly palace and partly prison, having courtyards, gates, and a variety of outbuildings, surrounded by a moat. This was the place which the Commune of Paris had fixed upon as the residence of the king and the royal family. Apartments were prepared for them in the Little Tower, and here they were watched and guarded in all respects as prisoners.

King Louis in his captivity displayed qualities which cannot but command the profoundest sympathy and admiration of every reader of his history. Imbecile and vacillating in action, he grows great, and even heroic, under suffering. Patiently submitting to the inevitable, he endures the grossest insults, the most humiliating privations, the severest inflictions of unrelenting hatred and suspicion, with a meek and uncomplaining resignation. From the first, he perceives the end to which events are rapidly conducting him, and with manly, unflinching courage accepts his destiny. He is ready and resigned to die, when his enemies determine to take his life. But while life remains to him, he quietly endeavours to turn the days to some account; and having no higher duty left him, he finds it one of his greatest consolations to employ his time in the education of his son.

"In this child of seven years and a half old," says M. Beauchesne, "there was a combination of force and grace, rare even in the most highly endowed natures. Sometimes the seriousness of his thought gave his conversation a character full of nobleness; sometimes, on the contrary, the frank playfulness of his years shone forth without regrets and without desires. Already he thought no more of past greatness; he was happy to live, and he was only turned to grief by the tears which sometimes stole down his mother's cheeks. He never spoke of his games and walks of former days; he never uttered the name of Versailles, or that of the Tuileries; he seemed to regret nothing."* It was enough for him to be with those who loved him, and whom he instinctively loved and revered with all the strength of his young affections. While he remained with them, his tranquil and joyous presence lightened the gloom of their captivity; and, for himself, he was scarcely conscious of the restraints that were put upon his liberty. The lessons which his father gave him daily, served to occupy a considerable portion of his time; and the rest was spent in innocent amusements with his sister, or in interesting, cheerful converse with his mother and his aunt. The royal family were generally permitted to take exercise together in the Temple gardens, and here the dauphin had an opportunity of playing at some of his favourite outdoor games. The king and queen looked on with saddened faces; but it was some relief to them to see their child engaged in pastimes and recreations befitting his age, and they carefully forbore to damp his gaiety by the intrusion of their private sorrows.

Erelong, however, the little consolation they all enjoyed, in thus living together and partaking in common of the solicitudes that appertained to their situation, was harshly and cruelly taken from them. By an order of the Commune, the king was separated from his family, and removed to the Great Tower, where preparations had been in progress for his reception from the beginning of his incarceration. But by favour of the municipals on duty, this was not a final separation. Though confined apart, they were allowed to meet and spend a portion of the day together; and when the queen and the rest of the royal family were removed to

* *Life of Louis XVII., and the Captivity of the Royal Family: 1853.* Hazlitt's translation.

the Great Tower, this privilege was for some time continued. The young dauphin, however, was taken away from his mother, and transferred to his father's room, to which he was thenceforth restricted, save when the king was allowed to join his family. The poor boy was so afflicted and incensed by the separation, as to take the first opportunity of showing his resentment towards the officials. There was a mason, named Mercereau, who sauntered about the Temple instead of working, and whose habit it was to address every one in the most familiar manner, expecting, perhaps, by his extreme demagogism to gain a reputation for immense patriotism with the Commune. As the young prince did not exhibit towards him the respect which he thought due to his pretensions, the fellow one day said to him—"Dost thou not know that liberty has rendered us free, and that now we are all equal?"

"Equal, if you like," replied the dauphin, glancing towards his father; "but it is not in this place you will persuade us that liberty has made us free!"

The removal of the royal family into the Great Tower occasioned but little change in their habits and manner of living. For awhile, the daily meals, the lessons, the walks, the education of the children, were all regulated as before. A time, however, arrived when this monotonous existence was brought to a distressing close. On the 11th of December, the young prince was abruptly taken from the king, and once more sent to the apartment of his mother. That same day Louis XVI. was conducted to the bar of the Convention, to be interrogated preparatory to his trial. During the preparations for this proceeding, he was not permitted to have any communication with his family. The trial took place on the 26th, with a result well known to all the world. The National Convention, however, deferred judgment until the 15th of January, when they passed a decree, declaring "Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against the liberty of the nation, and of having assailed the general security of the state." Sentence of death was pronounced two days afterwards; and on the morning of the 21st, the great tragedy was accomplished.

The day before he suffered, the king had a final interview with his wife, his sister, and his children. The agony and bitterness of that hour it would be vain to attempt describ-

ing. They met with passionate embraces, and then there followed a mournful silence, broken only by sobs and sighings—the uncontrollable utterance of an unspeakable distress. After some little time “the king sat down, the queen placed herself on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Marie-Thérèse just before him, and the young prince stood between his father’s knees; and leaning all towards him, they frequently embraced him.” The mournful scene lasted an hour and three-quarters. When it was nearly over, the king made them all promise that they would never think of attempting to avenge his death. “My father was well assured,” says the princess-royal, “that we should consider as sacred the fulfilment of his last wishes, but my brother’s extreme youth made him desirous of making a stronger impression on the boy’s mind. He took him upon his knee, and said to him: ‘My son, you have heard what I have just said; but as oaths are something more sacred still than words, swear, with your hands held up to heaven, that you will obey your father’s dying injunction.’ My brother, bursting into tears, obeyed, and this most affecting goodness doubled our own grief.” And thus they parted for evermore: one, to vanish in the eternal darkness; the others, to return, with blinding tears and piercing lamentations, to a dreary, disconsolate captivity, with the most dismal uncertainties hanging over them!

VII.—THE HOUR OF SEPARATION.

For some months after the king’s death, the surviving members of the royal family lived all together in the same apartments they had previously occupied. When the first outbursts of their grief had to some extent subsided, and their misery assumed the form of a fixed despondency, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth employed themselves as formerly, in furthering the education of the children, and in performing for them such necessary household services as were required by their situation. Of what was going on in the outward world, they received but little intimation: their existence from day to day was but a continuance of dull anxiety, varied only by the changes of their personal fears and apprehensions, and the ever-recurring insults they were destined to endure. Their memories retained nothing they

could bring forth and dwell upon for consolation ; and for the present and the future they were utterly without hope. With the past all blotted over with blood and outrage, and before them no prospect but an abyss of gloom and black uncertainty, it might seem that nothing more could happen to them which was likely to enlarge their misery.

But the subtlest human foresight cannot tell what a day may bring forth. Unthought of, and unsuspected by the prisoners of the Temple, on the 1st of July, 1793, appears the following decree :—"The Committee of Public Safety decrees that *the son of Capet be separated from his mother*, and committed to the charge of a tutor, to be chosen by the Council-general of the Commune." On the 3rd, under the sanction of the Convention, this decision was carried into effect.

It was about ten o'clock at night, and the young dauphin was sleeping soundly in his bed. The queen and her sister were busy mending clothes, and Marie-Thérèse sitting between them reading. Often as the young girl paused, at the end of a chapter, or in turning over a leaf, the fond mother would raise her head, let fall her work upon her lap, and looking towards the bed, listen to the quiet breathing of the boy ; and thus so far had the evening passed away. Suddenly the tread of many feet sounded on the staircase ; locks and bolts were moved ; the door opened, and six municipals walked into the room. "We are come," said one of them gruffly, "to acquaint you with an order from the Committee, that the son of Capet be separated from his mother and family."

As the words were uttered, the queen rose up, pale with the suddenness of the shock. "Take away my child from me!" she cried. "No, no ; it is not possible!" Marie-Thérèse and Madame Elizabeth looked on with helpless anguish. "Gentlemen," said the queen, striving to command her faltering voice, "the Commune cannot think of separating me from my son ; he is so young, so weakly—he needs my care so much."

"This decree has been made by the Committee," replied the municipal ; "the Convention has ratified the measure ; and it is our duty to carry it out immediately."

"I never can resign myself to such a separation," cried the unhappy mother. "In the name of Heaven, do not lay this terrible trial upon me."

Her two companions mingled their prayers and tears with

hers. They were all three standing before the child's bed, in a manner defending the approach to it, and sobbing and clasping their hands ; no lamenting could have been more touching, no supplication more intensely humble. The scene might have softened the hardest hearts ; but what could men charged with such a commission do ?

"What is the use of all this disturbance ?" said they ; "we are not going to kill your child. Give him up with a good grace, or we shall use means to take him."

The poor child was awakened by the noise, and threw himself instantly into his mother's arms. After some further passionate altercations with the commissaries, the unfortunate queen was obliged to give him up. She dressed him—not quickly, but lingering over every article of his apparel to prolong the time. At length, concentrating all the remaining strength of her perturbed heart, she sat down upon a chair, drew her son before her, laid her hands on his little shoulders, and calm, motionless, and composed in her distress, without shedding a tear, or heaving a single sigh, she said to him, in a sad and solemn tone—"My child, we are going to part. Remember your duty when I am no longer present to remind you of it. Never forget the good God who tries your faith, nor your mother who loves you. Be good, patient, and straightforward, and your father will bless you from heaven !" So saying, she kissed him on the forehead, and then, with a majestic resignation, delivered him to his jailers. The affrighted child rushed back, and clung to his mother's dress. "My son," said she, "you must obey—you must !" The men led him away, and the door was closed—closed for ever between the mother and her child. She had borne the anguish of the moment bravely ; but now came tears and sobs, and cries as of a soul subdued by an unquenchable despair. She flung herself in desperation on the deserted bed : all the wretchedness that mothers in their bereavement have ever felt, or can hereafter feel, was hers. I have not words to paint the passion and the agony of her august and stupendous sorrow.

VIII.—SIMON THE COBBLER.

Escorted by the six commissaries and a porter, young Louis was conducted to that part of the Tower formerly

occupied by his father, where there was a person in attendance, who appeared to have been long waiting. The municipals spoke for a few moments with this man, gave him some instructions in a low tone of voice, and then retired. The child found himself alone in the presence of an individual whose features he did not at first recognise, but whose easy gait, gruff, short manner of talking, and eccentric gestures, soon brought him to remembrance. Among the six commissaries originally charged to inspect the works and expenses at the Temple, there was one named Simon, a shoemaker, who alone of the whole number, under pretence of scrupulously doing his duty, remained constantly in the Tower. He never approached the royal family without giving utterance to some offensive speech. Often he would say to Cléry, the king's valet, within hearing of the king: "Cléry, ask Capet if he wants any thing, that I may not be troubled to come up again!" This was the man whom little Louis now beheld before him.

One of the municipals had told the queen, when taking away her son, that the nation, "always great and generous," would provide for his education; and M. Simon was the tutor whom the representative powers for the time being had provided! Marat and Robespierre had helped to get him the situation. He had a salary of five hundred francs a month, on condition that he was never to leave his prisoner, or on any pretence whatever to quit the Tower.

He found his pupil rather unmanageable the first night, for the poor boy sat weeping in the darkest corner of the room for several hours; and it was with the greatest difficulty that Simon could obtain a few brief answers to the questions which he put to him, as he sat smoking and swearing with a steadfast self-complacency. The next morning, Madame Simon came to assist her husband in his duties; and it was soon apparent that the two were very well assorted. The young prince remained for two days without accepting any other food than a morsel of bread. In his new situation he was utterly dejected. Sometimes he mourned in silence; at other times, through his large tears there gleamed a fire of indignation, which upon occasion would burst forth in earnest and angry words. "I wish to know," said he, imperiously, to the municipals on their coming in to see him—"I wish to know what law it is by which you are ordered to

separate me from my mother, and keep me in prison. Show me the law ; I wish to see it !” The officers, it is said, stood confused before the child, out of surprise at his kingly manner of expressing his indignation. Simon, however, soon silenced him, by commanding him to hold his tongue. Two days passed before the captive child could be prevailed upon to go to bed ; but at length he resigned himself to do so with a good grace, and the next morning rose and dressed of his own accord. He no longer wept, but he persisted in maintaining a most persevering silence. Simon could make nothing of him. “ Ah, ha ! little Capet,” said he ; “ so you are dumb—are you ? I shall have to teach you to talk, and to sing the *Carmagnole*, and cry *Vive la République !* Ah ! it’s dumb you are—are you ? ”

“ If I were to speak out what I think,” said the boy, “ you would call me mad. I am silent, lest I should say too much.”

“ Oh, oh ! ” retorted Simon ; “ Monsieur Capet would have too much to say ; that smacks rather strongly of the aristocrat. But it does not do for me, do you understand ? You are young, and so, to be sure, you are excusable ; but I, being your master, must not let you remain in ignorance. I must bring you on—give you some new ideas.”

In this way, from day to day, he would continually taunt the child ; deeming it, apparently, his business to render him as miserable as possible. Whether to please or to annoy him, he one day bought him a Jews-harp, saying it would do to accompany his “ she-wolf of a mother ” when she played on the piano. “ And what a fine row that will make,” he added. The child felt there was nothing but mockery in the gift, and he therefore resolutely refused it. This roused Simon to rage, and he thereupon dealt the young descendant of a line of kings the first blows which he had ever in his life received. For every little act of insubordination, blows soon came to be regularly inflicted. One day, in deprecation of this treatment, the boy said : “ You may punish me, if I don’t obey you ; but you ought not to beat me—you are stronger than I.”

“ I am here to command you, animal ! ” returned the ruffian. “ My duty is just what I please to do. *Vive la liberté, l’égalité !* ”

Such was the manner in which M. Simon began to train

and discipline his pupil. As he proceeded, his system lost nothing in point of decision or severity. He even improved upon it, until it became, in its kind, almost unexceptionable. At first he did not exactly know the course of management he was expected to pursue, but taking the earliest opportunity of inquiring, he got presently enlightened. Not many days after young Louis had been intrusted to his charge, a report was circulated in Paris that the "son of the tyrant" had been carried off from the Tower, by means of a conspiracy entered into by General Dillon and others for the purpose. To put a stop to this rumour, which created much excitement, a numerous deputation from the Committee of Public Safety was sent in haste to the Temple, to see that the little prisoner was really there, and make an official report of the fact. On this occasion, M. Simon, feeling the vagueness of his original instructions, put a few pointed questions to his superiors, with a view to ascertain their actual wishes and intentions in regard to the treatment of his pupil. "Citizens," said he, "what do you decide about the wolf-cub? He has been taught to be insolent, but I shall know how to tame him. So much the worse if he sinks under it! I don't answer for that. After all, what do you want done with him? Do you want him transported?"

Answer: "No."

"Killed?"

"No."

"Poisoned?"

"No."

"But what then?"

"We want to get rid of him!"

Simon now comprehended the object of his work, and appears to have done his utmost to perform it. From that day he redoubled his severity towards his victim. He even manifested a superior rigour on the instant. The Dauphin had been carried down into the garden, that he might be seen from the streets by the crowd which had followed the deputation; and while undergoing the inspection, he cried loudly for his mother. Some of the men on guard tried to quiet him; when, pointing to Simon, who, along with several persons, was coming out of the Tower, he said indignantly: "They will not, they cannot show me the law which orders that I should be separated from my mother!"

Affected by his distress, the men began to question Simon, who now approached.

In reply to them, he said: "The wolf-cub is hard to muzzle; he would like to know the law, like yourselves; he is always asking the reasons of things, as if reasons were made for him! Come, come; silence, Capet, or I'll show the citizens how I *work* you when you deserve it."

The little prisoner appealed to the municipals for protection. But they were powerless, or unwilling to do any thing for his relief; and he was left with Simon, to be "worked" according to that exemplary republican's caprices.

This patriotic tutor was a great admirer of Marat, who, it may be remembered, was about this time assassinated by Charlotte Corday. The day after the event—14th July, 1793—the news reached Simon in the Temple, and plunged him into a state of extraordinary excitement. He sent for wine and brandy, and began to drink, making his wife sit down to join him. Being unable to settle himself indoors, he dragged both wife and pupil up to the platform of the Tower, to catch an echo of the homage that was then being paid to his departed idol. "Capet," said he, "do you hear these noises down there? It is the groans of the people round the death-bed of their friend. I did intend to have made you leave off your black clothes to-morrow; but you shall keep them on now. Capet shall wear mourning for Marat!" Then turning round, and swearing furiously, he proceeded: "You don't look distressed at all; you are *glad* of his death!" And full of this absurd impression, he laid his hand heavily on the prince's head, forcing it down violently upon his shoulder.

"I did not know the person who is dead," replied the child. "Don't think that I am glad of it; we do not wish for the death of any one."

"Ah! *we* do not wish, don't we! Do you pretend to talk to *us* in the style of your tyrants of fathers!"

"I said *we* in the plural," rejoined the boy; "for my family and myself."

Simon seemed to accept this grammatical excuse; but as he walked up and down smoking, he kept constantly repeating with a chuckle, as though he had hit upon a rare device: "Capet shall wear mourning for Marat!" Not many days after, it was the master's whim to dress him out in red, observing: "If I make you leave off mourning for Marat, at

least you shall wear his livery—that will befit his memory.” As yet, however, the scarlet cap was wanting; Simon had forgot to order it. This was soon obtained; but on its arrival the little prince refused to wear it. He had become the servant of his jailers, borne their violent abuse and blows, endured continual privations, but he seemed determined not to adopt the head-dress of his father’s murderers. Simon, for the present, was even obliged to let him have his way. Tired with scolding and beating, he gave in at Madame Simon’s solicitation. The good woman, though nowise very amiable, several times took part with the little oppressed boy. One day she said to an acquaintance of hers: “The little fellow is a very amiable and charming child; he cleans and polishes my shoes, and he brings me my foot-stove to my bed-side when I get up.” From this one perceives the sort of offices to which the son of a king was trained! Meanwhile, the affair of the red cap was not allowed to rest. Madame Simon had said: “Let him alone, he’ll come to reason;” and in order to bring him to such a desirable state of mind, she cut off his beautiful hair, when, shamed by the shearing, he yielded, and accepted the detested covering. Simon was rejoiced at the victory. “Capet,” said he, “after all you’re a Jacobin.”

But how fares it all this while with the anxious mother and her companions in another part of the Temple? Never had she ceased to interrogate the jailers and municipals on guard about the welfare of her son; never ceased imploring them to grant her the privilege of seeing him. Utterly without success. No interview might be allowed. Nevertheless, one of the jailers—Tison—was prevailed on to furnish her with information; and by and by there was a plan devised whereby she might get sight of him. The walk on the platform that has been mentioned was divided by wooden partitions, not so closely arranged but that the prisoners on each side might see each other at a distance if they were all out for exercise at the same time. Henceforth, the mother, aunt, and sister, had but one thought—that of making their walk upon the Tower coincide with that of “the little one.” “We went up to the Tower very often,” relates the princess-royal, “because my brother also went there; and my mother’s sole pleasure was to see him pass by through a little crevice.” But it was only by a lucky chance that the presence of the

prisoners on one side of the partition happened to be coincident with that of the child on the other. Nevertheless, the queen and her companions always went up when they were permitted to take the air ; they were not sure that the young prince *would* come, but he *might*. How many long hours were thus passed in watching ! With ears pressed against the planks, the poor recluses, all alert and silent, listened for the slightest movement on the stair ; and oh ! what beating hearts were theirs, when they heard the sound of footsteps coming up ! Many, very many times they had to retire disappointed. And what they saw sometimes, it were better they had not seen. One day, after long watching, the queen beheld her child ; he passed before her eyes, and she looked after him with a maternal longing ; but from what she saw, and what she heard, she shrank back with horror and amazement, as before some ghastly and intolerable presence. The boy had left off wearing mourning for his father, and was arrayed in the most unseemly habiliments, with the odious bonnet rouge upon his head ; and by the side of him there was the insolent Simon, giving utterance to incessant oaths and blasphemies ! Eventually, she learned all his deplorable condition ; learned that he was always spoken to with oaths commanded by threats and blows, and that his tormentors wanted to force him to sing regicide songs and obscene parodies. As yet his mind was not much debased ; but later on, that also was effected. They made him drunk with wine and brandy ; they ruined his health by stifling confinement and improper food ; they harassed him with endless toils ; they taught him to sing at last a number of infamous and revolting songs ; and, worst treachery of all, they made him subscribe his name to the most abominable slanders against his mother !

Poor, dishonoured, overburdened mother ! The world has dealt very hardly with thee ; and for thy devoted head there are yet harder things in store. Wait a little, and thou shalt be led through the fiery gates of pain and ignominy, which he whom thou lamentest has passed without returning ! Why linger over the well-known fate of this beautiful and noble woman ? We will not dwell upon the horrible details of her doom. It is doubtless known to you, O reader, that by the great French nation, "always just and generous," she was guillotined on the 16th of October, 1793 ! Let us rather pity

than execrate the deed ; for, misled by blinding passions and desperation, the people knew not what they did.

IX.—YOUNG LOUIS IN HIS LONELINESS.

We have not space to crowd in half the anecdotes and incidents which the zeal of M. Beauchesne has collected, illustrative of the atrocities of Simon's discipline. Let it suffice to say, that they are all of the same character as those we have already given ; and their effect, as we have seen, was to crush and debase his victim. Simon held his situation from the 3rd of July, 1793, to the 19th of January of the succeeding year, when he was dismissed in consequence of a decree of the Council-general of the Commune. The Committee of Public Safety had come to regard the man's services as useless, and were of opinion that the members of the Council ought alone to superintend the prisoners of the Temple. Four of them were, accordingly, appointed to the charge ; and the little dauphin was thenceforth subjected to a different system of management.

The new arrangements were concerted by Hébert and Chaumette—two of the most hateful characters that appear in the Revolution—and were such as reflected the merciless savagery of their natures. They restricted the prisoner's habitation to a single room—a back chamber, without outlooks or connection, save with another room in front. The door of communication between the two was cut down, “so as to leave it breast-high, fastened with nails and screws, and grated from top to bottom with bars of iron. Half-way up was placed a shelf, on which the bars opened, forming a sort of wicket, closed by other moveable bars, and fastened with an enormous padlock. By this wicket his coarse food was passed in to little Capet, and it was on the ledge that he had to put whatever he wanted to send away.” It was the system of solitary confinement. “He had a room to walk in, a bed to lie upon ; he had bread and water, and linen and clothes ; but he had neither fire nor candle. His room was warmed only by a stove-pipe, the stove being placed in the outer-room ; it was lighted only by the gleam of a lamp suspended opposite the grating, through the bars of which also it was that the stove-pipe passed.” By a fatal coincidence, the royal orphan was

transferred to his new prison on the anniversary of the day of his father's execution.

But there was neither date nor anniversary for him thenceforth ; months and weeks, day and night, the dancing hours as they sped round in their rotation—all were confused together in his mind, and produced only the impression of a continuous, unvarying perpetuity of suffering. Shut up in dim seclusion, with nothing but his thoughts and the most painful remembrances to dwell upon, the heavy hours rolled on in slow succession, prolonging and intensifying only a monotonous sensation of abandonment and isolation. The fresh air of heaven never came into his chamber ; the light was dim that entered through the gratings ; the victim did not see the hand that passed his food through the grated door ; often he was left to shiver in the coldest weather without warmth ; and at other times his prison was like a furnace, from the reckless heaping of too much fuel in the stove. He heard no sound but the clang of bolts ; no one came to cleanse his room ; no one visited him when he was sick, or ministered to him in the helplessness of his prostration. Only, as the day closed in, a stern voice would call to him, and command him to go to bed, that the municipality might not be burdened by providing him with a light !

The day was weary, but the night was more intolerable. Darkness and silence came down with shuddering wings, and wrapped him in the folds of an insufferable embrace. In the long hours that preceded sleep, what crowding fears, what minatory apprehensions, did his quickened imagination summon up around his bed ! The forms he knew of old came back to him, but not as he used to see them in the remembered foretime, with compassionate, loving eyes, and looks of approving gentleness ; they rushed in with affrightened faces, forlorn and woe-worn, with beckoning fingers pointing to abysses of prospective wretchedness. In his dreams again he saw them ; shadowy gliding shapes, that sorrowed over him, but whose troubled countenances and despairing gestures seemed evermore to tell him that hope had been banished from his life, and there was nothing left but the dungeoned grave in which he had been cast to perish. Then other forms came in—scowling, hideous, and malignant ; with scoffing laugh, and menacing derision, bearing instruments of cruelty upon their shoulders—emissaries, as it seemed, of a terrible,

inscrutable power which no faculty of his could comprehend—the omnipotent, remorseless Commune, that dethroned and beheaded kings, and doomed women and children to perpetual captivity; and in his fright, and in the agony thus produced, he would start up in his sleep, and quail to find himself awake. And there he lay, in his dread loneliness, through long watches of the night, sleepless and unresting, till the dawn sent in some fragments of its beams through the grated and shuttered casement, and gave token that the beneficent daylight was resuming its empire over the earth.

And so the nights and days revolved with him, for weeks and months which he could not number; bringing no return of liberty, no hint or gleam of human sympathy or compassion. He lived the life of a caged animal, but was worse tended, inasmuch as his existence was esteemed of no account. His food was a watery soup, with some bits of bread in it, of which he received only two little portions in a day, along with a morsel of beef, a loaf, and a pitcher of water. His bed—a pallias and a mattress—which he was left to manage as he pleased, soon became unfit to sleep in, and no one cared to restore it to a state of wholesomeness and order. The commissaries of the Commune, who were renewed daily, were almost all men of that ignoble class which the heavings of the Revolution had now raised to the surface of society. The food, the health, the existence of the child, were of no concern to them; their vigilance was limited to the watching of his person, that they might give an account of him from day to day, and pass him over to the charge of those that succeeded them in the duty. Most of them were cruel by nature, and the rest were rendered so by fear; the least mercy or misgiving being certain to be construed into defective patriotism or sympathy with tyrants. Thus the invariable treatment of the little prisoner was one of uncompromising harshness. No one for a moment was affected by any consideration for his comfort or convenience. Often the new commissaries appointed by the Council-general did not arrive at the Temple before midnight; when, preceded by a turnkey, they straightway went up to the “wolf-cub’s” kennel, and a pitiless voice would call to him, to make sure that he had not been carried off. If, on some occasions, plunged in the forgetfulness of sleep, he delayed a moment in replying, an arm, moved by disquietude, would open the turning wicket with a great noise,

and the voice would cry : "Capet ! Capet !—are you asleep ? Where are you ? Young viper, get up !"

The child, waking with a start, would get out of bed and come trembling to the grating : "I am here, citizens," he would answer, as he feebly crawled along.

"Come here, that I may see you," exclaims the voice.

"Here I am ; what do you want with me ?"

"To see you," says Cerberus, turning his lantern on the opening. "All right. Get to bed. In ! Down !"

Perhaps two or three hours afterwards the enormous keys grated harshly again, and the iron door moved on its hinges ; it was the turn of some commissaries who had been delayed, and who, no less zealous or as curious as the first arrivals, wished to see the prisoner—thus bringing disturbance to a rest that was just again commencing, and terror to an imagination that was beginning to grow calm. The child was again obliged to get up and be inspected. During these visits, the conversation between the municipals on guard and those who were coming to relieve them was oftentimes prolonged ; a hundred idle questions were exchanged, bringing on a long interrogatory, in the course of which the child, half-naked, bathed in the perspiration of sleep, and shivering from the night-air, was forced to stand and hear their cruel language, with the blazing lantern dazzling his eyes, injured and almost blinded by the effects of his dusky solitude. Under so much harassing and suffering, his frame became emaciated, his mind stupified and deadened, and all the springs of his affections were utterly dried up. Formerly, he could weep, but the power of weeping left him ; and in the parched bitterness of his soul's despair, he was consumed by—

"A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear !"

But still the lagging hours dragged round their heaviness, by night and day, through unnoted weeks and months, bringing only the same old burden of dull inaction, dreary lassitude, noisome and unchanging isolation. Long ago he had ceased to sweep his room ; ceased to move the palliass of his bed ; abandoned all attempt to lift his mattress. His sheets were never changed, his blanket was worn to rags ; he could not change his linen, nor repair his tattered clothes ;

nor even perform for himself the commonest acts of cleanliness. He ceased taking off his clothes when he crept to rest upon his bed, and lay down in his forlorn misery, like a leper in his loathsomeness. In his complete prostration, he took no measure of his sufferings; his very instincts scarcely sufficed for the sustaining of his life. Remnants of unswallowed food were scattered over the floor, or lay festering among the rags upon his bed. Mice and rats came to share with him the possession of his room, and to feast upon the spoils or the remains of his scant rations. Then great hideous black spiders, such as are only seen in dungeons, would crawl over his bed, and often in such numbers that he was fain to yield it up to them, and pass the remainder of the night upon his chair, with his elbows resting on the table. Everywhere there was dust and dirt, and noisome filth; putrid vapours formed the atmosphere of the room, the windows whereof were never opened; his bed, the floor, the walls were always damp; and vermin, in multitudes innumerable, swarmed and crawled continually about the place. "Every thing is *alive* in that room!" said the scullionboy one day, as he took away the crockery, and glanced into the frightful den. Hideous and disgusting shapes of life verily infested every thing therein, and preyed on the forlorn child, whose own life was given up to them! Never, perhaps, in any barbarous and benighted land was there a sacrifice more merciless to the victim, or more revolting or disgraceful to humanity.

X.—BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.

All this while the general citizens of Paris had no definite conception of what was going on within the Temple; the only rumour that reached them being to the effect, that the health of the dauphin was visibly declining, and that he had become at length so much reduced as to be unable to stand or sit from weakness. Such was the state of matters when, after the fall of Robespierre, Barras, the new dictator, with several members of the committees and deputies of the Convention, visited the Temple, to double the guard there, and receive from the troops the oath of fidelity to the new government. From some motive of interest or policy, Barras conceived that, independently of the municipals who relieved each other every day at the Tower, it would be desirable to have a per-

manent agent stationed there, in whom the government could repose entire confidence. Accordingly, on his proposition, the Committee afterwards appointed Citizen Laurent to be official keeper to the royal children, and forthwith installed him in the Temple.

Laurent arrived there on the evening of the 29th of July, 1794—the day after the execution of our old friend Simon, who went with Robespierre and his associates to the scaffold. The new keeper was received by the municipals in the council-room, but it was not until two o'clock in the morning that they conducted him to the apartment of little Capet. One of the municipals called loudly to the prisoner, and after calling many times without an answer there came at last a feeble "Yes" from the interior, unaccompanied, however, by any movement on the part of the prostrate speaker. No amount of threatening could make him rise and come to the wicket; and it was therefore at a distance of twenty feet from him, and by the light of a candle turned upon his pallet, that the new keeper obtained his first glimpse of the little prisoner. He saw enough, however, to excite his feelings of horror and disgust at the poor child's condition. The very next day he addressed the Committee of Public Safety, requesting them to make a formal examination of the prison. Several members of the Committee, accordingly, repaired to the Temple for that purpose, and witnessed such a spectacle as made several of them shudder. In a dark room, exhaling an odour of corruption, on a dirty, unmade bed, barely covered with a filthy cloth and a ragged pair of trousers, a child of nine years old was lying motionless; his back bent, his face wan and wasted, and all his features exhibiting an expression of mournful apathy and rigid unintelligence. They found his head and neck fretted by purulent sores, his legs and arms disproportionately lengthened, his knees and wrists covered with blue and yellow swellings, his feet and hands disfigured, so as to have no resemblance to human flesh, and his nails grown long and horny, like the claws of a wild animal. On his temples, his once beautiful fair hair was stuck fast, for want of combing, by an inveterate scurf like pitch; and from head to foot his whole body was covered with vermin. On the table was his last meal scarcely touched; and on being asked several times why he did not eat, he at length answered briefly: "I wish to die!" The visitors ordered

the grated door to be taken down, and gave some other trivial directions ; and then went their way, leaving Laurent with no very definite instructions respecting how he was to proceed.

Laurent, however, being a man of benevolent feelings, and of some audacity, began at once to do what seemed to be required by the urgency of the case. He sent for water to wash the poor child's sores, and called a surgeon in to dress them ; had the room thoroughly cleansed and purified ; procured a fresh bed and clean linen ; and obtained permission for a tailor to come and measure the boy for a new suit of clothes. In the course of a day or two, young Louis was restored to something like a state of wholesomeness, and supplied with nearly every common necessary. He was for some time indifferent to these attentions, but eventually understanding the design of them, he grew grateful and sensible to kindness, and became affectionately attached to his protector. Laurent was not often allowed to remain with him except at meal-times, but he now and then got permission to take him up to the top of the Tower for a walk, and endeavoured in all ways, as far as possible, to relieve him from the effects of that depressing inaction, which was one of the worst consequences of his solitude.

The good Laurent, indeed, nearly made himself a slave to his situation, and after a time began to feel the effects of the close confinement. After some months, he accordingly applied to the Committee of Public Safety for an assistant, to share with him the burden of his duties. The Committee acceded to the request, and straightway appointed one Citizen Gomin to the post. This admirable citizen was then about thirty years of age ; and it was his after-lot to live to the age of eighty, and to furnish M. Beauchesne, not many years ago, with a great number of particulars relating to the dauphin's prolonged imprisonment. From him, also, the poor child received the kindest possible treatment ; the details of which it would here afford us the greatest pleasure to present in full, were it not that the exigences of space compel us to forbear.

There were other good men, too, in this sad business whom we have scarcely room to name. Let us not, however, quite look over thee, O brave Commissary Delboy ! thou rusty blade of honour—who, with blunt manner and brief

speech, camest one day into the Temple—14th November, 1794—and there produced a singular sensation! It is written of thee: “He had every thing opened for his examination with fierce despatch; but under this disagreeable and arrogant outside, there was soon visible an elevation of sentiment which very greatly astonished both keepers and the prisoner.” Rough sans-culotte as he seemed, there was a dashing, audacious chivalry in his words and conduct. “Why this bad food?” said he. “If they were in the Tuileries, we might indeed contend against their having any food; but here, in our own hands, we should show clemency towards them—the nation is generous! Why exclude the light? Under the reign of equality, the sun shines for all, and they ought to be allowed their share of it. Why prevent them from seeing each other under the reign of fraternity?” Well might the little prince “open his eyes wide,” as he watched every motion of the vehement visiter, whose expressions were so strong a contrast to his manners. “Would you not like, my boy,” said he; “would you not be very glad to go and play with your sister? I don’t see why the nation should recollect your origin, if you forget it yourself.” Then turning towards Laurent and Gomin, he went on: “It is not his fault that he is the son of his father; he is nothing now but an unfortunate child, therefore do not be hard upon him. The unfortunate belong to humanity, and the country is the mother of all her children.” After going in this style through his turn of duty, Citizen Delboy quits the Temple, giving place to other commissaries, and appears no more in connection with our history.

Laurent and Gomin took courage from his behaviour, and availed themselves of his example, to give their prisoner more advantages. When Laurent left the Temple, in March 1795, to look after his own family affairs, which then required his attention, he was succeeded by Etienne Lanse, a house-painter, formerly of the French Guards, and more recently captain of a company of grenadiers. The man was obliged to leave his business, to undertake the duty thrust upon him by the Commune. Nevertheless, he proved himself a firm and benevolent guardian to little Louis; attending to him, conversing with him, and amusing him, so as materially to lighten the protracted dreariness of his confinement. The poor boy grew very fond of him, and was very thankful

for his kindness, and resigned and docile under his generous control. To any humane mind, it cannot be otherwise than pleasing to learn that all the latter months of the long-neglected orphan's durance were rendered as mild and endurable as men of noble minds and willing hands could make them, under the restraints of a jealous and unsympathizing supervision. Honoured, to all posterity, be the names of Laurent, Lanse, and Gomin!

XL.—THE END OF THE CAPTIVITY.

But no amount of kindness, no assiduity of attention, could bring back health to the frame, or befitting elasticity to the spirits, which had been so long and so cruelly depressed. The little prisoner was gradually, but obviously, sinking under the enormous burden which had been laid upon him to bear. In the month of May, 1795, Gomin and Lanse became really alarmed at his condition. They straightway informed the government that "little Capet was dangerously ill." Finding no attention paid to their statement, they added, in their next report: "It is feared he will not live;" and after a three days' delay, a physician was sent to give the invalid such assistance as his art could afford. His prescriptions had small effect upon the patient, who was indeed too far gone to be ever again restored, unless under the influences of country air and liberty. "The progress of the disease was shown by very alarming symptoms; his weakness was excessive; his keepers could scarcely drag him to the top of the Tower; the walking hurt his tender feet, and at every step he stopped to press the arm of Lanse with both hands upon his breast, as if he felt his heart sinking within him." At last, he suffered so much that it was no longer possible for him to walk, and his keeper carried him about, sometimes on the platform, and sometimes in the Little Tower adjoining the larger one, where the royal family had lived at first. But the slight improvement to his health occasioned by the change of air scarcely compensated for the pain which the fatigue gave him."

He was removed to a more airy room, but though the change was pleasant to him, it had no permanent effect. Nothing, indeed, could revive an existence worn out by so

much suffering ; and all that the medical art could do for him, was to soften the last stages of his incurable disease. He sank day by day, till at last he had no strength left. Nevertheless, his mind retained its faculties in perfect clearness. He evidently pondered much on the hardships and miseries of his life. There was a mysteriousness about them which he sought in vain to comprehend. On the night of the 7th of June, while Gomin was with him in his chamber, his eye alternately dimmed and sparkled, and a large tear rolled slowly down his cheek.

"What is the matter ?" asked Gomin, kindly.

"Always alone !" replied the child. "My dear mother remains in the other Tower !"

He had never been informed of his mother's death, nor of his aunt Elizabeth's, who was guillotined shortly afterwards. There was now no one of his family in the Tower except his sister.

On the morning of the 8th of June, the physicians—there were now two of them—issued bulletins to the effect that the prince's life was in unquestionable peril. As Gomin was afterwards watching by his bed, he remarked to the little patient : "I am very unhappy to see you suffering so much."

"Take comfort," said the child ; "I shall not suffer always !"

Gomin knelt down, that he might be nearer to him. "The child took his hand, and pressed it to his lips. The pious heart of Gomin prompted an ardent prayer—one of those prayers that misery wrings from man, and love sends up to God. The child did not let go the faithful hand that still remained to him, and raised his eyes to heaven while Gomin prayed for him." Some hours afterwards, Lanse was present alone, sitting near the bed, when suddenly the prince looked at him with a fixed and dreamy eye. A little while before, he had fancied he heard music, and he asked his attendant whether he thought it had been heard also by his sister. Lanse could not answer. The anguished glance of the dying boy turned eagerly to the window ; and then turning towards his keeper, and looking intently in his face, he exclaimed abruptly : "I have something to tell you !" Lanse came close to him, and took his hand ; the prisoner's little hand leaned on the good man's shoulder, who listened, but no further word was uttered. The lips that spoke were silent—the throbbing heart no longer beat—the heir of all the Capets

had gone over to the immortals! He was just ten years, two months, and twelve days old.

Two days afterwards, the body was buried in the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, by the Rue Saint Bernard. No mound was raised over the grave, no stone or other memorial erected to mark the spot—it was the desire of the revolutionary rulers to conceal it—and to this day no one has ever been able to find it out. The only monument or shrine he has ever had, is that which his innocence and his sufferings have built up in the mystical and expansive sanctuary of a remembering human pity!

THE DUKE OF KENT.*

MR. NEALE'S Life of the Duke of Kent has been published somewhat late in the day ; rather too much in the afternoon of the events to which it is related. Nevertheless, even at the present period, it is worthy of consideration, and may agreeably entertain the reading public for a season. It would seem, indeed, that this Edward, Duke of Kent, was really, as Dr. Maton styled him, "a most princely-minded man ;" not merely a prince by birth and station, but a prince also among the lofty aristocracy of noble minds. As his life was a troubled and eventful one, and his memory has been long lying under some unmerited suspicions, it is highly proper that an authentic record of his actual deeds and character should be rendered public, for the satisfaction of a reasonable curiosity, and also as a means of vindicating a reputation that has been in some respects aspersed and unfairly represented.

Such a record, having every appearance of faithfulness and credibility, Mr. Neale has here produced. He had many qualifications for the work. He knew the Duke ; retains an "indelible recollection of his courtesy and kindness," during a certain "memorable interview ;" has been at different times acquainted with several persons competent to speak of his habits, peculiarities, and circumstances ; had opportunities of gaining large access to documents necessary to be consulted ; possessed sufficient industry and patience for their due investigation, and the needful ability for arranging and reproducing them in a shape readable and convenient : he is, moreover, a man of evident candour and calm judgment ; knows and respects all the conventional amenities ; and has the aptitude and talent requisite for a delicate handling of his subject. His object, as he affirms, is "to do justice to a noble-minded man," whom he conceives to have been throughout his life "most harshly, unfairly, and spitefully treated." By such a

* Sharpe's "London Magazine," September, 1850. The Life of the Duke of Kent, by the Rev. Erskine Neale.

sentence, Mr. Neale evidently casts blame on somebody ; and it is only fair that it should fall where it is due : this is his intention, and for the rest, he leaves his book to fate.

Feeling the interest of the work, and supposing that sundry readers—in these days of competition, agricultural hardship, over-population, dreadful stress of pauperism, and a ruinous weight of taxes—may not care to spend fourteen shillings on a single volume, it is proposed, for their benefit, to select some of the main particulars it contains, and to present them for larger circulation in the present pages. Let the reader bear in mind the straitness of our space, the severe brevity that must be practised, and believe that we design to do the utmost that is possible for his curiosity ; and then, perhaps, he may realize a state of mind which may incline him to be thankful for what he gets.

Edward Augustus, fourth son of George III., was born at Buckingham House, at noon, on the second of November, 1767. In allusion to his birth, he was sometimes heard to say,—“My arrival was somewhat *mal-à-propos*. The month was gloomy November ; the court was enveloped in gloom, for it was a season of mourning ; one of my uncles, a great favourite with my father, was then lying dead in his coffin ; his funeral, in fact, took place some twenty-four hours after my birth. Sometimes the thought has crossed me, whether my inopportune appearance was not ominous of the life of gloom and struggle which awaited me.”

“The Duke’s childhood,” says Mr. Neale, “as that of princes generally, may be passed over as affording little scope for observation ; but at an early period of life, he was placed under the care of an earnest and judicious instructor, Mr. Fisher, subsequently Canon of Windsor, and successively Bishop of Exeter and Salisbury.” This gentleman worthily fulfilled his trust, and continued to the end of a long life to cherish the most affectionate feelings of regard for his royal pupil. In 1824, at a party in his own house, in Lower Seymour Street, the good Bishop entertained his guests with some of his recollections of the Prince, referring to the period of his early life. “I may well be proud of him,” said he ; “a prince with whom the love of truth was paramount to every consideration ; a prince whom nothing could induce to dissemble ; even in childhood it was the same. At Kew Palace there was a timepiece, highly prized by George III. :

it was a clumsy affair ; there was nothing particular in its construction, or ingenious about its movement. The only attraction it possessed arose from its historical associations. It had belonged, if my memory rightly serves me, to the youthful Duke of Gloucester, son of Queen Anne. One morning the pedestal of this relic was found vacant, and the timepiece itself lying on the ground, a wreck. It had been battered by some heavy instrument, and lay shivered in fragments. Repair was hopeless. The dial was damaged irreparably. The King's displeasure was not light ; and immediate inquiries were instituted. They issued in no satisfactory result ; the culprit could not even be guessed at ; no one had witnessed the disaster ; no one could explain its occurrence. After many hours elapsed, by mere chance a question was put to Prince Edward. "I did it," was the instant and unhesitating reply. "But," said one party [probably the tutor], anxious to screen the intrepid boy,—“your royal highness did it by accident ?” “No ; I did it intentionally.” “But your royal highness regrets what you have done ?” “No ; not at all.” “Not sorry ?” “No ; I may be sorry for it to-morrow, but I certainly am not sorry for it now.” It was impossible to get over this avowal. The Prince was punished, *and not slightly*. “But *when*,” added the Bishop, “*was it otherwise, in childhood or manhood ?—WHEN and where ?*” Emphatic interrogatory !—which, had it been uttered sooner, might have prevented Mr. Fisher from knowing the comforts of a bishoprick. The capacious memory that retained a lively recollection of a “Pigeon Paley,” might easily have remembered (for no good) the insinuated censure of the Prince's tutor.

Having chosen the profession of arms, the Prince, in his eighteenth year, was sent to Luneburg, then forming a part of the electorate of Hanover, there to prosecute his military studies, under the superintendence of Baron Wangelheim. “Farmer George,” as the prince amusingly styled his father, granted him an annual allowance of a thousand pounds ; most of which, however, was privately appropriated by the “Governor :” the said Baron being of opinion that it was the best policy for himself to keep his pupil short of cash. “One guinea and a half per week, sometimes melted down by military forfeits to twenty-two shillings,” was all that found its way into the prince's purse for personal expenses

of every description. Rather tight reining for a colt of the royal blood! Meanwhile, his "military duties" were enforced with unrelenting punctuality and severity. There was no pause or respite in the grim old Baron's discipline. The order of every day was "parade and drill;" parade and drill to the utmost weariness of soul and body. A spirited sprig of royalty, not unnaturally, found such a kind of destiny a bore. He grew disgusted with the "Governor;" disgusted with wretched, poverty-stricken, gloomy, insufferable old Luneburg; disgusted with his "professional duties;" in every respect immeasurably disgusted.

After a year's residence at Luneburg, the Prince was removed to Hanover, where apartments were provided for him in one of the royal palaces. "It was a change of scene," said he, "but with it came no remedy of existing evils. The same niggardly allowance was dealt out; the same system of *espionnage* was carried on: my letters were intercepted; several never reached the King; he was displeased at my apparently undutiful silence; false representations were made to him respecting my conduct: I was described to him as recklessly extravagant. I had the means of being so, undoubtedly, on a guinea and a half a-week! Much of the estrangement between my royal parent and myself—much of the sorrow of my after life, may be ascribed to that most unwise and most uncalled-for sojourn in the electorate."

Nevertheless, the sojourn at Hanover and Luneburg was not wholly overshadowed with disgust and gloom. The close of it was rather pleasantly lit up by a little candlelight of professional promotion. On the 30th of May, 1786, he learns that he has been gazetted Colonel in the army by brevet. On the 3rd of the following month he is elected Knight of the Garter. Luneburg and Hanover shall soon be things of simple recollection. In October, 1787, by the King's command, he goes into quarters at Geneva. Here he had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of several English noblemen of his own age. "The charms of companionship there awaited him. The worth of youthful friendship was proffered to him. In the situation of the city itself there was much to interest him. Nowhere does nature appear more lovely and attractive than on the shores of Leman's lake. And marvellously fair is the city which is mirrored in its crystal waters."

In this picturesque environment, a prince, with ready money, might have had a chance of pleasantly enjoying life. Unhappily, the fate of Tantalus was a doom which the Prince might think upon, and draw comparisons. Although the sum paid to the old Baron, for maintaining the establishment of his royal pupil, was now six thousand pounds per annum, the beggarly dole of thirty-one and sixpence was all that the young colonel received from week to week as private pocket-money. The Baron was extremely considerate of the cash, and liked to make a profit by his undertakings. The Baron shall have praise among the crafty, but, nevertheless, behold the consequences. "From not having any of those indulgences allowed him which other young Englishmen of his own age, with whom he was living, enjoyed, and who were the sons of private gentlemen, the Duke incurred debts by borrowing money to procure them:" debts which were a burden to him during the remainder of his life. "In truth," as Mr. Neale remarks, "the inadequacy of his income, for many years, to support him in the style of living which, as a prince, he was called upon to adopt, was a perpetual and *unmerited* source of discomfort and disquiet." Till he came to reside at Geneva he had not any kind of equipage, nor had even been the owner of a horse. No rideable sort of animal—unless, perhaps, it might be some elderly and degenerate donkey—could, of course, be purchasable out of an income so unprincely as thirty-one and sixpence by the week, liable to fines.

Anybody who has been in debt knows what it is to hear a knock at the street door. Debts, when the debtor is a prince may be easily contracted, but, by a prince extremely scant of cash, cannot so readily be paid. We suspect his royal highness came to be acquainted with the astonishing perseverance of a dun. To a prince of the royal blood, extremely well disposed to pay, but always destitute of change, the frequent visitations of individuals having pecuniary demands were likely to grow burdensome. Appeals to the Baron are like asking compassion of a flint; appeals to the paternal majesty are not a whit the more successful. The Prince declares at last: "I have so seldom found a gracious answer to any of the little, trifling requests I have made him, that I am now very shy of asking." Other annoyances are not wanting: his valet is a spy upon him,

and much in favour with the Baron ; the Baron is a sort of Satan in disguise, and obstinately opposes him in all his wishes, right or wrong ; on all hands he feels himself most miserably straitened. What were it advisable for a prince, feeling his situation to be intolerable, to think upon, and do ? It occurs to him that, like the young man in the parable, he will "arise and go unto his father," and see what kind of fatted calf, or other prodigal's provision, will be there prepared for him. He is now of age, and believes himself entitled to an impartial hearing : perhaps "Farmer George" may be pleased to be considerate.

Accordingly, on a certain night in January, 1790, the young Prince suddenly arrives in London, taking up his quarters at an hotel in King Street, St. James's. Notice of his arrival is sent to the Prince of Wales, who immediately goes to visit him, and brings him home to Carlton House. Here the two are joined by the Duke of York, by whom, it is agreed, intelligence of the event shall be communicated to the King. But who shall express the extreme and unappeasable displeasure of his majesty ! The rage of Achilles is understood to have been rather terrible ; but the rage of George III. is even still more awful to encounter. Tremble intensely, O Edward ! for thou art now to be its victim. To every extenuating circumstance suggested in the Prince's favour by his brothers—and it seems that their conduct on this occasion was most disinterested and affectionate—the King sullenly replied, "Edward has quitted his post without leave ; he is now in England without my cognizance or consent. His presence here is an act of the most daring and deliberate disobedience ; and you call on me to sanction it ! Not so," said his majesty. And the majestic mind straightway formed its own decision ; a decision that was unalterable, like the laws of the Medes and Persians. For thirteen days, the Prince sought every opportunity to see the King ; but prospered nothing in his enterprise. On the thirteenth day he received a sealed official paper. He opened it with impatience, and read, with astonishment and sorrow, a peremptory order to—embark for Gibraltar within the space of four-and-twenty hours ! On the night of his departure, he was allowed an audience of *five minutes*, and then dismissed. On the 1st of February, he sailed from England, with the "insignificant sum of £500," advanced for his use.

to Captain Crawford. "He did not receive with his orders one single sentence to soothe, to cheer, or to satisfy him as to what his stated allowance would be when he should arrive at his destination. Such was the reception, and such the treatment measured out to the Duke of Kent."

"Now," says Mr. Neale, "when one recalls the numerous escapades of his elder brother, the Prince of Wales—the debts which that expensive gentleman contracted, and which were again and again defrayed by the nation; the messages which, in rather rapid succession, came down to parliament, relative to the pecuniary difficulties, perplexities, and embarrassments of the first gentleman in Europe; the manner in which he more than once contravened the royal authority and was forgiven—hard measure seems to have been dealt out to the youthful Edward." His offence, considering the circumstances, was of quite a venial description; since there are grounds for believing that his main object was personally to represent his position to the King, and thus obtain some means of providing for his pecuniary obligations.

As no opportunity was granted him for this purpose, and no provision made on his account, one of the first results attendant on his new appointment, was an immediate increase to his difficulties. In the first place, he was compelled to provide his outfit at an enormous cost, as he had to purchase it in a colony, at prices extravagantly exceeding what he would have had to pay in England. Instead of paying off old debts, he found it impossible to avoid contracting new ones. One satisfaction, however, he possessed to comfort him—he was everlastingly quit of the old Baron; Governor Wangenheim could fret and worry him no more. He had, besides, the fortune to be placed under a much more generous tutelage. Colonel Symes was deputed by General O'Hara, then in command at Gibraltar, to take the Prince under his special superintendence. In the colonel he finds a friend who makes repeated efforts to get him relieved from his embarrassments. In one of the communications sent to the Home authorities there is this admission: "The Prince's general conduct has been perfectly to the satisfaction of General O'Hara, and has met the approbation of the whole garrison." If the Prince had any fault, it seemed to be a tendency to rather rigorous discipline. He had drawn his notions from the Baron, the only military disciplinarian he

was hitherto acquainted with. These notions, it is said, he subsequently abandoned; though it is admitted that while at Gibraltar, he attached too much consequence to trifles. While colonel of the Royal Fusileers, his strict habits rendered him unpopular with the men. Before long, representations relative to their dissatisfaction were transmitted home; and the result was that his Royal Highness was shortly ordered to embark with his regiment for America. At his departure, however, the officers gave him a splendid banquet, at a cost of £250; when the warmest assurances of esteem for his character and person were unanimously presented him. In an account of the *fête*, drawn up by Captain Fyers, of the Royal Engineers, allusion is made to the unfavourable representations understood to have been circulated in England to the Prince's prejudice. "We, however," says the writer, "know that these rumours can only find credit amongst those that are strangers to his character. His conduct, whilst here, has been most meritorious; and were we to inquire what young man in Gibraltar has shown himself to be the most attentive and diligent in the discharge of his public duties, as well as the most regular and temperate in his private hours, the answer would be 'Prince Edward.'" Such a testimony, we suppose, is quite sufficient to show the estimation in which the Prince was held among those to whom he was best known in Gibraltar.

From Gibraltar to Quebec was not the pleasantest change of climate. That, however, might have been endured, had his income been such as to enable him to provide for his pecuniary engagements. But the most arbitrary and inconsiderate course had been all along pursued towards him. After several months' residence at Gibraltar, he had learned that his yearly allowance was fixed at £5000 a-year—£1000 less than was granted to Baron Wangeenheim for the expenses of his establishment at Geneva, where he was completely under the control of his governor, and had no stately appearances to support; while at Gibraltar, he had "a definite public position to maintain, with private and professional claims on him on all sides." Surely, if £6000 were required at Geneva, £5000 was miserably inadequate at Gibraltar. On quitting for America, he entered into arrangements with his creditors, by giving bonds to them for sums amounting in the whole to £20,000, payable at the expiration of seven

years. He was induced to take this course under the impression that before the arrival of that period he should obtain his "parliamentary establishment," and from it be enabled to cancel the bonds, the interest of which was in the meanwhile to be paid quarterly—a stipulation faithfully carried out, but which absorbed a fifth of his current income. The debts incurred at Gibraltar the King subsequently undertook to discharge; but, for some reason or other, never fulfilled his promise.

After his arrival in America, the Prince found that his position as a prince and a field-officer was utterly incompatible with his means, and that instead of diminishing his difficulties, he was daily constrained to add to them. Living in such a coil of harassing entanglements, he naturally grew anxious for any change that would divert his attention from them. He accordingly sought, and readily obtained, an appointment to serve under Sir Charles Grey, who was then engaged in the reduction of the French in the West Indies. On joining Sir Charles, an honourable post was immediately assigned him; and in the first despatch from the invaded island of Martinique, he is described as "commanding at Camp la Coste, with great spirit and activity."

During the progress of this campaign, his daring bravery procured him the general admiration of his companions in the contest. He distinguished himself in several engagements, and so freely exposed himself to danger as to obtain an unusual degree of popularity among the soldiers. At the capture of Guadaloupe, in April 1794, the Prince led on the first division, consisting of the first and second battalions of grenadiers, and one hundred of the naval battalion, to the attack of the post on Morne Marcot; which was performed with such exactitude, spirit, and ability, "a," in the language of Sir Charles Grey, "to do the officer who commanded it, and every officer and soldier under him, more honour than he could find words to convey an adequate idea of, or to express the high sense which he entertained of their extraordinary merit on the occasion."

He has thus, at the age of twenty-seven, gained a creditable reputation for skill and courage in the field. The Parliament of England hears of it, and both Houses pass a vote of thanks to him for his "gallant conduct and meritorious exertions." The Irish Parliament does the like; so

that, as far as honour goes, the Prince may deem himself to have been tolerably rewarded. Honour is pleasant; but then, as Falstaff said, "honour cannot set a leg." It has "no skill in surgery." Neither is it adequate to replenish one's finances. To a prince so utterly "hard up," that "when he arrived at Martinique he was destitute of all but the clothes upon his person," parliamentary praises must have been comparatively indifferent. Had the parliament been pleased to grant that long expected "parliamentary establishment," it would have done something which the Prince could have been grateful for. Whether he expected it at this period does not definitely appear; but there were precedents for expecting it even earlier, since his brother, the Duke of York, had obtained *his* provision at the age of twenty-one, and the Duke of Clarence at the age of twenty-four. The latter, indeed, received £16,000 in addition to his income, as mere "pecuniary assistance"—£10,000 of which was given to help him to set up housekeeping. Contrasted with these liberal allowances, the indifferent provision made for Prince Edward indicates a negligence of his interests and comfort quite unworthy of the father of a family. One asks, with Mr. Neale, "Whence arose this insensibility to his position?" And, as the Yankee said, with reference to an inquiry which he made in the halls of his respected ancestors—"Echo answers, 'Really, I don't know!'" Mr. Neale gives us the impression that the Prince was always disliked at court; that he was distinctly slighted by the King, and treated with a systematic disregard of all his natural claims. Whether this was because the Prince was supposed to have rather liberal political tendencies, or whether there be any other reasons, or none whatever, to account for it, Mr. Neale is not able to inform us. The Prince, however, had an impression of his own. In a letter, full of bitterness, he says, in allusion to his career in the West Indies—"The wish entertained about me, in certain quarters, when serving there, was *that I might fall*." Are we to understand that such a wish was attributed to George III.? If so, one cannot suppose that Queen Victoria can much respect her grandfather.

The West Indian campaign having been concluded, his royal highness received orders to return to Canada. But he never took a step without increasing his embarrassments. An extraordinary combination of untoward circumstances—

the loss of several equipments through capture of the vessels in which they were conveyed—in a few months added to his debts not less than £14,000 ; a sum completely lost, but for which he was nevertheless answerable. Upon the whole, when he quitted North America, he was far more seriously involved than when he entered it. An unexpected circumstance, which occasioned his departure, was probably a relief to him. In October, 1798, as he was “returning from a field-day of the garrison,” he sustained an accident from the falling of his horse in the streets of Halifax ; and for the benefit of surgical advice he immediately repaired to England.

In the spring of the following year, the House of Commons granted him his first parliamentary income of £12,000 per annum. But, as if to signify the royal partiality, the king provided that the Duke of Cumberland, though four years younger, should have *his* public allowance settled on him at the same time. Respecting this arrangement Mr. Neale remarks :—“It requires but the operation of a very simple rule in arithmetic to show that, by the postponement of Prince Edward’s parliamentary allowance, the country was, on every principle of equity, his debtor to the amount of £48,000. Either this was the case, or his younger brother, Prince Ernest, had received his parliamentary provision four years too soon, and was therefore a debtor to the country in the like sum.”

Allowing all this to pass, as we needs must, we go on to tell, that on St. George’s day, 1799, the Prince was raised to the dignity of “Duke of Kent and Strathearne in Great Britain, and Earl of Dublin in Ireland ;” and on the 7th of May in the same year he took his seat in the House of Lords. On the 10th he was promoted to the rank of general in the army, and on the 17th received the appointment of commander-in-chief of the forces in British North America, whither he proceeded in July. His stay, however, was brief ; for, “in the ensuing autumn, a severe bilious attack, followed by alarming symptoms, rendered it necessary that he should obtain immediate leave of absence, and return forthwith to England.”

After his recovery, he availed himself of his presence in England to press, in person, his claims to remuneration for the repeated losses he had sustained in his removal from place to place, by order of his sovereign, and in the service of

his country. During an audience with Mr. Pitt, he also pointed out the singular and invidious delay that had taken place with respect to his parliamentary provision. To which representations the minister replied, that "the Prince having been abroad for so many years on foreign service, his provision had been totally overlooked—an omission which was entirely his (Mr. Pitt's) fault; and for that he took shame to himself; but that so far as pecuniary loss was concerned, his Royal Highness should receive amends." Ultimately he promised, that if the Prince were not placed on an exact footing with the Duke of Clarence, and so invested with a grant of £96,000, in compensation for eight years' arrears of his parliamentary income, he should at least enjoy the same advantage as the Duke of Cumberland, and be paid an arrear of four years, or £48,000—a promise which greatly brightened the prince's prospects, and gave him hope of redeeming himself from his embarrassments. Unhappily, a prime minister's promises are not the most stable things to put one's trust in; they depend on so many circumstances; and, after all these years, Mr. Neale writes it down with an exclamation, "NEITHER SUM was ever awarded!"

The fact is, the great Pitt had quite enough to do to get money to keep his ministerial pot boiling. Moreover, he retired from office, and was succeeded by Mr. Addington, who also promised—promised in a manner the "most positive and unqualified"—but eventually "forgot, or made a show of forgetting, the assurances he had uttered." The Duke obtained nothing from Pitt or Addington, unless it were an impression that all prime-ministers are liars.

After many equivocations, Minister Addington seems to have adopted the confession of St. Peter—" 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I will give unto thee,' that is to say, a *place*. Here is the vacant governorship of Gibraltar; go into that, and be comforted." The Duke hesitates, but finally accepts the offer. He is given to understand, however, that the "state of things" in the garrison is very bad; that there is much drunkenness and insubordination among the soldiers, which *must be put down*; that his Royal Highness will be required to put it down, and is, indeed, considered the proper man to do it; but that in the discharge of his arduous duties, he shall have the "fullest support from Government." One of his "instruc-

tions" ran as follows:—"It is essential that your Royal Highness should be made aware, previous to your assuming the command at Gibraltar, that too great a proportion of the garrison has been usually employed on duties of fatigue; that, in consequence, discipline has been relaxed, and drunkenness promoted; that it will be the *duty* of your Royal Highness to *exact* the most minute attention to all his Majesty's regulations for disciplining, arming, clothing, and appointing of the army, from *all* of which not the most trifling deviation can be allowed."

The Duke was appointed to the government on the 27th of March, 1802, and reached his destination on the 10th of May. From the statements previously made to him he was prepared to find the troops in a most irregular and licentious state, and the garrison thronged with abuses in every department. But the representations made to him in England fell infinitely short of the actual immorality, insubordination, and open laxity of all military rule which he found prevailing. On the very day he landed, he had an immediate opportunity of forming a judgment of the terrible task he had undertaken, from the exterior appearance of the troops, as they assembled in "review order" on the Grand Parade, and afterwards formed a line from thence to the lieutenant-governor's quarters, where the Duke at first took up his residence. "To describe the slovenliness of their appearance," says Mr. Neale, "the total want of uniformity in their dress and appointments, the inaccuracy of their movements, and the unsteadiness of both *officers and men*, is beyond the power of language." Moreover, the grossest irregularities characterised the bearing of the men in the public streets, and in their personal intercourse with the inhabitants. They might be seen roving about in scores, in a state of the most riotous intoxication. Discipline was a thing of mere tradition; and every man did that which was "right in his own eyes," which was usually the grossest *wrong* that his drunken head could think of.

The Duke looked on for several days, a silent, inactive, and disgusted spectator. He ponders a variety of plans for cleansing this Augean stable, and thinks at last, with Hercules, that he can do it best by turning a little water through it. Water, to be sure, is a scarce element in Gibraltar, but of *wine* there is an evident superabundance. He

may not be able greatly to increase the supply of water ; but he fancies something may be done to diminish the supply of wine. When less wine shall be obtainable, it is a reasonable inference that, in a hot climate, there will be a larger use of water : a beverage well known to be considerably more conducive to sobriety. There were in Gibraltar about ninety licensed wine-houses, all mainly supported by the soldiery. At the risk of some of his revenue, the Duke determines to suppress as many of these as possible. He therefore issues an order to shut up thirty ; selecting such as were in the immediate vicinity of the barracks, and in by-lanes and obscure places favourable for drinking on the sly, and allowing those to remain which stood prominently in the public streets. In cancelling the licences, he was, however, careful to distinguish between parties who could support themselves without the wine trade, and those who depended upon it solely for subsistence—avoiding a too rigid interference with the latter.

This arrangement being made, he took steps for providing the soldiers with more regular occupation. He established a roll-call at sunrise ; a dress parade morning and evening ; insisted that the men should regularly attend meals ; and that after firing the second evening gun, a report should be made that they were in their barracks. He also instituted regular periods for drill and exercise ; provided for the regiments being off duty in succession, so that the commanding officers might see their men together once a week ; and enforced a system of operations to effect a general uniformity throughout the garrison.

These checks upon drunkenness and idleness were of some avail, but other and more stringent measures were found necessary. The Duke eventually considered it expedient to prohibit the soldiers from buying liquor of the retail venders, and to restrict them to the use of the regimental canteens established in the barracks for their convenience—a regulation which soon issued in a violent catastrophe. The soldiers rose in mutiny ; instigated, it is said, by many of the officers. There was, however, a want of unanimity, and the conspiracy therefore failed. According to the evidence of an old soldier—probably a mutineer—whom Mr. Neale encountered in his researches, the affair was a sad “blunder.” “You see,” said he, “the men warn’t quite unanimous. On Christ-

mas Eve the Royals broke out in mutiny, and went to the quarters of the 25th regiment, and expected the men would join them. *But they didn't.* On the 26th of December, the 25th broke out and went to the Royals, and expected the Royals to join 'em, and then *they* wouldn't—and so the mutiny was crushed. But if, on the first outbreak, on Christmas Eve, both regiments had been unanimous, the Duke would have never seen England again." This communicative veteran declared that the *officers* were at the head of the conspiracy. "You say, sir, that it was the men as mutinied. *You say very wrong.* It wor not; it wor the officers. They mutinied *fast*. I say they did *fast*; for I wor a mess waiter, and heerd much of their talk, and bitter agen the Duke it sarfinly wor. It soon reached the ranks. It set all wrong there: for it poisoned the minds of the men; and the head mutineer was himself. That's gospel truth; and I'll maintain it to the death." But who is Blank? Why should the supreme offender in the business continue shrouded in impenetrable anonymity? Had he been a private soldier nobody would have scrupled to publish forth his name; his *feelings*, if he were living, nobody would have cared to spare; consideration for *his friends* would not have been for a moment entertained: why should a mutinous villain, *in commission*, be so tenderly concealed? If Blank were really the "head mutineer," he ought in all justice to have been hanged with the three convicted "ringleaders," who were but subordinate mutineers. It is true, your "supreme villain" is often difficult to be detected; and in this instance, as in others, appears to have escaped. But if his name be really known, it ought, in all fairness and honesty, to be divulged. As the charge stands, all the other officers who were then at Gibraltar are liable to the suspicion of being implicated; any one of them may be regarded as the very Blank referred to as the grand anonymous miscreant. With all his desire to clear up this affair of mutiny, Mr. Neale has not cleared it up, and cannot clear it up, while he is satisfied to tell us upon hearsay that the principal offender was an officer named—Blank.

The declaration of Henry Salisbury (a transported mutineer), made in 1804, very distinctly charges the origin of the mutiny upon the officers. They are also described as being of the *first rank*. He says, they formed a committee for

directing the proceedings, and for the payment of the men who were most active in disorder. A plan was likewise made for seizing his Royal Highness, and forcibly placing him on board one of the ships of war, with orders not to return on pain of death. The signal for this outrage was to have been given *by an officer*. The scheme was not executed, because the committee were informed that the Duke had become acquainted with it. The names of the officers stated to have been most prominently mutinous are (apparently) given in Salisbury's confession; but they are printed here as—"Captain _____ and _____ of the Royals, and two officers of the name of _____ and _____." Some of these Blanks are probably still living in respectable society; while the three subordinate "ringleaders," that acted under their instructions, were hanged at Gibraltar! Justice, in this world, is often done imperfectly; it is so extremely difficult to *detect* a "supreme scoundrel," particularly when, as often happens, he is clothed in the regimentals of respectability.

From what has been related of this mutiny, it is very evident that, however excellent may have been the Duke of Kent's regulations and intentions, his administration rendered him exceedingly unpopular with both officers and men. The officers were as much provoked by the strictness of his discipline as the common soldiers, since it involved an unusual demand upon their time, and unpleasant limitations of their amusements, to carry it out in actual exercises of military duty. They had long been accustomed to freer ways, and desired a continuance of the old courses. So much parade, so much drilling, was not agreeable to their sensations, nor adapted to their notions of convenience. They were interrupted in their billiards, and could not sit so long or so delightfully over their wine. As to the men, they naturally hate "parade," especially in warm climates; and to be debarred from drinking, when they had money in their pockets, seemed to be the height of practicable severity. "The Duke of Kent!" said an old Chelsea pensioner, "I recollect him well. *He was a very bad man.* He WOULDN'T LET US DRINK. He was wus than any teetotaller going. Much wus. He said a soldier might do without drink. An impossibility! A rank, sheer, downright impossibility. And then his hours—he was up before the sun! And the parades—he never missed one. There was one word always foremost in his Prayer-book—the word DUTY—

and by that he swore." And yet it seems that the Duke commanded some respect. "He was noble-looking," said the pensioner—"noble-looking was the Duke, sir—noble, noble—but had rather too much iron in him. Few of his officers stood by him—very, very few—about the wine-houses particularly. In that matter he stood alone, almost, if not altogether alone. . . . To be sure, 'twas surprising how the deaths in the garrison diminished after many of them wine-shops were shut up. The sick list was wonderfully shortened. Perhaps the Duke meant us well. But about parades and wine-shops, his notions were most cussedly onaccountable." The probable mutineer, before quoted, bears a somewhat similar testimony to the Duke's excellent intentions, and more particularly to his kindness, though he has the self-same reservation respecting his restraints on drinking. "There wor a deal o' kindness about the Duke, too. He never forgot the sick soldier; went to the hospital, saw that justice was done to the poor fellows there; and would listen patiently to any request a poor devil had to make. But, for a soldier, mark you—for a soldier—he wor—he certainly wor—too temperate. That's Gospel truth."

As far as we can see into this affair, as far as we have the means of estimating the Duke's conduct in it, we think, with Mr. Neale, that there is nothing in the matter which the "most ardent admirer of the Duke need shrink from contemplating." His administration was marked by no features of cruelty, partiality, vindictiveness, or cupidity. Much exaggeration has been circulated respecting the "strings of executions" that succeeded to the mutiny, and about the general severity of his discipline; but, on examination, it is found that the only string of executions was the small string of three—the three convicted ringleaders of the conspiracy, who, in like circumstances, under any governor, must have suffered the same fate. His severity, again, was simply that which the state of the garrison at Gibraltar needed, to bring it under appropriate regulation. He found it abandoned to intemperance—licentious, insubordinate, every way disorderly; and it was his special mission, deputed him from England, to reduce it into order. In reference to the "pretty pass" to which things had come before the Duke arrived, let us once more quote our before-mentioned "probable mutineer:"—"The men were part slovens and part rebels. And as for the

women creatures, they could neither stir in the streets, nor rest quiet at their homes, especially at night, on account of the soldiers being all about on the stroll,—wicked,—drunk, and audacious lively. The quiet ones—the civilians, and such like—what complaints they did make, surely, of what they called ‘military licence!’ However, the Duke soon put all that down.” A state of things evidently requiring to be put down. And the Duke seems to have put it down wisely, temperately, and effectually. If by his efforts to this end he indirectly produced a mutiny, he was nowise chargeable with the consequences. Neither were his punishments inflicted on the mutineers any way excessive. They were the common penalties for such offences, and were apparently awarded with a conscientious reference to the amount of delinquency proved against the offenders. He was personally convinced of the infidelity and culpability of many of the officers, though he had no means of tracing the crime of mutiny home to them; but, in spite of their apathy and opposition, he effected a considerable reformation; and, for three months prior to his recall, the troops were in regular and real subordination, and perfect tranquillity was established in the garrison.

Three months after the restoration of order, the Duke was not a little surprised to receive the King’s command to return to England, “upon the consideration that it might be desirable that the different departments of his Majesty’s government at home should have the advantage of some personal communication with his Royal Highness upon the recent events in Gibraltar.” “The Duke,” says Mr. Neale, “in order that every possible mortification might be heaped on him, was bidden to resign his trust into the hands of his second in command—General Barnett:” a man whose indifference to the irregularities in the garrison had greatly hindered the success of the Duke’s endeavours. The Duke resisted this, and remained until the arrival of the new Lieutenant-Governor. On reaching England he demanded an immediate investigation into his conduct. He desired to waive all the privileges of his rank, and requested that a court-martial might be forthwith assembled to sit in judgment on his entire course of proceeding at Gibraltar. His suit, however, was negatived. The assembling of “a court-martial to adjudicate upon the propriety or impropriety of the actions of an officer of his rank, was manifestly inexpedient.”

"No court of inquiry could be granted." He then pleaded for the summoning of any other tribunal to which the charges, "whispered rather than made," against him, could be referred. This, again, was negatived. He then demanded permission to return to his government; but was answered that *that* too must be withheld; though *why* withheld, no reason was assigned. Though the commander-in-chief at the Horse Guards was his brother, the Duke of York, he was so far from being a friend to him that he was even one of his principal opponents.

To call a man from a distant government under pretence of requiring explanations from him, and then to afford him no opportunity of giving the explanations which might possibly justify his conduct, was, to say the least of it, extremely shabby treatment. This, however, seems to have been the treatment to which the Duke of Kent was subjected. By no effort or solicitation could he obtain even so much as a statement of the reasons which had induced the members of the government to recall him from Gibraltar. All his applications to be reinstated in his appointment were capriciously repelled. No inquiry was instituted which might have offered him the chance of vindicating his character against insidious misrepresentations. He was left to bear the imputation of misconduct in his administration, without being permitted to do anything to clear himself, or to justify his doings before the public. All his entreaties to obtain what he designated "common justice" were contemptuously disregarded; so that, at length, he was constrained to relinquish the attempt; to renounce his claims of any further employment in the public service; and to betake himself to the humbler career of private and unambitious usefulness.

For several years the Duke lived a comparatively sequestered life. There is, indeed, little that is important to be related of him until his marriage. His pecuniary embarrassments had not, in the meanwhile, been very considerably diminished. Several of his creditors were occasionally rather pressing. Though he often renewed his applications for the payment of large sums which he had lost, or made use of, in the public service, and repeatedly received promises that his claims should be favourably considered, he never obtained any material assistance. After many delays, and manifold

experience of the futility of relying upon ministerial assurances, he finally determined to make an effort to reduce his obligations by personal self denial, and a rigid exercise of thrift. Accordingly, in 1807, he conveyed "one-half of his income to trustees, for the express purpose of liquidating his debts; at the same time reducing his establishment and limiting his arrangements, with the hope of effecting his purpose within a certain definite period." This scheme suffered some partial interruption, owing principally to the numerous demands made upon the Duke's liberality; but in 1815 he made a further and more considerable effort to accomplish his creditable object. "After many conferences with his friends, he resolved to constitute a committee of them, to assign over *three-fourths of his income* into their hands until the complete liquidation of his debts was effected; to give them complete control over his income; and to limit his own expenditure to a sum not exceeding the remaining fourth part thereof, with which he agreed to content himself." This plan being matured, "the Duke parted with many of his servants, and made reductions to a large extent in every part of his establishment, the admirable results of which were speedily visible; for, by the strenuous exertions and judicious arrangements of his friends, more was done in the first twelve months that followed the general retrenchment than was accomplished in the eight years preceding."

In order to carry his plan more effectually into execution, the Duke quitted England, and, in 1816, settled himself at Brussels. From hence he made frequent excursions into Germany, for the purpose of visiting several branches of his family. On one of these occasions he became acquainted with the Princess of Leinengen, a young and amiable widow, to whom he was ultimately induced to tender matrimonial proposals. The Princess was the sister of Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg; and, at the age of sixteen, had been married to the hereditary Prince of Leinengen—a somewhat venerable suitor, eight-and-twenty years older than herself, and, it is said, "in no one respect, either of person, manners, qualifications, or habits, suited to her." The prince was a sort of Squire Western, being entirely devoted to his hunting, and the victim of a temper "singularly irritable and *uncertain*." The union lasted twelve years—"a period not without its

trials,"—but marked throughout, on the part of the youthful princess, by the most guarded and exemplary discharge of her domestic duties. At the death of the prince, her two children, a son and a daughter, were confided to her guardianship. Her widowhood was characterised by the most dignified and irreproachable demeanour. To a man inclined to wed, and not objecting to a widow, the princess was a woman worthy of the wooing. The Duke of Kent perceived this, paid his addresses, and succeeded. They were married at Cobourg on the 29th of May, 1818; the marriage, according to courtly customs, being subsequently re-solemnized at Kew, on the 13th of July.

A marriage, whether in high life or low, is commonly attended with expense. Though the Duke's had been "conducted with every possible regard to economy," it cost him nevertheless a considerable sum of money. It is said the ministry had led him to expect an outfit of £12,000; but it appears that not a farthing of it was ever granted him. "His committee were therefore obliged to make a commensurate advance from the funds destined to the liquidation of his debts; and thus the period of his deliverance from his encumbrances was still further protracted." Under these circumstances his Royal Highness was constrained to persevere in his plan of residing on the continent. Accordingly, after a few weeks' stay in England, he proceeded to Amorbach, the residence of the Prince of Leiningen, which the Duchess, who had been appointed regent of the principality during her son's minority, had occupied in the period of her widowhood.

The next year, however, it became necessary to return. The Duchess was in an "interesting situation," and it was desirable that the infant should be born in England. But a grand difficulty intervened, and was well-nigh hindering the journey: the Duke was absolutely "hard up" for travel-money. The Duchess was "far advanced," before they could set out: "being literally prevented," as the Duke expressed it, "from moving until then, through the want of means to meet the expenses of the journey."

But how, and by whom, think you, were the means at length provided? Not by the "luxurious Sybarite at Carlton House;" not by Lord Liverpool, the premier; not by any of the Duke's family or state connections—though all

were perfectly aware of his straitened circumstances, and of the situation of the Duchess ; but by a few devoted, untitled, and, comparatively speaking, humble friends, who, hearing of the urgency of the case, raised the requisite remittances, and thus enabled his Royal Highness to surmount the difficulty. He and the Duchess soon after reached this country in safety ; and on the 24th of May, 1819, at Kensington Palace, a little princess made her appearance in the world, who is at present known to us as Victoria, Queen of England.

The Duke now desired to remain in his fatherland. His debts, however, were a continual burden to him, and the source of incessant anxiety and concern. As a last effort to be delivered from them, he determined to dispose of his valuable residence of "Castle-bar Hill," which was estimated by a London land-agent to be worth upwards of fifty thousand pounds. The times, unfortunately, were very unfavourable for the sale of such a property ; and therefore, to avoid a loss, the Duke sought to obtain the sanction of the House of Commons to dispose of it by lottery. After much debate about the matter, the House decided against the Duke's proposal. Mr. Neale thus sums up the measure of indignity and annoyance to which the Duke was necessitated to submit. "Ministers would neither mete out to the Duke of Kent common justice, nor fulfil the promise solemnly made him by Lord Sidmouth ; nor grant him the arrears fairly due to him of his parliamentary allowance ; nor remunerate him for the heavy losses which he had sustained by the destruction of equipment after equipment in the public service ; nor pay his debts, which he did *not* ask ; nor afford him facilities (which he *did*) for discharging them himself. They were content only to harass, impede, and annoy him."

But now, in the meantime, the health of the Duchess, which had "suffered from the unwearied solicitude with which she fulfilled her maternal duties," seemed to demand a warmer climate. The royal pair therefore went to Sidmouth to spend the winter ; intending to return early in the spring to their former residence at Amorbach. From Walbrook Cottage, on the 29th of December, the Duke writes thus to a friend with whom he had long freely corresponded : "My little girl thrives under the influence of a

Devonshire climate ; and is, I am delighted to say, strong and healthy ; *too healthy*, I fear, in the opinion of some members of my family, by whom she is regarded as an intruder : how largely she contributes to my own happiness at this moment it is needless for me to say to *you*, who are in such full possession of my feelings upon this subject." This was one of the Duke's last letters. On the 23rd of January (1823) he died of inflammation of the lungs, caught a few days previously from sitting in wet boots.

With this event we are brought to the end of the Duke's history. There remains little further for us to say respecting him. He appears to have been a man of solid worth, fair talents, and Christian principles ; a man much respected and regretted by the nation, on account of the liberality both of his opinions and practices ; a man also considerably ill-treated by his family and the ministerial powers of the day, because of his sympathy with the popular aspirations after a greater political freedom than was consonant with the sentiments of the prevailing administration. In the promotion of charitable and philanthropic objects the Duke laboured with a steady and resolute consistency. With his name and with his purse he aided almost all the religious and benevolent associations of the day. Had he not been so much embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances—through the debts which he contracted, partly in the heedlessness of youth, and partly under peculiar emergencies while engaged in the public service—there is every reason to believe that his beneficence would have been still more largely and liberally exercised. So greatly did these embarrassments oppress the Duke, that a considerate mind regrets he cannot now be made acquainted with the fact, that they have all been since honourably and thoroughly extinguished ; not by the nation, nor by the generosity of his admirers, but by the united savings and self-denial of the Duchess and her daughter. It is a fact in the highest degree honourable to them both. For this, as for many things, shall Queen Victoria be respected ; nor can the worth, the devoted love, the lofty-mindedness of her noble mother, be likely to pass away from the memories of Englishmen. The Queen's course hitherto has been smoother than her father's ; but, as far as we can see, she carries her head well under prosperity ; and we believe it is the wish of the nation's heart that her fortunes may never be overclouded by any sadness or disaster.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, THE MAGICIAN.*

In Three Parts.

PART I.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, renowned as a magician in medieval history, turns out, on investigation, to have been no magician at all, but simply an earnest and laborious man of letters. It is true, he was a student and practitioner in the occult sciences of the middle ages; but he was as far as possible from being the vulgar dealer in legerdemain, which is the character attached to him in popular tradition. He studied magic, cabalism, and astrology, as one who was an inquirer into the secrets of the universe, and sought to approach these by the methods which were then considered to afford the means of available enlightenment. Yet the result of his examination was not a belief in either sorcery or astrology, but a very firm conviction of their futility. His published works abound with passages in which this conviction is plainly stated. All the absurd stories about his conjurations are proven libels of the monks; whose scandalous lives and superstitions he exposed and castigated. The man's real position was that of a man more truthful and intelligent than his contemporaries, and who, on that account, incurred the censure, and misrepresentation, and hatred of the ignorant and the unscrupulous. It is nowise as a cunning and successful necromancer that he lived and flourished: his life was, on the contrary, in nearly all respects, a hard and sad one—a life full of shifts, and perils, and disappointments, with only a

* The Life of Henry Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, Doctor and Knight, commonly known as a Magician. By Henry Morley, Author of "Palissy the Potter," "Jerome Cardan," &c. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall.

serene consciousness of devotion to truth, shining through it for relief and ornament. With the help of Mr. Morley, it is here proposed to run over the main particulars of his biography, and thus to show in some sort what manner of man this Cornelius Agrippa was—what his aims were, and what were his achievements—and in general, to depict the purport of his life-endavours and procedure, so far as they can now be ascertained and understood. Apart from the strong personal interest which will be found in it, the delineation may be further serviceable, as representing the conditions of study and activity incident to the career of a scholar in the early part of the sixteenth century—the date of the revival of learning, and of the ecclesiastical and political movements which introduced the Reformation.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, was born at Cologne, on the 14th of September, 1486. His parents, as the *von* signifies, belonged to the class or order of nobility, and though apparently not rich, were in comfortable circumstances. Cologne was then one of the largest, busiest, and foremost cities in Europe—a place in which to live was of itself something of a distinction. The priesthood, every where a powerful and privileged class, had formerly been its rulers, but they were not then in the ascendant; commerce and trade were flourishing, and their representatives had gained the upper hand in the city government. There had been furious civil wars before this had been accomplished, and once, when the townspeople had come off with victory, they had the audacity to imprison their archbishop—keeping him for three years in the castle of Nydeck, and occasionally hanging him outside “in an iron cage for public mockery.” They had long been priest-ridden, but now they “rode their priests.” However, at the date of Agrippa’s birth, quieter times had come, and priests and burghers were living on terms of sociable compromise. Being people of the aristocratic sort, no doubt, the Von Nettesheims were more intimate with the archbishop and his order than with the burghers, and thus the young Cornelius would find his associates and playfellows chiefly among the titled and exclusive classes. But what influence his particular position might have in the formation of his character, is by no means very evident. The most noticeable thing in connection with his early years, was a rare and decided aptitude for study.

Cologne being a university town, and the studies pursued there being mainly connected with scholastic theology, it is not improbable that his bias for theological speculation was now determined. Born soon after the invention of printing, he was among the first to profit by the new advantages thereby supplied to students. One may be safe in conjecturing that he read whatever books fell in his way; and as several of them—being writings of ascetics, canonists, and the like—were likely to have no great attractions for the mind of an inquiring youth, we need not be surprised that, coming upon some “wonderful things written by the magicians,” these should have arrested his attention, and given him an inclination to penetrate into mysteries. Meanwhile, however, he was gaining a competent skill in languages, with a view to subsequent employment in diplomacy, and after some years of home training, the time at length arrived when he was deemed to be sufficiently prepared for entering on the service to which, as the son of a nobleman, who had his own way to make in the world, he was paternally ordained.

Let the imaginative reader figure him, still a stripling, departing from the Nettesheim household in Cologne one morning, in one of the early years of the sixteenth century. The old city wears its accustomed looks, and yet there is an air of strangeness about things and objects which the youth had not previously noticed. There is hope and expectancy in his eyes, and yet withal a certain unsated fondness for every thing around him, that makes him linger and falter in his preparations. The good father is officious with attentions, hearty in well-wishes, pressing with good counsel; and, near by stands his gentle, loving mother, with a great pain at her heart, which she strives to keep suppressed, but signs of which, nevertheless, escape her in sudden, fitful sighs. But now all is ready; the horses with his escort are at the doors, and he must be gone. There are hasty, fond embraces, tender and affectionate adieus, and he rides away through the gates of the old ancestral city, into the wide and open world, in quest of the fortune that may be in store for him.

His destination was the court of the Emperor of Germany, Maximilian the First. Kaiser Max, as he was called, found employment for him in some secretarial capacity. The precise nature of his work is not on record; but the skill he displayed in transacting it appears to have given satisfaction.

In the course of a few years we find him in high favour with his imperial majesty; and in 1506, when he was twenty years of age, he was sent on a secret mission to Paris. His business there was simply to take note of what he saw and heard. A political crisis had occurred, affecting intimately the interests of Maximilian, and the relations of the emperor with France were thereby placed in a most difficult position. Cornelius appears to have gone to Paris in the character of a student, designing to advance his studies at the university; and, while there, he became the centre of a knot of students, members of a secret association of Theosophists, who were engaged in a conspiracy. The whole bearings of this conspiracy are not known, but it had some relation to the affairs of Spain. Philip, King of Castile, and son of Maximilian, had died suddenly, and the country was thrown into disorder from want of government. The disturbances spread from Castile into Aragon and Catalonia, in which last-named territory the people successfully revolted against the oppression of their nobles. From the district of Tarragon they had at this juncture chased a certain Señor Juanetin de Gerona, who, repairing with other Spaniards to the court of Maximilian, began to plot with a view to his return. At Paris, Cornelius met with this banished gentleman; and, from conversations with him, was induced to devise a plan for restoring him to the possession of his lost domain. The Spaniard is supposed to have contributed some suggestions of advantage that might be secured to Maximilian by the enterprise; and it was these, doubtless, that influenced Agrippa in taking part in it.

The adventure opened with the seizure of a place called the Black Fort, at Tarragon, by Cornelius and his associates. It is said they got possession of it by means of a treacherous stratagem, and that the garrison were barbarously massacred. Shortly afterwards, Agrippa and others were sent to occupy the house of Juanetin, at Villarodona, and protect it against the people of the neighbourhood, who were up in arms. The Señor de Gerona had occasion to repair to Barcelona, but promised to be back by a certain day, the festival of John the Baptist, when sundry of his friends were invited to meet him, and partake of a feast which was then to be prepared. When the time came, the Señor did not arrive; on his way from Barcelona he had been beset by a savage crowd of

rustics, and carried off into the mountains. Cornelius found himself at the head of an enterprise that seemed likely to end disastrously. The excited rustics were expected to be down upon him ; and as there was no help coming, and apparently no outlet of escape, he and his little band must perish. There was, however, some three miles distant, an old half-ruined tower, situated in a craggy, cavernous valley, among broken mountains, and surrounded by deep bogs and pools, through which there was only one narrow path, very difficult to traverse, but which by desperate men might upon a pinch be made available. The site of this tower rendered it inexpugnable in summer-time ; and the date of the events we have now to do with, was the midsummer of the year 1508. It was tenanted by a poor bailiff, connected with a neighbouring monastery, who was set in charge over the fish-ponds ; and the abbot's steward, who was in communication with Cornelius, suggested that he and his friends, to save themselves, must straightway proceed to occupy and fortify this mountain hold.

No sooner advised than done. Done, however, only just in time. The next day, the armed peasantry appeared before the abandoned mansion, and made a ruin of it. They were loud in their calls for the "German," meaning Cornelius Agrippa, whom they regarded as the grand conspirator. They were not long in following the fugitives to their hiding-place. And now was seen the strength of the position. "With a barricade of overthrown waggons that had been used by the bailiff, the sole path to the besieged was closed, and behind this barrier, they posted themselves with their arquebuses, of which one only sufficed to daunt a crowd of men accustomed to no weapons except slings, or bows and arrows." But, though the inmates were thus secure, they were by no means out of danger. When the peasantry discovered that the tower was not to be stormed, they altered their design, and settled down with dogged perseverance to beset the place, intending, by a strict siege, to starve the little garrison into surrender.

Here was a dismal state of things. Perilous weeks were passed by the adventurers in the mountain hold. Famine began to press hard upon them, and they seemed to be literally forsaken of all hope. But the wit of man is marvellously inventive, and does sometimes achieve things which

appear impossible. "Perrot, the keeper of the fishponds, and erewhile the solitary occupant of that old tower among the rocks and marshes, taking cunning counsel with himself to help his guests, and to get rid of them, explored with indefatigable zeal every cranny in the wall of rock by which they were surrounded. Clambering among the wastes, with feet accustomed to the difficulties of the mountain, he hoped that perchance he might be the discoverer of some route, worthy, at least, to be tried by men who fled from an extremer peril. At length, a devious and rugged way, by which unconquerable obstacles of crag and chasm were avoided, and the mountain-top was to be reached, this friendly peasant found. Looking down from the heights he saw how, upon the other side, the mountain rose out of a lake, known to him as the Black Lake, which has an expanse of about four miles, and upon the farther shore of which his master's abbey stood. Attempting next the difficult descent upon that other side, he boldly struck into a gorge by which the mountain snows had poured a torrent down. But Perrot, at the lake, was still far from the abbey; and to men without a boat, the water was a barrier yet more impassable than the steep mountain. He retraced his way, therefore, and by sunset reached the tower, where an assembly of the garrison was held to hear the result of his explorations. The judgment upon it, of course, was that escape was impossible, unless the boat could be obtained; of getting which there was no hope, unless a letter could be carried through the midst of the besiegers to the abbot's hand.

"Now the besieging army of the peasants posted and kept constantly relieved strong guards upon every path into the valley, and allowed no person either to go in or pass out on any pretence whatever. Moreover, from the tower no path could be reached except by the one narrow lane across the marshes, barricaded as before described; and to prevent a sally by the doomed band of conspirators, the outlet from this lane was the point best guarded, and indeed, held by an overwhelming force. The perplexed conspirators in council, saw no hope for themselves, except through any further help Perrot might furnish; him they sought accordingly, and he informed them that there was a way, known to himself only, by which the marshes could be forded; but that such knowledge was in this case of no use, because, once across them,

there were still guards posted upon every path out of the valley.

“Under these desperate circumstances, the ingenuity of young Agrippa was severely tested, and he justified the credit he had won for subtle wit. The keeper of the fishponds had a son, who was a shepherd-boy. Cornelius took this youth, disfigured him with stains of milk-thistle and juice of other herbs, befouled his skin and painted it with shocking spots to imitate the marks of leprosy, adjusted his hair into a filthy and unsightly bunch, dressed him in beggar's clothes, and gave him a crooked branch for a stick, within which there was scooped a hollow nest for concealment of the letter. Upon the boy so equipped—a dreadful picture of the outcast leper—the leper's bell was hung, his father seated him upon an ox, and having led him during the darkness of the night across the marshes by the ford, deposited him before sunrise on dry ground, and left him. Stammering as he went, petitions for alms, this boy walked without difficulty by a very broad road made for him among the peasantry. Even the guards set upon the paths regarded his approach with terror; and, instead of stopping at their posts to question him, fled right and left as if from a snake that could destroy them with its evil eye, and flung alms to him from a distance.

“So the boy went upon his errand safely, and returning next day at about the first watch of the night to the border of the marsh, announced his return by ringing of the bell. His father, on the bullock, crossed the ford to bring him in, and, as he came with the desired answer, there was great rejoicing by Cornelius and his companions.

“They spent the night in preparation for departure. Towards dawn they covered their retreat by a demonstration of their usual state of watchfulness and desperation, fired several guns, and gave other indications of their presence. This done, they set forth in dead silence, carrying their baggage, and were guided by Perrot to the summit. There they lay gladly down among the stones to rest, while their guide descended on the other side and spread the preconcerted signal, a white cloth, upon a rock. When he returned they ate the breakfast they had brought with them, all sitting with their eyes towards the lake. At about nine o'clock in the morning, two fishermen's barks were discerned, which hoisted a

red flag, the abbot's signal. Rejoicing at the sight of this, the escaped men fired off their guns in triumph from the mountain top, a hint to the besieging peasantry of their departure, and at the same time a signal to the rescuers. Still following Perrot, they descended, along ways by him discovered, to the meadows bordering the lake, entered the boats, and before evening were safe under the abbot's roof." They had been enduring siege for nearly two months in the mountain fastness.

Arrived at the abbey, Cornelius took ten days to rest and refresh himself, and then set out to seek an independent fortune, leaving the affairs of the Señor de Gerona to get settled as they might. For many months he wandered about in various countries, in quest of an old friend named Landulph, who had been a party to the conspiracy, and had gone to Barcelona on some errand in relation to it, and had not afterwards been heard of. He was found at length at Lyons, where, early in the year 1509, Cornelius visited him, and talked over past adventures. At Lyons were assembled many members of the renowned confederation of Theosophists, who were curious concerning magic and other kindred matters; and who, by the rules of their society, were bound to aid each other in the acquisition of occult knowledge. Agrippa, as already seen, had joined the order in Paris; and, from the subtlety of his intellect, and great aptitude in acquiring the favoured studies, had gained some ascendancy among the members. He had even already collected notes for a complete treatise on magic, of which more will be heard presently.

Not far from Lyons, at the Abbey of Authern, there was living a liberal and hospitable theologian and physician, one Symphorianus Champier, or Campegius, who enjoyed great notability in his day, and who, as a Theosophist, seems to have taken an interest in the welfare of Cornelius. At the abbey the young adventurer was hospitably entertained, and apparently advised in regard to the course of life which he was now bent upon pursuing. This was to deliver a course of lectures somewhere, and thus gain footing in the world as a man of letters. He had been all along a diligent student, and had made himself familiar with almost every thing that was then called learning. The scholastic philosophy he had well mastered; and, in the way of novel speculations, he had

made himself acquainted with Cabalism, a method of mystical interpretation of the Scriptures ; to say nothing of the various works in Greek and Latin literature, which were then beginning to obtain attention among scholars. After due consultation with his friends, Agrippa therefore determined to set forth and expound something of his knowledge in a series of set orations. The place most fit for the purpose seemed to be the town of Dôle—a pleasant little town of about four thousand inhabitants, having a parliament and a university—Dôle la Joyeuse it had formerly been called, but since it had been captured and despoiled by a French army in 1479, it had come to be called Dôle la Dolente.

Mistress of Dôle and Burgundy was Maximilian's daughter, Margaret of Austria, who in this year of Agrippa's life was twenty-nine years old. She was already twice a widow, and since the death of her last husband had resolved no more to marry. In 1506, her father had made her governor over the Netherlands, and appointed her to rule also over Burgundy and the Charolois. Thus she came to be, in the year 1509, mistress at Dôle. A clever, lively woman, Margaret was well known for her patronage of letters and her bounty towards learned men. "To earn Margaret's good-will and help upon the royal road to fortune was one main object of Cornelius, when he announced at Dôle that he proposed to expound Reuchlin's book on the Mirific Word, in orations, to which, inasmuch as they were to be delivered in honour of the most serene Princess Margaret, the whole public would have gratuitous admission."

What was meant by the "Mirific Word," we fear we shall here find it difficult to explain. It seems, however, that Reuchlin's book was reckoned the wonder of the day. A chief of Austin Friars wrote to the author, declaring that he "had blessed him and all mortals by his works." Another learned personage writes, telling him : "Pope Leo X. has read your Pythagorean book, as he reads all good books, greedily ; then it was read by the Cardinal de Medici, and I am expecting next to have my turn." Doubtless, therefore, the book was then understood to contain some important meaning. Most gladly would we set forth that meaning to the reader, if we only could. But after much pains taken to get at the drift of it through Mr. Morley's exposition, we must confess ourselves incompetent. This, at any rate, is

as near as we can come. In his book on the *Mirific Word*, it seems, Reuchlin placed the Christian system in the centre of old heathen philosophies, considering many of the doctrines of Pythagoras and Plato as having been taken from, not introduced into, the wisdom of the Cabalists. The argument is stated in the form of dialogue, and is apparently designed to bring out "the best elucidation of the hidden properties of sacred names." We are given to understand that there is one name that is above all names supremely mirific and beatific. To get at this is the object of the discussion. A Jew and a Christian descant alternately upon the knowledge of divine and human things, upon opinion, faith, miracles, the powers of words and figures, secret operations, and the mysteries of seals. "In this way question arises concerning the sacred names and consecrated characters of all nations which have any thing excellent in their philosophy, or not unworthy in their ceremonies; an enumeration of symbols is made by each speaker zealously on behalf of the rites cherished in his sect, until at last Capnio [who represents the Christian, and who is indeed Reuchlin with his name in a Greek form], in the third book, collects out of all that is holy one name, Jehosua, in which is gathered up the virtue and power of all sacred things, and which is eternally supremely blessed."

Is the reader any wiser? If not, we cannot help it; for it is out of our power to make the matter more intelligible. Somebody, perhaps, may understand it, but the present writer doesn't. We are aware that it is very "unliterary" to express ignorance on any subject, but on this of the "*Mirific Word*," and all that appertains to it, we must be candid, and take the consequences. At the same time, we make no question that something was understood by it in the sixteenth century; otherwise, one cannot suppose an audience could have been got to listen to Cornelius Agrippa, when he lectured on it before the University of Dôle. He appears to have had a very respectable audience all the time. There were present the whole parliament and magistracy of Dôle, the professors and readers of the University, headed by the Vice-chancellor, who was "dean of the church, and doctor in each faculty." Cornelius prospered in his enterprise, and gained both good-will and distinction. What he was even more desirous of gaining, was the patronage of the Princess

Margaret, who had the reputation of being a liberal encourager of learning. This, as already hinted, was the principal object of his lecturing. "Other hopes, as a man," we are told, "he was directing towards a younger and a fairer mistress. He desired not only to prosper, but to marry."

The little University of Dôle expressed its admiration of the youthful orator, by conferring on him the degree of doctor in divinity, to which also they appear to have added a small stipend. Cornelius, at the time of receiving these honours, was just three and twenty years of age. He may therefore be said to have started handsomely. Could he only succeed farther in winning, in some shape, the favour of the august Margaret, he might fairly consider himself established in a suitable position. To this end he appears to have expressly applied himself in his next literary adventure; which was an elaborate treatise on the nobility and pre-excellence of women. The work is full of the learning and scholastic subtlety of the times; the argument is not always logical; the examples and illustrations are selected rather for effect, than for their particular appropriateness; and throughout, there is visible a thorough-going advocacy of a one-sided opinion, with little or no perception of what might be reasonably advanced on the other side. It is not a book that could now be recommended, as likely to entertain or edify any mortal; but at the period of its production, it might probably find enthusiastic and delighted readers.

When the work was finished, it did not immediately obtain the recognition which the author had expected for it. Many years elapsed before it was printed and presented to the princess; his hopes of patronage remaining for the present in abeyance. Not so, however, those other hopes, to which reference has been made, and which, in these days, were filling his heart with sweet and intense sensations. In the course of his journeyings, he had halted and passed some time at Geneva, where it was his fortune to fall in with a fascinating young maiden, named Jane Louisa Tyssie—"a maiden equal to him in rank, remarkable for beauty, and yet more remarkable for her aspirations and her worth." In her, it would seem, he beheld the essence and concentration of that "pre-excellence of women," which formed the theme of his literary disquisition above-mentioned. It is not unlikely that he drew from a lover's inspiration the first idea or con-

ception of the book. Be this as it may, he loved and won the lady; and now that his affairs, as he conceived, were beginning to look prosperous, he thought he might venture upon the responsibilities of wedlock. Accordingly, in this same year of 1509, at the age of twenty-three, he took the maiden home to him as his wife. Happy days, doubtless, and full of auroral promise, were those that followed for some time; for he stood, as it were, on the threshold of high expectancy, and seemed to see within the possibilities of his life abundant foreshadowings of a fair success. "He was no needy adventurer, but the son of a noble house, who was beginning, as it seemed, the achievements of the highest honours. He was surrounded by admirers, already a doctor of divinity, hereafter to attain he knew not what. Fostered by Maximilian's daughter, what might not his intellect achieve?"

Poor fellow! he does not know it, but the monks are coming down upon him; and, with the arch-enemy to help them, will make strange havoc of his prospects! Those cabalistic theosophic lectures of his at Dôle, are not to pass without a protest from somebody who has skill in scenting heresy. There is a Franciscan friar, one Catilinet, who is going to preach the Lent sermons at Ghent presently, before the Regent of the Netherlands, and who is already manufacturing thunder to be hurled against the head of the young philosopher. Let the reader wait a little, and he shall shortly see Olympus quake. For the present, it behoves us to relate that, during the latter months of 1509, and throughout the early ones of 1510, Cornelius Agrippa employed himself in writing certain books on magic. Very curious books they are, and at the same time very harmless. One may look in vain through them for any explanation of magic in the sense in which the term is commonly understood. They reveal no dealings with diabolic powers; teach us no secrets calculated to imperil souls; and contain neither intimations nor suggestions of a desire to work forbidden miracles. What they profess to set forth is a system of occult philosophy—an exposition and a statement of the opinions of the learned, concerning the structure of the universe, and the manifold influences at work therein in relation to the interests of mankind. To give any adequate outline of the contents of these books would carry us much beyond

the limits to which we are here necessarily restricted. We may just say, however, that, so far as they deal with natural phenomena, they are full of absurdities and superstitions, and of nearly every conceivable variety of false knowledge. Let the reader take this as an amusing sample:—"Some suffumigations or perfumings, that are proper to the stars, are of great force for receiving celestial gifts under the rays of the stars, inasmuch as they work strongly on the air and breath. Wherefore the inhaling of such vapours was wont to be used by soothsayers to affect their fancy, and dispose them for reception of the influences which those vapours draw; so they say, that fumes made with linseed and fleabane seed, and roots of violets and parsley, make one to foresee things to come. Great things can suffumigations do in the air, as the liver of a chameleon, being burnt on the top of the house, doth, as it is manifest, raise showers and lightnings." And in another place we find this—"If a man have ague, let all the parings of his nails be put into ants' caves, and they say, that that which began to draw the nails first, must be taken and bound to the neck, and by this means will the disease be removed. Also they say, that a man's eyes being washed three times with the water wherein he has washed his feet, will never be sore. And a little frog climbing up a tree, if any one shall spit in his mouth, and then let him escape, is said to cure the cough." We could quote scores of passages as ridiculous as these. Such quotations, however, would afford no fair or accurate notion of the work. They are illustrations of the science of the sixteenth century, for which the age, and not the man, may be said to be accountable. Over and above these and other like puerilities, Agrippa's treatise on magic contains much recondite and curious matter—views and representations of things which cannot now indeed be accredited; but which, nevertheless, give token of great grasp and subtlety of intellect. There are also, here and there, sentences of no insignificant insight and moral beauty; such as this—"Happy is he who can increase the light of heaven in his mind, for by it he can work marvels." And again—"By vows and signs of adoration the soul may be helped if it be striving inwardly, but only when it is striving Godward, and towards things that are good. Prayer will not extort from God what is unjust." religious earnestness pervades many portions of the work,

and throughout there is a visible effort to put every thing it treats of to a wise use. Taken altogether, it may be said to embody, in a sort of crude system, the natural science, metaphysics, and mystical theology, that were current among the learned at the time when it was written. Indeed, magic is defined by the author as the whole knowledge of nature, the perfection of all true philosophy. In his character of magician, therefore, Cornelius Agrippa was simply an inquirer into the natural and divine significance of things, and an expounder of their occult or hidden virtues. This, and not any art or arts of conjuration, was what he understood and meant by magic.

When Cornelius had finished his work, immediate publication being out of his power, he sent the manuscript to a learned ecclesiastic, named John of Trittenheim, known to the learned as the Abbot Trithemius, many years of Spanheim, afterwards of the monastery of St. James, at Wurtzburg. The abbot himself was a student of magic, and he it was who first told the wondrous tale of Dr. Faustus, in whose reputed conjurations he was a devout believer. Cornelius had formerly conversed with him on the subject of their common studies, and having great esteem for his learning and judgment, now submitted the books on the Occult Philosophy to his notice, for a critical opinion. The good abbot was copious in praises of the performance, but recommended the young author to be cautious about publishing.

"Speak," said he, "of things public to the public, but of things lofty and secret, only to the loftiest and most private of your friends. Hay to an ox, and sugar to a parrot; rightly interpret this, lest you, as some others have been, be trampled down by oxen." It would thus seem that the sagacious abbot had noted something in the work which might be construed into the appearance of a heretical tendency. Cornelius had meant no heresy, but inasmuch as he had written a treatise which in many parts was quite beyond the comprehension of the ignorant and bigoted priests of his generation, there were very sufficient grounds for inferring that heresy would probably be laid to his charge. For every thing the priests and monks did not understand, they invariably condemned as something dangerous to the church, and not unfrequently imputed to the author unlawful dealings with the devil.

So, at present, there must be no thought of publishing the "Occult Philosophy." Indeed, the necessary means for publication are wanting, and, for some time at least, are not likely to be forthcoming. For here is this pestilent Friar Catilinet beginning to sound his "pulpit drum" at Ghent, denouncing, before the Princess Margaret, the Dôle Lectures as unorthodox and impious orations. If you will believe Catilinet, Cornelius Agrippa is no Christian, but a froward and profane person, bent on promulgating false doctrines—a "Judaizing heretic," teaching damnable and soul-perverting mysteries, in the guise of a fantastical philosophy. See to it, O ye faithful, that our holy infallible church be not endangered, and give no place or countenance to the offending infidel! So drums and thunders the alarmed and furious Franciscan monk; drums and thunders not without effect. The Princess Margaret is moved to enmity against Agrippa, and there is an end to all chances of her august patronage. The poor, defamed, and humiliated scholar finds himself in a barren and hopeless situation, and must go elsewhere in quest of such humble fortune as would have contented him. By this road of scholarship and occult philosophy, there is plainly no travelling to princely favour.

One is naturally led to ask, was the difficulty here presented quite insuperable? Could not an adroit logician and master of tongue-fence, like Agrippa, have entered the lists with the blustering Catilinet and had a tilt with him? "There are men," as Mr. Morely says, "who, when an ox blocks up the path on which they travel, turn aside out of its way; and there are other men who turn the ox into the hedge and travel on. Catilinet might have been faced in Ghent itself, and beaten to one side by a conflicting energy. A more determined spirit than Cornelius possessed would not have given up what seemed to be the best hope of a life without a sturdy battle. But Cornelius was not determined. He was a brave man at arms, but as to his mind, sensitive, gentle, and averse from strife." So there was nothing for it but to retire as an injured and vanquished man. Farewell, therefore, to the pursuits of scholarship and philosophy? Farewell to the smiles of a princess that cannot honestly be won? "There is a wife to support, a family position to maintain, and nothing left but the old way of life from which he had endeavoured to escape. He must resume his place among the young men.

of the Court, and do such work as may be found for him by Maximilian."

Here, at a low point of his fortunes, we may fitly close this first part of his history.

PART II.

In the summer of 1510, when Cornelius resumed service at the Court of Maximilian, Louis XII. of France was entering into a formal alliance with Henry VIII. of England, then newly come to the possession of his throne. In this treaty the Emperor of Germany was included as a friend of each of the contracting powers. It was therefore necessary for him to send representatives to London; and amongst the persons selected for the embassy was Cornelius Agrippa.

"The London of that day was hardly larger than Cologne. Country roads branched from Charing Cross. Baynard's Castle had not long been rebuilt, as a beautiful and commodious place for the entertainment of great princes and favoured nobles, by the king. There was but one bridge across the Thames. Fleet Ditch had just been scoured, and was navigable for large boats laden with fish and fuel up to Holborn Bridge. There was no pavement on the Holborn Street, which led by the Bishop of Ely's palace; and strawberry-beds skirted the country to the open Oxford Road, and so away, passing the hamlet of St. Giles. Chancery-lane, Fetter-lane, and Shoe-lane, were unpaved and in a scarcely passable condition. Leather-lane was such a back lane to the fields as we still see in many market-towns. The city had its walls and gates; the cross in Westcheap was its newest ornament. Though London was more populous eastward than westward, in comparison with the metropolis of to-day, Stepney, nevertheless, was still a town by itself, remarkable for the pleasantness of its situation and the beauty of its scenery, and chosen, therefore, as a place of residence by many persons of distinction."

It was at Stepney that Cornelius Agrippa was lodged while engaged on his courtly errand. He was the guest there of the celebrated Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus, and the founder of St. Paul's school. A cheerful, genial household was the dean's, in which, no doubt, the young man

found himself very much at home. Colet was one of the liberal churchmen of the day, and perhaps held some opinions that were liable to the charge of heresy. All the enlightened men of that time were more or less heretical, as, considering the prevailing superstitious, no enlightened man could help being. Cornelius and the dean would naturally converse together on the state of the church, on the state of knowledge, and in general on such matters as were interesting to intellectual men. Questions in relation to the "Occult Philosophy" would no doubt occasionally come up; and, in whatever way these may have been treated by the dean, he seems to have warmly sympathized with the aspirations of his guest. By way of furthering him in the pursuit of the best knowledge, he induced him to study the Epistles of St. Paul. There was copious talk between them on the subject of the immoral state of the religious houses, and the lives commonly led by monks; on the evils of auricular confession and image worship; on the absurdity of the belief in purgatory; on the pride and covetousness of priests; and on the irrational intolerance with which they ignorantly opposed all progress in opinions and ideas. On all these subjects the dean was in the habit of expressing himself strongly, and on all, it is conceivable, the two would very well agree. From what he had lately suffered at the hands of monks, it could not be expected that Cornelius would have much liking for them; and there is little doubt that the effect of the dean's conversation would be to confirm in him that natural feeling of opposition to monks and priests which had been engendered in him by circumstances. Accordingly, we shall find that from this point his life begins to run, as it were, without volition of his own, in a strong current against priestcraft. And that was the direction in which a man and his fortunes were then almost certain to be wrecked.

However, for the present, he perceives no danger; and having leisure on his hands, he sits down to indite a letter of expostulation to that dull ox, Catilinet, who had gored him so sorely a few months previously. A mild, Christian letter, full of quotations from St. Paul against calumny, and the sin of evil-speaking, and on the duty of brotherly love, all urged with meekness and a generous forbearance—a letter giving one the impression of great amiability in the writer. Just a drop or two of bitterness is infused into it, but one

does not admire it the less for that. One would like to have seen the calumnious old monk reading it, just to see whether his stupid old face could blush. But in all likelihood it did not make much impression on him, such things being not usually very effective when addressed to animals of his obtuseness.

What Cornelius did in England, besides talk with Dean Colet, and write this expostulatory letter, we do not find recorded. Having, however, finished his appointed work, we are informed that he returned to Germany, taking his road homewards by Cologne. There his father and mother were still living, and there apparently he had left his wife during his absence on the English mission. He spent a few months pleasantly in their society; and at the same time entertained his fellow-townsmen by delivering lectures on certain questions of divinity. His short holiday over, the emperor finds him fresh employment; summons him, indeed, to lay by the doctor's cap, and take up the sword, for the purpose of joining the imperial army in Italy.

It would take up too much space to attempt to explain the objects and all the circumstantial particulars of the wars in which Maximilian was engaged; let it be enough to say that Agrippa's immediate business was to escort a sum of money from Trent to the emperor's camp at Verona. Behold him, then, in the summer of 1511, a doctor of divinity in arms, performing this military service. His tastes were not military, but he must needs do such work as was required by his master. In the course of this year, and the year following, we find him engaged in several battles; in one or more of which he so distinguished himself as to obtain the honour of knighthood in the field. The salary assigned to him for seven years from the imperial government was that of a soldier. "In many conflicts," he says, "I gave no sluggish help; before my face went death, and I followed, the minister of death, my right hand soaked in blood, my left dividing spoil: my belly was filled with the prey, and the way of my feet was over corpses of the slain." The effect of all this upon his mind, he by no means contemplates approvingly. "So," he adds, "I was made forgetful of my inmost honour, and wrapped round fifteen-fold in Tartarean shade." His secret longing all the while was for a scholar's and not a soldier's glory.

Much to his satisfaction, there comes at length a pause in the bloody contest, and along with it the opportunity of more congenial work. A council is summoned at Pisa for the ostensible purpose of reforming ecclesiastical abuses, and Cornelius, as an able German theologian (in the absence of bishops who cannot be induced to attend), is invited to take part in the proceedings. The policy of Maximilian and the king of France was at this juncture opposed to the Pope, and they were going to try the possibility of resisting "papal aggression." Cornelius was thus again "fingering the pitch of heresy," and though he was doing so with strictly orthodox intentions, he was exposing himself to risk of excommunication. Little, however, was done at the council. The papal power overmatched the reforming party, the councillors were mobbed by the rabble of the town; and after meeting twice in conclave, they found it necessary to adjourn to Milan—every man getting there as he could, across a hostile province. Some faint attempts were made to resume the sittings in Milan, but with no available result. Cornelius, meanwhile, after having lectured on Plato at the University of Pisa, resumed his military duties, retiring from his office of theologian to the council, "with the formal excommunication of the Pope declared against himself and his discomfited associates."

The war in Italy continued. Various towns were besieged and taken, numerous battles fought; and at length, at the battle of Pavia, Cornelius Agrippa was taken prisoner. The Swiss, fighting on the side of the Pope and his allies, were his captors, as they were also the captors of the town. It is a notable coincidence that in this same battle fought the Chevalier Bayard, the "good knight without fear and without reproach," and that he was fighting on the same side as Cornelius, that of France and Germany. Cornelius soon regained his liberty, and appears shortly afterwards to have gone with a friendly nobleman of Pavia to Milan. Somewhat later, we find the Emperor Maximilian withdrawing from the Italian wars, so that Agrippa's services there were no longer needed; and he seems now to have felt himself free to accept employment under an inferior, but more promising, patron. This was the Marquis of Montferrat, by whom he was formally received as a retainer in November, 1512, in his previous capacity of a soldier, but with the prospect of

shortly having an opportunity afforded him of following scholarly pursuits at Pavia.

In the February following died Pope Julius II., who had excommunicated Agrippa for the part he took in the council of Pisa, and to the vacant papal chair was elected the celebrated Leo X. The troublesome Italian wars being over, and most of the parties engaged in them against the former Pope being willing to be on friendly terms with the new one, now was the time for getting that unpleasant sentence of excommunication reversed. As far as Cornelius was concerned, this was found to be no difficult matter. Under the seal of the Fisherman, dated the 11th of July, 1513, a letter of revocation is sent to him, full of approving phrases and apostolical urbanity. Thus, formally reconciled to the head of the church, Agrippa was free to pursue his design of winning way as a philosopher at Pavia, as soon as other circumstances should prove favourable.

His proceedings for the next two years are of no great importance. The Marquis had not much soldiering for him, so that he had a good deal of his time at leisure. He formed some congenial friendships with men of learning, and privately studied the Cabalists, particularly Hermes Trismegistus. By these studies he was preparing himself for turning to good account that desired opportunity, which he was expecting would be soon afforded him, of again appearing as a teacher of occult science.

A proud and delighted man was Cornelius, when in the summer of 1515, through the influence of Montferrat, he at last obtained permission to make exhibition of his scholarship before the University of Pavia. Nothing could be more proper, he thinks, than to present himself as an expounder of the "Pimander of Hermes Trismegistus." Let the most illustrious Marquis and the most excellent Fathers in the town and university take notice, that such is the subject on which he proposes to address them. "His introductory oration is among the printed works that have come down to us. He tells how, beset by cares and heavy duties during the past three years of miserable war, he has desired to find safe passage to some happy shore across the sea of blood. To do this it was requisite to find some duty, and a worthy one, but he could see none better or less inconsistent with his profession of arms than to interpret the mystery of a

divine philosophy in that most flourishing gymnasium. His natural bent had been from early youth to a consideration of divine mysteries, and he had never known a more delightful spectacle for contemplation than the wise ordering of nature. To learn these mysteries and teach them to others had been at all times his chief ambition." He goes on to defend his youth against presumption in attempting such an enterprise. "The young," says he, "can sometimes discriminate as well as, or even better than, more aged persons; good wit comes by intelligence, not by lapse of time." He refers to his military calling, and hopes his foreign dress may be excused, observing, "The beard and tattered cloak do not make the philosopher, any more than the cowl can make the monk. Wisdom resides not in clothes." Besides, he adds, he has "been urged to prosecute the studies of his choice by many hearers with most cogent reasons, counselled and helped by friends who, with innumerable helpful kindnesses have stimulated him to continue what he had begun." Lastly, he says, "The Gospel too compels me, lest I be convicted of ingratitude towards both God and man, by burying the talent that has been intrusted to me, or hiding my light under a bushel, and at last fall under the curse with the fig-tree that yielded not its fruit in due season." There is no lack of self-consciousness in the man, and no great fastidiousness about self-assertion. That, however, was the habit of the day, for which he cannot personally be blamed. Men could not then get their merits and pretensions puffed or advertised in newspapers; every man had to be his own trumpeter, and say out and out what he thought of himself with his own tongue. So, with a modest confidence, Agrippa proclaims his conscious power, and extols his qualifications for the imposing task on which he ventures. He is not boastful, but aims in effect to say—"Soldier and stranger as I am, my soul is that of a true scholar; I can learn and teach; and to do both unhindered, living happily with wife and family, a scholar among scholars, is the dear wish of my heart. Grave doctors of Pavia, do not quench the fire upon the little hearth that I have lighted among you."

With such introduction, he proceeds to the subject of his lectures. He first explains who Hermes is; and, according to Rabbinical tradition, identifies him with the patriarch Enoch. He, it seems, was the primitive teacher and origina-

tor of the occult philosophy. "He gave laws to Egypt, was the first observer of the stars, the author and inventor of theology; the author too, in a material sense, of twenty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-five volumes of books, wherein were contained stupendous mysteries." The book to be expounded, called "Pimander," is a treatise "Upon the Wisdom and Power of God." "It is a book," says Cornelius, "most choice for the elegance of its language, most weighty for the abundance of its information, full of grace and propriety, full of wisdom and mysteries. For it contains the profoundest mysteries of the most ancient theology, and the arcana of all philosophy, which things it may not be so much said to contain as to explain. For it teaches us what God is, what the world, what a mind, what each sort of demon, what the soul, what the ordering of Providence, what and whence the necessity of Fate, what the law of nature, what human justice, what religion, what sacred ceremonies, rites, temples, observances, and holy mysteries; it instructs us, besides, in the knowledge of ourselves, on the soaring of intellect, on secret prayers, marriage with Heaven, and the sacrament of regeneration." Clearly, a most wonderful book, a very cyclopædia of all natural and supernatural knowledge, which we may suppose might afford matter for almost any amount of exposition. In explaining and interpreting so magnificent a performance, Cornelius would find scope and occasion for displaying all his varied gifts and recondite accomplishments.

It is true the great Hermes has lost, through later criticism, the divine proportions formerly ascribed to him. The man himself is now regarded as a myth, and certainly has no claims to a separate personality. There are not less than three fabulous persons of the name. The oldest, known in Egypt as Thoyt, or Thoth, is identified with the Hermes and Mercury of Greece and Rome. He was the reputed inventor of all human knowledge, and the source of the Hermetic art of alchemists. The Hermes Trismegistus, so much honoured in the sixteenth century, appeared a thousand years later, in the time of Sesostris, restored lost arts, taught observation of the stars; and, having invented hieroglyphics, wrote his wisdom upon pillars. The third Hermes, or Mercury, is considered by some to have been but a third manifestation of the same divinity, and he was called Trismegistus, not as

thrice great, but as thrice born, or a third time appearing in human life as a pure and sinless being. The Hermes commonly referred to in the writings of the Cabalists, was the second of the triad here mentioned. "For many of the books ascribed to him," says Mr. Morley, "and certainly for the Pimander, we are indebted to the Alexandrian philosophers, who combined Jewish, Greek, and Christian opinions, with fragments of Egyptian tradition, and produced in that way, by the manufacture of a prophet, evidence apparently almost as old as man in favour of their tenets." The great number of books written in the name of Hermes, had that name attached to them by the authors in order to give them currency.

Agrippa's exposition was received favourably at Pavia ; and he was admitted by the university to its degree of "doctor in each faculty." Already doctor of divinity, he is now doctor also in medicine and law. On the field of battle he had formerly been knighted. He has secured, therefore, a liberal share of the honours attainable in arts and arms. He is, besides, to all appearance, in a fair way of prospering in his circumstances. He still receives the pay to which he is entitled for his military services, and can, at the same time earn money as a teacher in the university. With his wife and their two children, he has therefore settled in the town of Pavia. In his wife he is blessed with a most charming helpmate, whom he thoroughly appreciates, and thinks and speaks of with the utmost tenderness. "I give," says he on one occasion, writing to a friend, "I give innumerable thanks to the omnipotent God, who has joined me to a wife after my own heart ; a maiden, noble and well-mannered, young, beautiful, who lives so much in harmony with my habits, that never has a word of scolding dropped between us ; and, wherein I count myself happiest of all, however our affairs changed, in prosperity and adversity always alike kind to me, alike affable, constant ; most just in mind and sound in counsel, always self-possessed." Pleasantly together, we may be assured, was that encouraging success at Pavia enjoyed ; pleasant and hopeful seemed the days before them ; and the remembrance of past turmoils and mischances were obliterated by the sense of present thankfulness.

Ah ! if the rest of the world would but run in the same current with one's convenience, it would be no very difficult

thing to prosper. But instead of that, events and circumstances are apt to come rudely into collision with one's advancing fortunes, and for no fault or indiscretion of our own, upset them beyond redemption. Thus, when Cornelius Agrippa had got comfortably established at Pavia, it was his misfortune to have the tenor of his life suddenly disturbed and altered by a new outbreak of war. Louis XII. of France had died, and Francis I., who succeeded him, took up those old Italian quarrels, and marched with an army into the country. After taking several towns, he attacked and took possession of Pavia, making it necessary for Cornelius to retire with his manuscripts and seek shelter in Milan. In September, 1515, he was again in arms, fighting this time with the Emperor Maximilian and Montferrat, on the side of the Pope and the King of Naples, who desired to maintain Maximilian Sforza in the duchy of Milan, from which Francis was aiming to oust him. At the battle of Marignano the Italian party was defeated, and in the rout that followed, Cornelius lost a pocketful of manuscripts. The French got possession of Milan, and the war for the present ended in their triumph. Agrippa, meanwhile, is wandering up and down the land in search of some honest employment, without finding it. Towards the end of the year, we find him writing to a friend:—"So great a plague of arms, or pestilence of soldiers, is every where raging, that one can scarcely live securely even in hollows of the mountains. Whither, I ask, in these suspected times, shall I betake myself with my wife, and son, and family, when home and household goods are gone from us at Pavia, and we have been despoiled of nearly all that we possess, except a few things that were rescued? My spirit is sore, and my heart is disturbed within me, because the enemy has persecuted my soul, and humbled my life to the dust. I have thought over my lost substance, the money spent, the stipend lost, our no income, the dearness of every thing, and the future threatening worse evils than the present; and I have praised the dead rather than the living, nor have I found one to console me."

In this unsettled and unfriended state, he nevertheless looks his situation boldly in the face, and finds some resource in the consolations that spring from wisdom. He reflects that wisdom is stronger than all other things, and of what he has

at Geneva, where, instead of depending upon one man for subsistence, he may earn a living by general practice, either in law or medicine, and thus be independent. His wife's parents, as we know, were Geneva people, and would no doubt, in connection with their friends, lend him a helping hand at starting. To Geneva, for his wife's sake, he most likely would have gone, had not a more certain prospect of a livelihood been just then elsewhere offered. At the free town of Metz, in the duchy of Lorraine, the citizens were in want of an advocate and orator; to Cornelius Agrippa, if it pleased him, the post was open; and he, thinking it worthy of his acceptance, was accordingly appointed to it. The office was one of considerable local influence and importance, and as the income attached to it was liberal, he had reason to regard himself as having at last attained to a position with which he might be very well content.

To Metz we may suppose he starts, with wife and family in admirable spirits, though he has winter weather for travelling—the date of his appointment being the month of January, 1518. It is not, however, to Metz that he goes forthwith: he considers the time a seasonable one for visiting once more his parents in Cologne. They had not heard from him for years, and had long since given him up for dead, a rumour having reached them that he fell fighting with the Swiss at Pavia. He, of course, knew nothing of that rumour, and had not therefore sent any messenger to assure them of his safety. Having no pleasant news to tell them up to the present time, he did not like to trouble them with his misfortunes. It speaks well for him that in the days of his poverty he had refrained from pressing on their resources. But now, having a tolerably fair account to give of his prospects, it is his first thought to go and see them; and, by his unexpected arrival he turns their mourning into joy. It is near upon three hundred and forty years ago! and the faces that were then brightened by that meeting, and the hearts that were quickened in their beatings, have long since faded out of shape and memory, but they were then flushed and animated, as true hearts and faces ever are in moments of such ecstasy, and the emotions manifested were as real as any that might have been witnessed so lately as yesterday. Time buries these things for us, as it buries and transforms
ies of mankind, but let us doubt not that the beauty

of affection flashing forth in such a scene, is somewhere treasured up, and can no more die or be annihilated than the souls of whose passion it was born !

In Metz, Cornelius found a town that was in several respects not much unlike Cologne. "There was in spirit, though not quite in form, the same municipal supremacy, the same sort of social history, the same mastery of the religious power by the civil, and withal the same glut of monks, making intolerant use of what authority they had." The government of the place was in the hands of a body called the Council of Deacons, aided by another body called the Sworn Thirteen. At the head of the corporation was a president, or master deacon, elected annually by the masters of the cathedral, and certain abbeys, and who for the time being was possessed of something akin to supreme power. It was by invitation of the master deacon that Cornelius became town advocate and orator. What were the express duties of this office we are not able to ascertain. He would seem to have been a sort of cross between a town-clerk and an attorney-general. Some of his orations survive, and show traces of the nature of his work. One of them is a speech before the neighbouring Senate of Luxemburg, upon the subject of some claims made against the citizens of Metz by the farmers of the Luxemburg tolls. Another is an address to a prince-bishop, and a third to some great lord—personages who, having occasion to visit Metz, had to be welcomed with formal greetings ; similar in character to those which mayors and corporations now-a-days present to a sovereign or prince, casually passing through their town or city.

These duties, and whatever others might be connected with them, did not so fully occupy Agrippa's time as to leave him without leisure. Part of this leisure was employed, not perhaps very profitably, in writing a declamation on the perplexing question of the nature of Original Sin. Cornelius may be said to have left the question pretty much as he found it, as, we believe, has been the case with all other writers before or since his time. The most curious thing in the treatise is an opinion advanced by the author, which perhaps will be new to modern readers. Agrippa gravely argues that the race of men in a state of innocence would have been maintained by immaculate conception ! Such an opinion was credible in the sixteenth century, and

is no doubt traceable to the monkish notion which regarded the natural relation of the sexes as intrinsically unholy. Cornelius, though a philosopher, cannot escape the influences of his age: his freest opinions, like those of all men, are modified by the opinions current among his contemporaries.

A sudden journey to Cologne interrupts the town advocate's studies, and the course of his daily life. His father, now advanced in years, is ill, and drawing nigh to the point of death. Cornelius cannot stay to see the end, but news of it shortly follows him, and the weight of the event falls heavy on his soul. "I grieve," he says, "most vehemently, and find but a single solace for this grief, that we must yield to the divine ordinance." God, he believes, ordains nothing but what is good and salutary; nevertheless, such is his human nature, the depths are stirred within him. This is the greatest sorrow he has known. He is thirty-two years old, and has seen many troubles, but this trouble never until now. With a bowed and chastened spirit he submits himself to the inevitable, and walks along the path of his own duties with a profounder sense of the claims and cares of life.

As he advances he does not find the road any smoother to his footsteps than he has hitherto been wont to find it. He met with little sympathy among his fellow-citizens; and in the "glut of monks" with which the town was pestered, he soon encountered some formidable enemies. It became an offence with these gentry, that Agrippa should presume to meddle with theology. "Dining sometimes, in the year 1519, with his friend Father Claudius Deodatus, at the religious house of the Celestines in the market-place, he used to discourse much at table on the state of man before the fall, the fall of angels, and other matters. Except Father Claudius and the prior, and one studious youth, none of the monks diverted their attention from their dinners to take more heed of the earnest scholar, than to note that he often spoke with respect of theological inquirers who were not considered to be sound by the stationary party in the church. . . . He quoted Erasmus freely, and was also just at this time seized with admiration of a venerable and gentle theologian, whose reforming tendencies had made him hateful to his brethren of the Sorbonne, Jacques Faber d'Etaples, better known as Faber Stapulensis." Cornelius lent his friend Claudius some

of the writings of these covert heretics, and thereby got the good father into trouble with the brethren of his order. "Our brothers are loutish and idiotic," said he, "persecuting enviously all who love good literature. They decry not a little Master Jacques Faber, also you and me; so that some of them have attacked me with no trifling insults. . . . There is another reason why many who are harsh and unlettered rise up against you, because you have been sharply and firmly defending a woman accused of heresy and witchcraft, and have taken this prey away from the Inquisition."

Cornelius, indeed, comes shortly into open conflict with the monks, and lustily opposes them in behalf of free opinion and humanity. His first battle was fought about what we should now consider a very trifling, and even absurd question—namely, whether or not St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary, had three husbands, or only one? In our present "enlightened century," any one on hearing such a question raised, would be apt to ask, in the first place, who knows? and, secondly, who cares? Of course, in these days nobody knows or cares either. But in Agrippa's time, singular to say, people really *did* care, and actually regarded a right faith on such a matter of very great importance. That "gentle theologian," Faber d'Etaples, for instance, thought it of sufficient consequence to write a book upon it, wherein he affirmed, for reasons which he gives, that St. Anne was a strict monogamist. He considered that the contrary belief was an imputation on her purity. Well, Cornelius Agrippa, inclining to adopt his views, appears to have stated them in conversation to Nicolas Roscius, one of the town deacons. Roscius maintained the popular opinion, to wit, that Anne had three husbands in succession; and thereupon arose a controversy. As neither could convince the other, they, curiously enough, agreed to submit the point to arbitration! At this juncture, Agrippa's duties appear to have called him away from town. During his absence, a number of priests hearing of the discussion, took it into their own hands to settle; and, having pronounced the town-advocate's view unorthodox, and contrary to authority, scrupled not to denounce him from their pulpits. On his return to Metz, Cornelius found himself regarded as something like a public criminal. Of course he was not going to submit to such intolerant usage without remonstrance. He

wishes very much he had been upon the spot when the thing was going on, to rebuke those arrogant fellows to their faces. Being absent, he now draws up and promulgates a set of propositions, flatly contradicting all that had been said and done. Let his denouncers stand forth and confute him by just argument, if they can. The monks have roused the Tartar in him, rather. He, in his turn, will denounce and defy *them*. Their bigoted and perverse representations of sacred personages are not to be credited, he says. All the recent martyrologies and professed legends of the saints are full of such prodigious lies, that they make Christianity a laughing-stock in the eyes of Jews, Turks, and Infidels. The story of the blessed Anne's three husbands is one of them. It is false, he affirms; a mere scandalous and impious imagination! As to Jacques Faber's book "On the Three and One," in which the single marriage and single child-birth of St. Anne is maintained, he remarks,—“Whosoever tells the people in public assembly that this book ought to be burnt, and wishes every copy of it in the fire, is a presumptuous man, judging falsely, and an evil spoken detractor; doing atrocious wrong to that book and its author, and all literature. He who is offended by the book is unlearned, and obstinate in ignorance, because the book itself is lustrous with the authority of scripture and reason. He who is scandalized by the author, is a wicked hypocrite, because that author is gentle and of humble heart. But if any one ventures to come into the lists against that book, armed with scripture and with reason, him I will judge to be a brave and a strong man, worthy to be met in conflict (for the sake of truth, not of vainglory) by some learned champion. Whoever speaks against that book in other fashion, is a slanderer and foe to truth.”

We have here a bold front, and no flinching. You may say, if you like, that the opinion he is so vehemently concerned about is all nonsense; that it is no whit better founded on fact or probability than the other which he opposes; and that it is no manner of consequence which is true and which is not: all this may be granted, but we shall by no means understand Agrippa if we so dismiss the matter. What he contended against was the intolerant, soul-enslaving presumption of priests and monks to settle every thing by their authority. He wished things to be settled by the authority

of scripture and sound reasoning ; and whatsoever things could not so be settled, he would have them freely left to individual judgment. This, at bottom, was what Cornelius meant, and aimed after ; and in virtue of this he is entitled to be regarded as a champion of Truth. If the ends of truth were not much answered by the controversy, it was less the fault of his intentions than of his bigoted opponents who forced him into such an argument. He approved himself, at any rate, a man not unworthy to stand by his own convictions ; braving single-handed the rancorous hostility of an unreasoning faction, to his own loss and peril ; and, though discomfited and evil-spoken of, going on his own way invincible.

He likewise approved himself, about the same time, a bold and genuine champion of humanity. In a village, not far from Metz, there was living in his time a young, unfriended woman, a poor man's wife, whose mother had been burnt for a witch. As the mother had been, so, it was supposed, the daughter must be also ; and one night a crowd of rustics, who had been drinking together, broke into her house, dragged her with much ill-treatment out of bed, and locked her up in a prison of their own contriving. There, without any authority whatever, they detained her, until the public functionaries, moved by urgent representations, brought her into the town for proper trial. On the bench with the judge, sat Nicolas Savin, the Inquisitor, a fierce Dominican monk, who exerted all his influence to get the poor woman handed over to him by the civil power, to be dealt with in the Court of Inquisition. This object would no doubt have been immediately effected, had not Cornelius Agrippa manfully presented himself as counsel for the poor woman in her helplessness. He was probably the only man in Metz who dare oppose the Inquisitor in such a case ; but he intrepidly stood forward and argued against the legality of the proceedings. Of course he was abused as a "favourer of heretics ;" he was even threatened with a process against himself, but neither of these things daunted him. Nor did it daunt him much on being turned out of the court ; he still, with a noble pertinacity, pleaded to the judge in writing, showing in that way "the law which he was not suffered to explain by word of mouth." "The rascally Inquisitor !" says he ; "he thinks to quell me with his threats, but to the best of

my calling, to the best of my constancy, I will not desist from the defence of this innocent woman." He did all he could, but he had to do with an unjust judge, a scoundrel who took bribes, and who at last, contrary to all law, gave up the poor woman to the relentless Inquisition. She was abominably ill-treated, "exposed to the question by torture," and suffered all the customary indignities that could be inflicted by that cruel and pitiless power. Nevertheless, Agrippa did not forsake her. He did his utmost to get her released, and he eventually succeeded. By a strange chance it happened that the unjust judge fell sick, and was haunted, as he deserved to be, by the tortured woman's agonies on his death-bed. What was better he was moved to make an effort for her delivery. By the hands of a notary, he gave written judgment that she was innocent, and ought by all means to be set free. But who ever heard of any body being set free by an Inquisitor? Nicolas Savin, at any rate, took the writing addressed to him by the dying judge, as an admission of his jurisdiction, and ruthlessly demanded that the woman should be exposed to farther torture, and then burnt. Burnt she would have been, without any peradventure, but for the exertions of the indomitable Agrippa. He was indefatigable in his work of mercy; spending his days with noble energy in moving all the powers of the law, seeking out witnesses, and in public and private pleading that a heinous injustice should not be done. No sooner was a new judge appointed than he was down on him with a powerful appeal. The case had now begun to excite the commiseration of the public; and the new judge being either a better man than his predecessor, or not sufficiently seasoned to admit of bribing, Cornelius finally won his cause. The civil power reclaimed the prisoner, repudiating the Inquisitor's jurisdiction; the woman received absolution from the vicar of Metz (what for we don't find stated); and her accusers were fined a hundred francs for unjust defamation of the innocent. Even at this late date, three hundred and forty years after the event, one feels somewhat glad to hear it!

This was nearly the last cause pleaded among the citizens of Metz by their town advocate and orator. He had expended his own reputation on the work. Having carried on simultaneously against the Dominicans two disputes open

to a perilous interpretation, he thereby made an enemy of the whole order, and of every corrupt monk in the town. He had a few good friends there, but they were powerless against the mass who hated him. Preached against in the churches, and avoided in the streets, and every where out of the narrow circle of his household friends regarded with suspicion, the vocation of Cornelius was plainly gone at Metz : it was not there that he could any longer find a home. So, after he had assured himself of the success of his pleading against the Inquisitor, he accepted the consequences of the course he had pursued, and asked permission of the deacons to resign his office and be gone. Leave was readily granted, and after brief preparation, with his fortunes for the third time wrecked, Cornelius Agrippa, towards the close of January, 1520, journeyed with his wife and son through wintry weather, to his widowed mother at Cologne. The Benedictine monks, in their copious history of Metz, said truly—"He was hunted from this town."

PART III.

Once more, then, Cornelius has to begin his life afresh. It has been hard uphill work hitherto, and he is here again at the bottom of the hill, more than ever perplexed about a choice of roads. What to attempt next is by no means easy to decide upon. At Cologne he had never met with any encouragement to settle, bound as he was to it by the ties of home, and the presence there of his mother and sister, who would have been glad to have him with them. The town, in the spirit and temper of its inhabitants, was very similar to Metz ; and Agrippa had now become imbued with opinions and sympathies too much at variance with current notions to admit of his living long at peace in such a place. At best, it could be to him but a temporary resting-place, where, until something new should offer, he would be secured against want. His mother and sister had a little patrimony that would suffice to maintain them all, while he was seeking a new field of labour. His outlooks and intentions were probably somewhat vague ; but, unless some employment of more promising aspect should present itself, he proposed to make his next attempt, in the way of earning a livelihood, as

a physician. There were places, even then, where success as a general medical practitioner was not impossible, and where a man, with the public for his patrons, might enjoy comparative independence. To look out for such a locality, not pre-occupied, was now his plan—a plan, however, to which he was not prepared to bind himself, should any thing in the shape of more definite patronage come unexpectedly in his way.

Living, meanwhile, leisurely in Cologne, he is not unmindful of old friendships: he corresponds with various learned persons; corresponds, in particular, with a worthy ecclesiastic of the town of Metz, John Roger Brennon, pastor of the church of St. Cross there, and receives from him further news of the doings of Nicolas Savin, in his hunt after witches. The Inquisitor, it seems, had been wondrously successful in his favourite pastime, since the departure of Cornelius, and there had been some edifying roastings of the victims. But what it concerns us, more than all this, to notice, is a brief statement in one of Agrippa's letters, written when he had been about six months in Cologne:—"I shall remain here at Cologne," says he, "during this twelvemonth. Next spring I shall migrate again into Savoy."

We have here, then, news of another "prospect." Yes: expectations have been raised once more by Charles the Gentle, otherwise Duke Skinflint, and Cornelius is at the beginning of a two years' course of hope deferred, making the heart weary. One would have thought he had had enough of Duke Skinflint! But Cornelius, himself guileless and candid-minded, is willing to believe well of every body who speaks him fairly; and it does not at all occur to him that a prince can be so unprincely as to excite hopes in a poor man, and be wholly indifferent about fulfilling them. Besides, he is in pressing want of some employment, and, with his experience of hardships, may have thought it did not become him to be too nice. At any rate, he believes in Duke Skinflint, and evinces readiness to return into his service. He has yet to learn what the proffered patronage, of such a man really means. "It means," says his biographer, "only the wasting of long days, the purposeless halt in a difficult career, loss of time, loss of peace, and loss of bread." That is the true reading; which, after a two years' effort at divining it, he at length discovers.

At present he is waiting in Cologne, with his freshened hopes, the negotiation with the Duke meanwhile going on, and, to all appearance, approaching speedy settlement. Pending this settlement, he is bent on a journey to Metz, to pay a visit with his wife to their old friend and pastor Roger Brennon. Preparations were made, and a day fixed for departure, when a misfortune befell Agrippa, worse than any that even he, notwithstanding his harassed and anxious life, could, with his gloomiest forebodings, have anticipated. His beloved wife fell sick, pined away, and died, leaving him alone in the world, utterly disconsolate. When he went to Metz, it was to carry her dead body there, to be buried by Brennon in their old church of St. Cross. He raised a tomb to her memory, and appointed masses to be said for her soul's repose; and there leaving her for ever, went forth in a passion of pain and sorrow, beyond all remedy of tears. He went away, with his motherless little boy, as though plunging into gulfs of unspeakable gloom and desperation: "even his friend Brennon knew not whither he was flying, in his poverty and his despair."

O Cornelius Agrippa, does it not seem as if, not only the earth, but the heavens were against thee! With that burden of agony on thy soul, thou mayest well have thought thyself an outcast in a universe forsaken of all mercy. I look back at thee, over the dimness of three centuries, and can see thee with imploring hands beseeching God to lighten the great weight of thy affliction; yet day by day it is not diminished, but at thy rising up and lying down, attends thee like an untameable presence, repelling the meek beckonings of Resignation. Nevertheless, thou art but sharing in the bitterness of the common lot, drinking to the dregs the universal cup that circulates at the tables of all mortals. There is no day or hour in which it is not lifted to some lips; none in which some faces are not blanched with the pallor of its dread enchantment. But there is no grief so potent as not to yield to the softening influences of time and patience; and this which now o'erwhelms thee like a tempest, shall like the tempest spend itself, and leave thy soul again in calmness!

Flying, as it were, before the storm of his great sorrow, Agrippa made his way to the city of Geneva, to seek, in the society of his departed wife's relations, the sympathy he

needed. Other considerations may have partly induced him to proceed thither, as it was at Geneva he had contemplated trying his chances as a physician, should the pending treaty with the Duke of Savoy come to an unfavourable termination. Besides, this was the place in which free thought upon religious matters had asserted itself most boldly, and in which he could expect to find most of that spiritual consolation which his bruised heart wanted. Though not seceding, or feeling disposed to secede from the church, he was in spirit completely identified with the reformers, and worked, in his own way, for the attainment of their objects. Persecuted Protestant pastors were his chief friends in Switzerland, and so far as his mind was occupied apart from his personal circumstances, it was occupied with the great questions which Luther and his associates were agitating.

As a means of earning his daily bread, he began to practise medicine, but appears not to have derived sufficient profit from it to lead him to forego the expectations raised, and still encouraged, at the court of Savoy. In the spring of 1522, we find him making a journey thither, with a view to secure either a fulfilment or a retraction of Duke Skinflint's promise. He came away without obtaining any definite arrangement; and, on his return to Geneva we observe him corresponding, and endeavouring to make interest with influential persons, such as he thought might have power to stimulate the Duke and his advisers to increased activity. The business was left at last to be settled with Skinflint's chancellor, who was to determine both in what office and at what salary the philosopher was to be connected with the court. The Duke admonished Cornelius to look briskly after his own interests, and take care the chancellor did not forget him. The chancellor needed excessive admonition, but at length wrote word that he would in a few days be coming to Chambéry—a town of Savoy, distant from Geneva some fifty or sixty miles—and there Agrippa was to meet him. Instead of going, however, Agrippa wrote to a friend at Chambéry, requesting him to urge his suit for him, he being himself, short as the distance was, unable to bear the cost of a journey to that town, and of the stay there requisite for the due help of his own cause.

There was probably another reason why he declined going. When he wrote that he could not pay his way from Geneva,

to Chambéry; he had just married a second wife, another "Swiss maiden, aged nineteen, of a good Genevese family, whom one of his friends heard to be rich," but on that head, it seems, was greatly misinformed. He had not forgotten the dead Louisa, but in the midst of his poverty and disappointment, he could not live alone. He had again the good fortune to meet with an admirable helpmate, a true wife well worthy of him. Cornelius wrote of her, two years afterwards, to his friend Brennon, as "a maid of noble birth and of great beauty, who adapts herself to my ways that you could not tell that they had not been in the first instance her own, or know whether either one of us equals or excels the other in a readiness of love and homage."

The suit with the Chancellor of Savoy comes to no settlement. In October, 1522, we find Agrippa getting impatient, and writing to his friend at Chambéry, urging the misery and waste of the continual delay. He had been kept two years in suspense, he said, trusting to the Duke's promise, spending his money, and receiving in return only sweet words; letting birds escape while chasing flies. He had lately been offered favours by the royal house of France, and he had let that chance slip. He did not wish to die of hope. The promises of Savoy must be fulfilled, or otherwise retracted; Cornelius will waste no further time in this dreary waiting upon patronage. By this appeal the chancellor is by no means moved; and Cornelius is left to sue or not to sue just as it may please him. A lucky offer from another quarter shortly brought the matter to conclusion. The magistrates of the little mountain town of Friburg, were in want of a physician, and Cornelius accepted their invitation, with the salary they undertook to pay. Let Duke Skinflint and his shabby chancellor henceforward look elsewhere for their physic!

The removal from Geneva to Friburg, in the beginning of the year 1523, was attended with a slight increase of prosperity. Friburg, it is true, was but a small Swiss mountain fortress, with a narrow-streeted town attached to it, and could hardly pay a high salary to its physician—not higher, indeed, than would now be offered in England to a parish surgeon—"yet," as somebody once said, "half a cheese is better than mere parings;" and these were what Cornelius had latterly been living upon. He was received in the best spirit

at Friburg, both by magistrates and people ; a hardy, warrior race, noted for kindness and hospitality. Never in his whole life was he so well honoured by his neighbours, as he was in these days of his obscurity among the Swiss. He stayed, however, little more than a year among them ; his increasing family, and his too small income, rendering it incumbent on him to seek for some more bountiful provision ; and, with this end, to harness himself again in the train of princely houses.

Many of his old friends in Paris and Lyons had been looking out for him, and had obtained promise of court favour in his behalf from France, where he was to hold the honourable position of physician to the mother of Francis I. Accordingly, in March or April, 1524, he quitted Friburg, leaving true friends and patrons who had nothing to discommend them, except that they were a little poor. At Lyons, where he was going, he had reason to expect a more costly entertainment, but he had no dream of meeting with more genuine respect, or a more cordial welcome. The queen-mother, however, seemed to promise fairly. Cornelius was invested with the titles of a man attached directly to the court, as counsellor, and forthwith took part at Lyons in such public business as belonged to his position. A small sum of money was advanced to him from the treasury, wherewith to pay the cost of establishing his household ; and a few weeks after his arrival, he is found writing to a friend, that he was in daily expectation of a messenger charged with the payment of his first year's salary.

It was, still, however, only with "expectations" that he was dealing. At the end of six months he had obtained nothing but barren honours. "In answer to your inquiry about my fortunes," says he to the Abbot Boumont, of Geneva, "certainly I am rich in promises, from the king himself and other princes ; but these wars, for the most part, snatch away from me the fruits of their munificence." The wars alluded to were those in which Francis I. and Charles V., lately become Emperor of Germany, were engaged for the possession of territory in Italy. The contest proved unfavourable to France ; King Francis himself being taken prisoner, and carried away to Spain. During his captivity, the queen-mother became regent ; and having now much complicated business on her hands, she was indisposed to trouble herself about so trifling a matter as that of making

terms with her physician. Nothing had been done for him when, in August 1525, the queen was leaving Lyons to visit Spain on behalf of her captive son. He was to remain, loosely hanging about the town, until her return, when she would be at liberty, she said, to determine where his domestic establishment was to be permanently fixed.

Wait—wait ! with Agrippa it is always waiting. He does not appear to have heard any thing further in relation to his concerns until the next April, when he received a letter from John Chapelain, one of the king's physicians, to this effect : —“ I will see to your pension ; but the matter is not likely to be settled yet, for in such matters the queen is apt to be slow. However, we shall soon be coming to Paris : now, if I understand rightly, we are to return to Lyons, because the most Christian king has to accomplish a vow made while in Spain to the Holy Napkin, at Chambéry ; in Paris I have no doubt your affair can be settled ; in the meantime I will do my part as a friend, when opportunity arises.” The king, then, is now returning from his captivity in Spain, and has got as far as Bordeaux upon the road—that being the place from which Chapelain writes his letter.

“ The queen is apt to be slow ! Something to be done when opportunity arises ! ” “ Good heavens ! ” exclaims Agrippa ; “ and all this time, I am here reduced even to bare want ! ” That very instalment of his promised salary, which we found him full two years back expecting daily, has not been paid ; Martin of Troyes, the treasurer, dishonestly retaining it for his own purposes. Cannot the queen be moved ? “ Go to her,” writes Cornelius to Chapelain, in bitter mockery ; “ fasten upon her, seize her, ask her, conjure her, compel her, torment her ; add prayers, entreaties, complaints, sighs, tears, and whatever else there is by which people can be stirred.” He also begs his friend to get Barguyn, the head treasurer, to send a letter to his subaltern Martin, commanding payment of what he is holding back. If not paid, he says, he shall become one letter more than *medicus* ; by which sorry joke he means he must become *mendicus*, a beggar.

Chapelain, who is not unwilling to help as far as he is able, writes back on the 17th of May—“ Barguyn the treasurer has been absent, but promises to make Martin of Troyes pay you your salary in Lyons. Her majesty does

not deny that she will some day do what you desire, but she is making a long matter of it." Nine days afterwards, he reports, that he has given to the queen letters from Agrippa, but that he can get no definite reply. "I know by my own experience," he adds—"how difficult that is, for I have wanted one thing from her for many years, and have not received it, and almost despair of getting it, though I have had not unfrequently her promise." At length, in the warm days of June, there comes a letter containing what seemed more definite promises than usual. It was from the Bishop of St. Paul Trois Châteaux, reporting the issue of a conversation he had just been having with the king, in which Agrippa's case was represented. Francis spoke of the unlucky scholar with kindness, promising, that he should have the money due to him, and more to boot. "Moreover," said the bishop, "M. Chapelain has written by order of the queen-mother herself, to the treasurer, who is now at Lyons, commanding him to pay your salary."

This looks like earnest business; and the poor threadbare philosopher begins to think that his affairs are past the worst. From various other quarters he receives similar assurances, and, with the buoyancy of renewed hope he contemplates the faces of his wife and children with a satisfaction such as had not lately been his wont. We can fancy him sitting dreamily in the twilight, picturing the brighter days a-coming. The worst of it is, they come so slowly. Day after day passes, and still they do not come. As the month advances, Agrippa writes—"By this hope I have been highly delighted; but to this moment not a speck of money has been seen. Martin of Troyes says, that nothing has been written to him by Barguyn, so that my affair has not come to my net, but is still in its web among the spiders." He again makes application to his friends at court, urgently representing to them that, if his salary be any longer withheld from him, penned up as he is in Lyons, and unable to stir through poverty, he must altogether perish. Then comes a brief note from Chapelain, stating that Treasurer Barguyn has commissioned one Antony Bullion of Lyons, to pay forthwith what is owing. It is mere subterfuge; for Barguyn knows very well that this same Antony Bullion is now absent, and is besides one of the shiftiest rogues existing! Nobody having dealings with Antony, is likely to get

a settlement before the day of judgment. What merciless tampering is this! "Think of me!" exclaims Agrippa, "fought against on every side by sorrows—by griefs, indeed, greater and more incessant than I care to write. There is no friend here to help me; all comfort me with empty words; and the court title which should have brought me honour and profit, aggravates my hurt, by adding against me envy to contempt." Brought into this false position by false promises, he goes on to say—"Here I live with my large family, as a pilgrim in a caravansary, under a load of charges which I am destitute of the means to meet; and you write to me—'that the queen will *some* day comply with my request—but that she is always slow.' What if in the mean time I perish!"

Ay, what indeed! To Cornelius Agrippa, and those dependent on him, this is a grave consideration; but to the queen-mother and her surrounding flunkies, it is apparently of little consequence. At any rate, not a sixpence does she send him in his extremity. Her highness, nevertheless, has no scruple about making use of his services. In the month of August, in the year 1526, she sends him a command to consult the stars, and cast a horoscope with a view to show the issue of a contest which had now again commenced between her son and the Emperor of Germany. Having lost, as he said, all but honour at Pavia, and been carried prisoner to Madrid, King Francis had just obtained his freedom by the force of vows and promises, which he was now making up his mind to break. The honour he had saved he was going to sacrifice for the sake of regaining more substantial things. His mother, bigoted and superstitious, wished to know the result of such a policy, and so consults Agrippa as a man competent to tell. He by no means likes the business, for, as we shall see, he has no belief in the nonsense of astrology; but, being the queen's servant, he must even do her bidding. Perhaps her majesty may be thus effectually reminded, that he has as yet received no salary, and be induced to see him paid. Sad as he is at heart, he cannot refrain from jesting over the work. Writing in reply to Chapelain, he says:—"Through the royal promises, I am turned like Ixion on a wheel, haunted by the furies. I am almost losing human senses, and am becoming good for nothing; wherefore I am the apter, perhaps, for prophecy,

which some think comes best from mad people, as if the loss of human wit meant the acquisition of divine, and what the wise man cannot foresee, the fool can . . . I wish I may predict her something pleasant; but what pleasant prophecies are you to get out of the furies and Hecate? All the mad prophets of antiquity foresaw nothing but murder, slaughter, war, and havoc, and I know not how mad people can foresee other than the works of madmen. I fear, then, that I shall prophesy in this way, unless some good Apollo, chasing off the furies, visit me with his light in beams of gold. But I will mount the tripod, prophesy, or guess, and send the result ere long to the princess, using those astrological superstitions by which the queen shows herself so greedy to be helped—using them, as you know, unwillingly, and compelled by her violent prayers. I have written, however, to the seneschal that he would admonish her no longer to abuse my talent by condemning it to such unworthy craft, nor force me any more to stumble through this idle work, when I am able to be helpful to her with more profitable studies."

The horoscope was prepared, according to the usual astrological rules, but as it unhappily predicted defeat of the French armies, it was ungraciously received; and, instead of anyway advancing Agrippa's interests, served only to involve them in more perplexity. The queen-mother, moreover, took serious offence at his disparagement of astrology, and the expression of his wish that she would put his abilities to a worthier use. Instead of winning her respect by his honesty and candour, he was now made to feel the effects of her resentment. No direct intimation of her displeasure was conveyed to him—that would have been too straightforward; but privately and all unknown to him, his long-neglected claims were summarily cancelled. One morning, as Cornelius was walking in St. John's church at Lyons, he was accosted by a stranger, who had good-will in his face, and asked if he knew how matters stood with him at court—whether he had received certain intelligence of any sort. Agrippa told him what he supposed to be the state of his case, when the man answered, "I serve in the office of Barguyn the treasurer, and, as a friend, I warn you not to be misled by any false suggestion, but to take thought of some better way of prospering. A very little while ago I saw your name struck off the pension-list."

Here, then, was the reward of all his waiting, the end and consummation of the promises with which he had been so long deluded. Could any man, under such ungenerous treatment, be expected to be meek or patient? Cornelius bursts out into flames of wrath, and proclaims boldly what he thinks of it. "Had I been servant to a merchant or draper," says he, "or even to some peasant—man or woman—of the meanest class, no such master or mistress would have turned me off without a warning, even if I had been guilty of offence. But from this court I am thrust out secretly, without blame and without fault, and in the meantime, nursed on a vain hope, and, led to renounce every good offer from elsewhere, am driven to the wreck of all my fortunes. I am destroyed thus by my honesty, and the good faith I have kept with your princess, and (may it please the gods!) this is in her an act of authority which would be called in any private person an act of perfidy and betrayal." Thus writes he to Chapelain in October 1526. In another letter, he says: "Say no more to the queen in my behalf, make no further attempt to appease her. . . . Take care never to address me again as Counsellor, or Queen's physician. I detest this title. I condemn all hope it ever raised in me. I renounce all fealty that I ever swore to her. She never more shall be mistress of mine (for already she has ceased to be so), but I have resolved to think of her as some atrocious and perfidious Jezebel, if she thus heeds rather dishonest words than honest deeds." He sends salutations to a few old friends, "patriarchs of literature and virtue," and adds: "the rest of the courtiers may the gods confound! I now hate princes and courts equally. Farewell."

During all this dreary time, Agrippa had not been idle with his pen. He had written several small books and pamphlets, which circulated in manuscript among the learned, and brought him a degree of fame and honour. Besides these, he had latterly been engaged on a work of a more ambitious cast, into which he threw some of the results of his experience and disappointment, and which, being entitled "On the Uncertainty and Vanity of Sciences," he designed as a satire on the learned ignorance of his times. In this book he assailed all the abuses he found current in philosophy, in law, in physic, in courts, and in the church; laying his lash hardest, perhaps, on the monastic orders, and exposing them to contempt as "an abominable rout of sinners." Had we

space, we might quote from this work some very witty and amusing passages; one in particular, which we would fain bring in, on the origin of the monk's cowl, which Agrippa ingeniously traces to the invention of the devil, from whom he supposes the brothers must have borrowed it, "unless perchance he may have bequeathed it to them as his heirs." Almost every description of vice and pretension comes in for its share of censure or of ridicule; and Agrippa concludes with showing that there is no profession, or pursuit, or science, without its vanity and uncertainty, and that the only study worthy of a wise man, is the study of the Scriptures. This is a very imperfect account of the performance, but it is the best we can give within the limits to which we are restricted.

Any reader, curious about the matter, may find a full and well-digested exposition of it in Mr. Morley's volumes. The work seems to have been finished in the last days of Agrippa's stay in Lyons, and the writing of it was probably a relief to him in his great depression.

Abandoning all question about money due to him, Cornelius now desired but one thing more in France—formal licence to quit the queen-mother's service, with letters of safe conduct into another land. He was forty-one years old, and had yet a home and the means of subsistence for himself and family to seek. His wife had borne him several children, all of them still young, and his concern on their behalf made him very wretched. Whither he should go when he left France he did not know; only he knew that he must leave. To have given him the necessary permission need not, one would have thought, have taken up much time; yet even in such a matter the same fatality of delay attends him, and he is put to endless trouble in procuring his papers. While waiting, however, he receives an invitation from certain learned friends to proceed to Antwerp, where he is given to understand there is a prospect of his obtaining patronage under that same Margaret of Austria, regent in the Netherlands, whose favour he had sought to win in his youthful days at Dôle. In December, 1527, he sets out from Lyons for this new land of promise, reaching Paris a little before Christmas, and expecting to proceed upon his journey after a few days' waiting for his passport. But instead of a few days, he was actually detained six months, spending his time drearily at a tavern, and incurring an enormous tavern bill,

which absorbed all the money he had borrowed for travelling expenses, and left him still in debt. It was late in July before he could get off, and then, from want of sufficient funds, he was obliged to go alone. On arriving at Antwerp, he found the friends who had invited him absent from the town, and he had to search about a whole month before finding them. Tidings meanwhile came from Paris that his wife had fallen sick, and was, with her family, in great extremity. Agrippa writes in a passion of despair to a friend there, beseeching him to help them, for that he himself is helpless, and knows not what to do. Help, however, was now at hand. A good Samaritan at Antwerp lent him money, which being sent to his friend in Paris, sufficed for the conveyance of his wife and children, all of whom safely joined him in November, 1528.

At Antwerp some happy months were spent. Among the learned and the noble Cornelius found helpers and companions. He began practising as a physician, and shortly obtained a credit that extended beyond Antwerp to adjoining towns, and caused him to be sought by wealthy patients. He even got access to court, and the winning ways of his wife commended him and his household, not less than his own learning, to the favour of Margaret of Austria. By her appointment he soon obtained a public position as Counsellor in the matter of the Archives, and Historiographer to the Emperor. Shortly afterwards licence was given him, to print and possess for six years the copyright of his works. All was going prosperously, and there seemed nothing to fear, except from one particular circumstance—in Antwerp the plague was raging, and many of the inhabitants were daily dying. In June, 1529, Agrippa was summoned to attend a wealthy patient dangerously ill (though not of the plague) at Mechlin, and during his absence news came to him that his wife, who had been previously indisposed, was getting worse, and being in need of a doctor, wished to have no one but her husband. He hastened home, and found her stricken with the prevalent distemper: "great plague-spots" covered her whole body; all chance of recovery was past; and at length on the seventh day of August, in her husband's arms, she died. Under this most terrible bereavement, Agrippa wrote to a friend, who was her kinsman:—"I am lost! for I have lost her who was the only solace of my life,

the sweetest consolation of my labours, my most loved wife. . . . She is dead, to my greatest sorrow, to my greatest hurt, to the greatest disadvantage of our children, to the greatest grief of all who knew her! Within twenty-three days of the age of twenty-six, she was known every where for her goodness, and loved and revered for her rare modesty. She lived with me, as you know, for eight years all but a month, always in the utmost love and peace; there never was between us anger upon which the sun went down. All my hard fortune, poverty, exile, flight, perils, she bore with me in patience, and already all our troubles were surmounted, and we were about to lead thenceforth a cheerful, quiet life. The Princess Margaret was seeking her because of the virtues that she heard ascribed to her on every side, and there were several opportunities of wealth and honour in our hands. Nothing would have been wanting to our happiness in this world had she but survived; but woe is me, she has perished, and with her for me has perished all. My spirit is beaten down, my mind prostrated, and my life still in danger from contagion; there remains for me no consolation."

Over Cornelius himself, and all his children the disease passed, leaving them untouched. After his wife's death, he continued for some months to enjoy the high repute which he had won as a scholar and a physician; and it was not long before he was called upon to perform work in his capacity of Imperial historiographer. His first labour was that of writing an account of the Double Coronation of the Emperor Charles V. at Bologna, by Pope Clement VII.: an event which happened in February, 1530, and the history of which was presented by Agrippa, in the same year, to the Princess Margaret at Brussels. To Margaret's minister he wrote at the same time, notifying the fulfilment of his task, and delicately hinting that, among the Greeks and Romans, historiographers, who celebrated the deeds of kings, were treated with great honour and paid with liberality. There was some need for a suggestion of this kind; as, though Cornelius had his office given him, and a salary promised him, in a formal document under the imperial seal, he had not, at the time of writing, received a particle of money.

He began to have need of money, for, besides the expenses of daily living, he was now printing and publishing his

writings, apparently at his own cost. The treatise upon the "Nobility and Pre-eminence of Woman," now at length dedicated to Margaret, and certain Essays upon Matrimony, Original Sin, the Knowledge of God, and other subjects, with the Expostulation with Catilinet, were out; and towards the close of the year appeared his great work on the Vanity of Sciences. Cornelius would have acted wisely for his interests if he had withheld the last from publication. The little book of Essays did no mischief, but, as his biographer observes, the publication of the Vanity of Sciences effected finally the ruin of the author's fortunes.

At this critical period he had the misfortune to lose the patroness whose friendship had been sought so long, and for so short a time enjoyed. The Princess Margaret died in 1530, and the second work of the historiographer was to narrate the story of her life in a funeral oration. The printing of his other works was meanwhile going on, and an edition of such as he pleased to issue appears to have been completed in February, 1531. But printing and publishing at your own cost is rather an expensive business, and in Agrippa's time was worse, perhaps, than now. He, at any rate, incurred considerable debts on the credit of his salary; and this, under various pretexts, was not paid him. After Margaret's death, his only trust was in Charles V., but Charles was so incensed by reading the Vanity of Sciences, that Cornelius paid suit to him in vain. It is said that he would even have been put to death, had not two reverend and learned Cardinals interceded in his behalf, and saved him. From the Emperor, in his present mood, there was likely to come no help; and the same work that offended him, raised against Cornelius his old enemies the monks; so that he was getting again involved in his old troubles.

Creditors began to press around him. Though he had nominally an income, actually he was without means to support his children. For the sake of the imperial service, he had abandoned opportunities of private practice, betaking himself to court, and living with money borrowed from the usurers. All this upon the credit of court promises, the worth of which he ought to have learnt once for all at Lyons. For seven months he followed the Emperor with his vain suit, living restlessly in inns, and waiting about in ante-rooms, under a weight of care that wore away all

patience. "While I follow the Court," he said, "absent from home, my family hungry, creditors beset me, a mortal poverty increases to my hurt, my liberty is insecure." There were creditors, indeed, who threatened him with extreme processes; and two of them at length took constables, captured the poor philosopher, and put him in gaol at Brussels.

When his case came on for hearing before the judges, he spoke his mind pretty freely of the Emperor, and boldly proposed him as his bail. Whom else could he look to for such a service but to the man who owed him money? By the intercession of the Archbishop of Palermo, president of the Imperial Council, he was shortly set at liberty. Through the same friendly intervention the payment of a humble salary was now assured to him by a patent, signed and countersigned by many names, with the Imperial eagle in red wax to make assurance perfect. Well content with this, and once more putting his trust in princes, Agrippa retired to Mechlin, where he shortly afterwards married a third wife. Never was there, perhaps, a man with such exceeding faith in wedlock. This time, however, the adventure proved a bad one. The third wife turned out a faithless, and even infamous creature, so that, after a mortal purgatory of three years, Cornelius was constrained to get divorced from her. Poor fellow! there remained for him then only to wander out alone into a hostile world to die.

When the first instalment of his salary became due, he made it over to some of his creditors, and having entered also into arrangements whereby his whole income as historiographer should be devoted to the liquidation of his debts, he left Mechlin, on invitation from the Archbishop of Cologne. The archbishop had been pleased with some of his writings, and seemed disposed to help him in a project for reprinting them. Accordingly, several were republished at Cologne in 1532, and others would have followed, had it not been for a new difficulty. In Brabant, the sale or reading of the *Vanity of Sciences* was interdicted by the theologians of Louvain, and information was laid before the Senate of Mechlin, accusing the author of impiety. Agrippa prepared and sent in to the senate an "Apology," or defence of his performance; and subsequently, as this was not attended to, he added a "Complaint against the Calumnies of Monks and Theo-

logians," which, together with the Apology, he shortly published. They are noticeable as being the last works of their ill-fated author.

The rest of his story is soon told. The emperor sided with the monks, and demanded that Agrippa should recant all the impeached opinions. As he did not recant, he had to take the consequences of the emperor's displeasure. No part of his salary was ever paid him. Pressed down by debt, and hunted by the monks, he at length, in 1535, fled from Germany, as from a land in which his life was no longer safe. There remained, indeed, no country in which he could hope to be protected. Going into France, he was seized and thrown into prison by order of King Francis, for having published the correspondence between himself and the queen-mother. He had still a friend or two left at the French court, who had influence enough to get him liberated; but when again set free he was penniless and homeless. Wandering hither and thither, he at last found refuge in the house of a friendly gentleman at Grenoble, where, worn out and weary with his hard usage in the world, he died, at the age of forty-nine.

Any one reading this story of his life, without previous knowledge of Agrippa, will be naturally led to wonder how he came to be regarded as a magician. There are no grounds for the ascription of such a character to him, beyond the fact that he wrote some books on occult philosophy. These books, as already said, abound with error; but it is the error of imperfect science, of crude and fantastic speculation on the phenomena of nature, which there was then no method of comprehending or expounding. Of magical arts, in the sense of power derived from spiritual agency, diabolical or otherwise, there is no sign or indication in any of Agrippa's writings. His real offence against the monks was not a dealing with familiar spirits, which they ascribed to him, but his determined habit of speaking against their vices and superstitions, and his uncompromising resolution to assert the right of free inquiry. As they could not answer his charges, they sought to ruin his credit with society by scandalous imputations; and in their ignorance and stupidity, they may perhaps have even believed him to be influenced by a devilish malignity against religion—it being the habit of all zealots, however hypocritical, to impute exceeding wickedness to every body

who disapproves their conduct, or opposes their opinions. The title of the *Occult Philosophy* afforded them a pretext for calling the author a magician ; and as Cornelius was fond of dogs, and was commonly attended by a number of them, mostly black—one in particular being permitted to sit upon the table among his papers—it was not difficult for a superstitious fancy, to take them for his familiar demons. Butler's lines in *Hudibras* are a correct rendering of the monastic legend—

" Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philosopher,
And taught him subtly to maintain
All other sciences are vain."

Cornelius has had a long while to wait for a refutation of these slanders ; but in Mr. Morley's volumes he is at length sufficiently vindicated against them, and exhibited after the actual manner in which he lived and suffered. Henceforth, it will be wilful ignorance, or deliberate misrepresentation, to speak of him as a vulgar charlatan, or disingenuous pretender to magical accomplishments, in which fashion, up to this date, he has been described in biographic dictionaries and cyclopædias. Agrippa was no pretender of any kind, but a true man, faithful to his insight and his convictions, and in so far as he taught error, teaching it only as a scholar imperfectly informed. He was a wiser and more purely religious man than any of his enemies ; a truth-seeking, candid-minded, earnestly-aspiring man, such as few were in his age and country. One wonders to see him stick so scrupulously by the old church, instead of going over to the ranks of the reformers with whom he sympathized. This we must think weakness in him, and it was one of the main causes by which his life was so embittered. He thus lost the support he might have had, as a declared worker in the interests of reform with Luther and his fellows, and was at the same time repudiated by the corrupt church to which he clung. Yet, as Mr. Morley observes, " Luther himself did not wage war more openly and honestly against all church corruption, than the plain-spoken Agrippa. All the neglect and contumely that he was condemned to bear while living, even all the power of calumny by which his memory has until this day been over-

whelmed, are traceable to the one cause, that in the momentous struggle of his age, he laboured very righteously and very bravely, but alone. He was a solitary knight in the great battle, and, unluckily, the side on which he called himself a combatant, was that against which he dealt all his blows." This, however, shows the moderation of his character, and his respect for a time-honoured institution. He thought it might be reformed from within ; and in this attempt he spent his energies, to his life-long discomfiture, and the subsequent dishonour of his memory. His life teaches us many lessons, and none more emphatically than the vanity there is in striving to preserve and purify what is utterly corrupt, and which, in virtue of its corruption, demands to be destroyed.

DR. KITTO.*

A STORY OF THE PURSUIT OF LITERATURE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

DURING the earlier years of the present century, among the miscellaneous working population of Plymouth, there was living a dissipated journeyman mason, who, like many others of his class and standing, spent the greater portion of his earnings at the public-house, leaving his wife and a young family to shift as well as they could on the remaining odds and ends, and such additional casual gains as the poor woman could scrape together by her independent industry. As is usually the case with thriftless people, the pair had married early—the man, John Kitto by name, being only twenty years of age, and his wife, Elizabeth Picken, some two years younger—and when in course of time the household had increased in numbers, it became by swift degrees involved in hopeless straits and difficulties. In this respect it cannot be said to have been peculiar, as there were doubtless in Plymouth and elsewhere many domestic establishments of the kind in a similar way entangled; nor would this reckless individual craftsman and his affairs have ever become objects of historical interest, had he not happened to be paternally related to a man of a very different cast of mind and habit, who, by the union of ability and perseverance, struggled out of his mean environment, and gained distinction in pursuits which the world has agreed to consider honourable and important. It is merely as the father of Dr. Kitto, the eminent

* *Memoirs of John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A., Editor of the Pictorial Bible, &c. &c.* Compiled chiefly from his Letters and Journals. By J. E. Ryland, M.A. With a Critical Estimate of Dr. Kitto's Life and Writings, by Professor Eadie, D.D., LL.D., Glasgow. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Sons. 1856.

biblical scholar and man of letters, who has recently passed away from us, but who will long be honourably remembered by his countrymen, that we have any occasion to be concerned with the drunken spendthrift stone-mason. Our concern with him, however, needs be only temporary; and having already introduced him with such honours as seem his due, we may here unceremoniously take leave of him, and introduce the reader to his son, who, it is presumed, will be considered better company.

Be it known, then, that John Kitto the younger, eldest son of the above-mentioned John and Elizabeth Kitto, was born at Plymouth on the 4th of December, 1804. His parents at the time occupied a house, or part of a house, at the corner of Seven Stars Lane, now called Stillman Street. It was not perhaps a very airy or wholesome situation for rearing children; at any rate, from this or some other cause, the boy was a sickly, puny infant, and for some time was hardly expected to live. For much beyond the ordinary age at which children go alone he continued to be carried in the arms; and one of his earliest personal recollections was a headache which more or less accompanied him throughout his life. His childhood was remarkable for the indifference which he evinced towards the usual sports and pastimes in which children delight to be engaged. It was not his lot, we fancy, to be the object of much fondling or endearment: father and mother were too much occupied, and often too ill-tempered, to pay him more attentions than were absolutely necessary. By the time he was four years old, other babies had come to supersede him; the cupboard at home was but scantily supplied; and when grandmother Picken, who rather liked the boy, offered to take charge of him and relieve the parents of his support, consent was readily obtained, and Johnny thenceforth became the good old lady's darling.

Mrs. Picken lived in a garret by herself; and up there sometimes the hours seemed long and lonesome, both to her and the little boy. To amuse him, and make the time pass pleasantly, she used to tell him stories of ghosts, witches, wizards and hobgoblins—stories which the shuddering listener was never weary of hearing her repeat, and for the like of which his craving wonder more and more continually longed. What joy it was to stand or sit upon the floor, listening till the tale was done!—what ten times more than joy to know

that there still remained another to be told, and that for practical purposes the stock was inexhaustible! Who shall say that ghosts and goblins were not invented for a noble end? The time, however, was not wholly taken up with these miraculous recitals; Johnny had to conform himself to the household regulations, and learn to some extent the invaluable art of *sewing*; an art in which, we are informed, he became considerably expert. There was a gay patch-work bed-quilt on which he could look with exultation, saying, "Behold, there is a portion of my handiwork; I assisted Granny to do that!" After mention of such a work, it seems frivolous to speak of the endless kettle holders—"enough for two generations," it is said—which were solely the product of his hands. If any of them have survived the rag-bag, it might not be amiss to send one to the British Museum Library, to be there exhibited as a specimen of John Kitto's early works. Industrious little Johnny! and commendable old grandmother! it is really pleasant to know that you got on so well together, and turned the hours to account.

If Grandmother Picken had any fault, it was perhaps that she was not particularly fond of exercise, and so could not, without express determination, get abroad for the benefit of her health. Nevertheless, seeing that it was needful for her grandson, she would frequently march out in fair weather, leading the youngster by the hand, and go rambling among the green fields and pleasant shady lanes in the environs of Plymouth. On such occasions Johnny had liberty to collect flowers, nuts, and any species of wild fruit then in season; the helpful, considerate dame hooking down with the head of her walking-stick the branches that were out of the boy's reach. On the way home she would sometimes buy him sweetmeats as a further treat, thus rendering the excursions more especially delightful. He had a real child's relish for sweetmeats, and recollected, in after life, how he used to be filled with amazement at the indifference with which his grandmother was apt to decline any little morsel of the kind which he might offer her. "How singularly," he thought, "must that taste be deadened or perverted, to which sugar-stick can communicate no gratification!" Apart, however, from the indulgences attendant on these rambles, the boy acquired a relish for roaming through fields and secluded lanes which he never lost, and which, even when no longer

accompanied by his venerable relative, he availed himself of every opportunity of indulging. The result, in connection with other circumstances, was a musing, melancholy tendency, which, as he grew older, became the habit of his mind.

Always, the history of a man's childhood is the description of his surrounding circumstances and the persons and events with which he came in contact. By these he is necessarily influenced, and his individual development may be expected to show signs of the impression. On this account Kitto's biographer very properly makes mention of a cheerful, merry little shoemaker, who had his stall or workshop in the house adjoining that in which Mrs. Picken lodged, and who, being thus a neighbour, came very naturally to be an acquaintance of little Johnny. As sprightly a cordwainer, and brother-wayfarer, was this as ever hammered leather: there was not a song that he could not sing, a tale he could not tell, or a tune he could not whistle, with or without accompaniments. For Mrs. Picken he had much respect, and always addressed her by the honourable epithet of "Mistress." Being a good-natured fellow, and not objecting to the presence of children, he often allowed her to bring Johnny to stay with him while she went out on an errand or call of business; and on these occasions he would entertain the boy with the thrilling histories of Blue Beard, Cinderella, Jack the Giant-killer, and other specimens of nursery romance. Here was a new world of interest opened, surpassing in attractions even that of the grandmother's ghost-stories. "And is it really true, Mr. Roberts," may the boy have asked, "that all these wonderful tales are to be found in books, and are to be bought for a halfpenny a piece?—the next time I get a halfpenny I will buy one." And so accordingly he did; having found the whole collection exposed for sale in Mrs. Barnicle's window in Market Street; and in less than eighteen months he was the owner of as many works of the class "as could be contained in a box seven inches long, four wide, and three deep." His grandmother, it would seem, had taught him to read a little; and now that his curiosity had been awakened towards literature, it never more subsided, but grew with what it fed on, and became an established appetite. The kindly little shoemaker had done him a good turn, which was thenceforward thankfully remembered. Poor fellow, one is sorry to learn that a few

years afterwards his merry whistling and singing was all over ; for by that time he was "married and had a family, and could speak of nothing but the hardness of the times !" It was well for Kitto that he won his notice while he was yet a bachelor, otherwise he might not have had spirit enough to recite to him those charming childish stories, and the boy might have grown up in his previous indifference to reading. But such a notion is perhaps a little absurd ; with his native predisposition to literature, Kitto's fondness for books must by some means have been developed ; if not by Roberts and the nursery tales, then certainly by something else, and so the result would have been pretty much the same. Let the jovial little cobbler be nevertheless commended for the service which, by favour of accident and his own genial disposition, he actually did render.

Having begun to purchase books, young Kitto could not obtain them fast enough to satisfy the thirst they had excited in him for amusement and information. Mrs. Barnicle's stock of narratives was soon exhausted, and though he fell in with an old bookstall in the market-place, the extent of his finances did not allow him to be a very frequent customer. Mrs. Picken's private library presented few attractions ; yet in rummaging her shelves, he discovered the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the *Travels of Mr. Gulliver*, which he read with great avidity. There was also a Family Bible, with engravings, in which he found some interest ; but after examining the engravings, and reading so much of the text as seemed to explain them, John felt no disposition to study the volume further ; little thinking then that the editing of a Pictorial Bible would form the chief labour of his manhood. On Sundays, if his grandmother did not go to church, she used to desire him to read a few chapters ; but this he would do only on condition that he might make a pulpit of a chair, by taking out its bottom, which was placed before him as a cushion, while he stood with clerical solemnity within the frame. He would then read, as nearly as he could, in the voice, manner, and attitude of Dr. Hawker, the vicar of the church which he attended. "Mrs. Picken," we are told, "by no means approved of his thus enacting the clergyman, which partook, in her esteem, of profanation ; but there was no remedy for it, for Johnny was obstinate (as in some other things), and would not read at all unless allowed to do it in his own way."

Not being able to buy books in sufficient numbers, the boy soon hit on the expedient of borrowing. If he heard of a book in a neighbour's house, whether the owner was known to him or not, he could not rest till he got hold of it. One of his best friends in the way of lending, was the mistress of a charity school living near, and who was herself fond of reading. John, however, was not insensible of the trouble occasioned by his frequent applications, and was sometimes so ashamed to go and ask for a fresh volume, that he began the habit of writing notes, in which he expressed his wishes as apologetically as possible, and thus avoided the pain of blushing on account of his importunity. These notes were generally conveyed by his grandmother, and are noticeable here as being his first attempts at composition.

Before he was twelve years old, John had become what may be called an extensive reader, and had even tried his hand at authorship, and earned money by his writings. The authorship, to be sure, as well as the remuneration, was on a scale that may excite a smile, yet it certainly was a sign of mental vigour exceeding what is usually to be observed at such an age. "A cousin, somewhat younger than himself, came to him one day with a penny in his hand, declaring his intention to buy a book with it. John was just then sadly in want of a penny to purchase 'the History of King Pippin' (not Pepin), so he asked his cousin whether he bought a book for the pictures or the story?—'Oh! the story to be sure!'" John immediately offered to write him, for a penny, a larger and better story than he could get in print for the same money, and to clench the bargain, said he would *paint* him a picture at the beginning, and he knew very well that there were no *painted* pictures in penny books. His cousin jumped at the liberal offer of author and artist in one, and sat down quietly on the stool to watch John's operations. When the double task was finished, John thought that he had well earned the penny, and as, on reading the tale, and viewing the 'pictorial embellishment,' his cousin was of the same opinion, no one else had any right to give a different verdict. Some years afterwards, when John revisited his native place, and was rather curious to get a sight of this tale, it was not to be found, and the only account his cousin could give of it was (and this was more than the author recollected), that it

was 'something about what was done in England at the time when wild men lived in it.'"

Up to this time, all the schooling Kitto had received amounted to very little; for though between his eighth and eleventh year, he was sent to four different schools, his average attendance at each did not exceed nine months. The result of his attainments, at the close of his training, may be estimated by the description given of him, as "a tolerable reader, an indifferent writer, and a worse cypherer;" and there seems reason to believe that up to the date of leaving school, and for some time afterwards, he had never seen an English Grammar.

There were various circumstances preventing Kitto from obtaining a better education. The distressing headaches to which he was subject frequently kept him from his lessons: neither his parents nor his grandmother could afford to place him under competent teachers; and as it was intended that he should follow his father's craft, no great deal of book-learning was considered requisite in his case. His grandmother's means of helping him, which were always scanty, became eventually exhausted. In 1814 she was induced to part with some small tenements from which she derived her little income in quarterly or weekly rents; and the trifling sum so realized being quickly spent, she was obliged to give up housekeeping, and to live thereafter with her daughter. Prior to this event, she had been attacked by paralysis, and was thus rendered incapable of doing any thing for a livelihood. Kitto now became mainly dependent on his parents, and was occasionally taken out by his father to assist him at his work. They were often employed on jobs in the country for a week together; and when Saturday night came the poor lad was frequently sent home alone, while the father stayed behind to spend his earnings at the ale-house. Mrs. Kitto, in the meantime, obtained a scanty living for herself and family by charring. When so employed, if John was not among the masons, she used to leave him in charge of the younger children. In the evening, when they were gone to bed, he would try to read and write by the light of sticks, which he had collected during the day. But if his mother happened to be at home, he would absent himself all day, and go wandering through the fields and among the rocks, sitting sometimes in a cleft until the advancing tide forced him to retire, by climbing up precipitous and dangerous places.

At home, he had a room at the top of the house, which he called his own, and dignified by the name of "study." It was hardly larger than a closet, being but seven feet in length, and four in breadth, but it served the boy very well for his purposes. It contained a bed, which answered the threefold purpose of bed, chair, and sofa; a little round table of thick dark oak, originally made to stand on three legs, but of which only two were now available; and a nondescript shabby kind of chest for his Sunday clothes and stationery. On a shelf in the room he had his library, consisting of about a dozen volumes, including an old Bible, and the poetical works of Young and Spenser. For his miscellaneous precious stores, such as water colours, and curious shells and pebbles, he had constructed a small box, which was fastened with a great stable padlock, albeit the hinges were simply made of pack-thread, and might thus have been readily cut asunder with a knife. The use of the padlock, therefore, was not to prevent pilfering, but to indicate that the contents of the box were considered too prizable and select to be the objects of a vain curiosity. The walls of the room were ornamented with a few prints, and some drawings of heads all looking the same way—for John, as an artist, could never succeed in drawing a full face, or in turning the heads to the right; which was a proof, perhaps, that he had no great draughtsman's faculty. Over the bed there hung a *skull*; not a *human* one—for Kitto had not the means of bribing any Plymouth gravedigger to supply him with such a relic—it was the skull of a dog, which he had one day found upon the beach, and carried off as a desirable specimen of anatomy. "Having inserted artificial eyes and a tongue, and smeared the jaws with vermilion to give it a more ferocious appearance, he suspended the grim visage in a position where it would be seen to confront him every morning, on looking upwards when he awoke."

Such was the evening sitting room and study of John Kitto in his boyhood. Here, leaning with his elbows on the table—with no prospect through the lattice but a tailor's workshop in the opposite garret—he whiled away many an hour in visionary musings. One knows pretty nearly what he would think about. Fly away, O Time! and bring to me the years and stature of a man, and I will write books and make myself a name in the world! This, along with plans for getting possession of more books to read, and thus advancing

himself in knowledge, would be frequently the burden of his longing. Visions of hope pass before him, gorgeous vistas of a distant period, when perchance his now mean and lowly life shall have grown to something grand and beautiful, and when, as he thinks, the passing days shall march in lustrous procession, bearing with them for his behoof an unexampled trophy of delights. Often afterwards, when sitting in large libraries, or traversing seas and deserts, his thoughts would wander back to the "vernal fancies" and fond anticipations which thus clothed the dingy walls of his poor apartment as with the splendours of enchantment; and had it then been possible to give up all he had attained, and become a second time the wondering, hopeful boy that he once was, he would, as he often imagined, have been content to make the change, could he but realize again the pure and simple pleasures he there enjoyed.

Muse on, poor boy, as thou sittest there in the twilight, and take thy fill of all the glories with which thy imagination can surround thee! Muse on, and let thy heart be gladdened, while as yet it can beat to exquisite sensations; for a weight of sadness is about to fall on thee from which thou wilt not for a long while be delivered! Lo, in the days that are now passing, Fate is hastening towards thee to despoil thy young years of their best inheritance—to cut thee off for ever from one source of communication with mankind and with the world! Day after day the sun rises, glimmers through the few hours of its brief winter course, and sets, and at length dawns a day—the 13th of February, 1817—which is to be the most memorable day of John Kitto's existence!

"On that day," we read, "about half-past four in the afternoon, he was engaged with his father in repairing a house in Batter Street, Plymouth. He had just reached the highest round of a ladder with a load of slates, and was in the act of stepping on the roof, when his foot slipped, and he was precipitated from a height of five-and-thirty feet on a stone pavement in the yard beneath, along which was a gutter for carrying off the waste-water into the street. No limb was fractured, but consciousness was lost, except for a few moments, during which he perceived that he was borne along in his father's arms, attended by a crowd. He then relapsed into unconsciousness, in which he remained for a fortnight. At the close of that period, the first symptom of recovery was

his noticing one morning, on opening his eyes, that it was at least two hours later than the usual time of rising ; but on attempting to leave his recumbent posture, he found himself utterly without strength. This proof of debility, and the total silence in the room when his friends were present, convinced him that he was an invalid, but he could not at first detect the real cause of the absence of all sounds, articulate or inarticulate. When he noticed persons apparently in conversation, yet inaudible, he thought it must be carried on in a very low under tone, from a kind consideration of his state of weakness ; and some time probably would have elapsed before the mystery was cleared up, had he not made earnest and somewhat impatient inquiries about a book which the town-crier's wife had lent him just before the accident, and in which he had taken a very lively interest. At length he querulously exclaimed, ' Why do you not speak ? Do let me have the book ! ' Still there was no reply ; the bystanders looked now at each other and then at Kitto, evidently perplexed ; at last, it struck one of them to take a slate and write upon it, ' That the book had been returned to its owner (the town-crier) at his special desire, and, if it had not, he was too weak to be allowed the use of it.' The information thus given was, to a certain extent, satisfactory ; but how strange that it was not conveyed in tones of kindness, by some well-known voice ! ' Why do you *write* to me ? ' exclaimed the boy ; ' why not speak ? Speak ! Speak ! ' Again there was an interchange of looks and seeming whispers ; the fatal truth could no longer be withheld ; again the scribe took his pencil, and wrote in characters but too legible—' You are *deaf* ! ' "

Never more did John Kitto hear the living voice of man or woman. Henceforth the world lay round him in dull, monotonous SILENCE ! Nevermore, when the Spring advanced with its choral band of joyful birds, did he hear tidings of its coming. The murmuring brooks ran noiselessly, and the delicious cadences of waving trees fell all inaudible upon his stricken sense. The solemn chant of waterfalls and ocean-tides, the anthem of the mighty winds in winter, the silvery tinkling of leaves on summer nights, the march of storms over plains and forests—all these had lost their power to move him with a thrill of awe or pleasure. From all the manifold impressions that proceed from Sound, he was irremediably cut off ; from the delights of social inter-

course, from the speech of famous orators, from the engaging prattle of children—from every thing, in short, which the hearing ear takes in, in the way of pleasure or of solace; and whatsoever feeling or sensation depended on that organ, to him was incommunicable.

The reader will understand that Kitto's was a *total* deafness. The loudest peals of thunder, or the roarings of artillery, were as utterly inaudible as the falling of a pin. It was at first doubtful whether the loss would be permanent; but when, after eight months' prostration, his general health was re-established without any improvement in his hearing, it was then apparent that no hope of its restoration could be entertained. Such a loss, of course, disqualified him from assisting his father in the way to which he was accustomed before the accident; and for every other mode of getting a livelihood, this calamity was thought to have rendered him so utterly unfit, that he was left to occupy his time in whatever way he might feel inclined.

So, the poor disabled boy fell back, with an interest painfully intensified, upon his books. But now, increasingly more urgent became the question, how was he to get them? It is well that necessity is usually the mother of some invention, otherwise a case like Kitto's would have been desperate. When the books obtainable from the neighbours had been exhausted, and halfpennies had become scarce, he was put to the shift of trying to realize a little private capital by his own exertions. Luckily, there was at least a paltry field of enterprise still open to him. At the port of Plymouth there is a harbour or basin called Sutton-Pool, at which small trading vessels and fishing trawlers discharged their cargoes; and which, at low water, was for the most part a swamp, rendered extremely fetid by the town drainage, where boys of the mud-lark fraternity were accustomed to grope and wade in search of bits of rope and yarn, old iron, and other similar waifs and strays. A pound of rope or yarn would fetch a halfpenny, and three pounds of old iron was worth a penny. Some clever hands, unchecked in those days by a watchful police, would gain as much as threepence a-day; but Kitto not being "clever," it took him the whole six days to gain as much. Never but once did his weekly profits amount to fourpence. He was, however, acquiring some dexterity in the employment, when one day he happened to tread on a broken bottle,

and so injured his foot as to be confined at home for several weeks. While thus laid aside, he hit on a new device for turning a penny. Somebody had given him a box of water colours, and he had often amused himself in painting over the prints contained in some of his books, and in casual attempts at drawing. It now struck him that he might turn his artistic faculty to account by painting little pictures, and selling them at a halfpenny or a penny a piece. He accordingly laid out twopence in paper, and forthwith set to work. His efforts were limited to the human bust, houses, birds, trees, and flowers. Of the first, the countenances displayed some little variety, from the more or less grotesqueness of the featural developments; but they were all profiles, and invariably looked the same way. In any complex piece, including scenery, the artist was rather inexpert. "The trees, and the birds that settled on their branches, were out of all proportion to one another;" and the flowers would have defied the best efforts of a botanist to classify them, "having an arbitrary number of full-blown petals of various colours, round a centre that was uniformly yellow." However, a sort of picture gallery was at length completed; and then came the question, how was it to be displayed, so that an admiring public might see, and purchase? The window of the house looked only into a court. No art exhibition could be more unfortunately placed. Nevertheless, the young artist accepts his situation, and fills nearly every pane of the casement with his pictures; leaving certain "loopholes of observation," whence, from behind, he might watch the faces of inspectors. Soon the neighbours' children gathered round, and called their playmates from the street to view the wonderful display. To John's satisfaction, most of them looked delighted, and as if they were longing to be purchasers; but either from lack of funds, or from some other consideration, the actual customers were extremely few. The thing was an attraction only for the two or three days while it might be said to be a novelty, and at last the window was passed without a glance being directed to its contents. Still, it seems, some odd halfpence now and then dropped in. Taking one week with another, it is calculated that John's average weekly income from this source amounted, while it lasted, to about twopence-halfpenny! There was one bright, peculiar week in which he made the astounding sum of eightpence. But this was dur-

ing "fair-time," when he set up a stall or "standing" in one of the thoroughfares, and was, rather to his annoyance, the object of a good deal of staring curiosity.

As a practical pursuit, then, the water-colour enterprise was good for something. Not indeed for much; and hence it seemed to be expedient to make trial of other means, in order to increase the proceeds. His next plan was laudable, as tending to the reform of a prevalent abuse of the English language. John had often felt scandalized by observing in the neighbourhood absurdly spelt notices in the windows, such as "Logins for Singel Men," "Milk and Creem sould hear;" and it occurred to him one day that labels in correct orthography, and neatly embellished with coloured capitals, would probably be preferred, and serve to add a little to his finances. Accordingly, he prepared a great variety, and set out, intending to offer them where they seemed to be required. But his timidity was such that, after walking up and down for a long time, he returned homewards without attempting to dispose of a single label. Seeing, however, a very bad "milk and cream" advertisement in a particular window, he was roused by self-reproach, and went boldly in, somewhat encouraged, perhaps, by the gentle features of an ancient dame with spectacles, who was employed in darning stockings. To explain his errand was a formidable difficulty, for he was not only deaf, but had almost lost the power of speech. He had prepared a sentence for the purpose, but in his confusion could not utter it. So, "he placed the book in which he carried the labels on the counter, and, after leisurely turning over the leaves in order to regain his composure, presented the paper, pointing to that in the window, and saying, '*This* for a penny.' After glancing at the paper the good woman spoke, and Kitto, apprehending that his charge was thought excessive, said, 'A halfpenny, then.' As she still continued to address him, he at length put his fingers in his ears, to signify that he was deaf. Her countenance immediately softened into a tender, grandmotherly expression: she produced a penny from the till, and not only so, but as he was making his final bow, beckoned him to wait, and leaving the room, presently returned with a cup of milk and a piece of cake, which made him a most acceptable repast." Notwithstanding his success in this instance, the label business was never very prosperous, the most that he made of it being a few pence obtained from his more immediate neighbours.

Such were some of the contrivances by which Kitto endeavoured to raise a little money, to further his "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." But there were other difficulties to contend with besides the financial one. In his days there were no cheap books; none, at least, that were adapted to make up the deficiencies of an imperfect education. The present enterprising publishers of cheap literature were then unborn, or were boys at school or in the nursery, as yet undreaming of the literary revolution to be created by their exertions. When Kitto, by hard saving, had amassed the sum of three pence, and went to a shop or book stall to spend it, he could get only some prosy tract, or shabby reprint of an old-fashioned fiction, hardly worth the reading. However, on this sort of mental nourishment his mind had to subsist. He was never long in deciding on the particular book which should be purchased, for in his frequent wistful visits of observation, he had always fixed on what he would have next, long before he was able to obtain it. In process of time he began to require some more substantial reading than the three-penny books afforded. A hawker calling one day with a goodly assortment of works in numbers, and John having then a shilling in his possession, he had the boldness to begin taking in a history of the French Revolution. He paid for the first number, and the second was to be delivered in a fortnight; but before the expiration of that period, he had cause for wishing himself clear of the engagement. Owing to slackness in the picture and label trade, John, in fact, had become insolvent. Under these circumstances, he ardently wished the man might forget to call; but as such a failure of memory was hardly to be expected, Kitto prepared a written statement of his difficulties to submit to his perusal. The hawker called at the time appointed, and on the paper being put into his hands, he read it with rather a serious look. He, however, offered to take the number back at two-thirds of the price, and thereby made Kitto very happy. No ill-nature or disrespect on either side was engendered by the transaction. On the contrary, a mutual liking arose out of it. "At intervals of years they used to meet in the streets of Plymouth, and give one another a cordial nod and sign of recognition."

We have now sketched the main events and most characteristic circumstances of John Kitto's life up to his fifteenth

year. His domestic condition all along has been marked with discomfort and privation. But, during these later years, it seems to have become absolutely miserable. His father's habits were those of a confirmed drunkard ; his mother, as a consequence, was querulous, care-worn, and dispirited. With the scanty, uncertain means at her disposal, she could not, doing her best, make matters comfortable. A forlorn, impoverished household, in which every thing went wrong, in which rags, and dirt, and hunger were constant elements—in such a house there could be little of the accustomed pleasantness of home. And here is this great deaf boy growing up, with no prospect of ever being likely to earn himself a livelihood, what is to be done with him ? It seems to be the general impression that he cannot any longer be maintained at home. Hints are given by officious neighbours that he ought to be sent to the workhouse ; once there, he would be not unsuitably provided for, and thus the rations which he has been daily eating would be saved as a portion for the remaining children. John, will you go to the workhouse ? Not if I can help it, answers John. But he has nevertheless to go ; though “it was found needful to employ some kind of artifice in order to bring him within the precincts of the place ; nor, till the doors were closed upon him, was he aware of the purpose for which he had been brought thither.” Oh, anguish indescribable ! to be no longer at liberty to pass in and out, to visit the haunts endeared to him by long familiarity—how is such privation to be endured ! Often did he perplex himself with plans for making his escape ; preferring, like the wolf in the fable, to “starve in a state of freedom rather than fatten in a chain ;” yet he lingered on in the fated durance, and found at length advantage in it.

Rarely is it given to man or boy to perceive beforehand what will be the best for him. No one can blame Kitto for not expecting any thing very encouraging to spring out of his relations with the workhouse ; but this was really a favourable change for him, from which may be dated the beginning of improvement in his fortunes. Mr. Roberts, the governor, took kindly to him, out of pity for his infirmity, and finding him to be a quiet, peaceably-disposed lad, gradually relaxed the rules of the house for his convenience, allowing him to go out occasionally during the day, and finally permitting him to sleep at home in his old

garret. Thus, while taking his meals regularly in the workhouse, he had a good deal of time at his own disposal, of which he availed himself for mental cultivation. He would sometimes sit up whole nights reading, buying his own candles with the pence and halfpence which were casually given him ; his mother refusing him the use of a light, out of her not unnatural apprehension of an accident.

After the retirement of Mr. Roberts from the governorship, Kitto met with equal sympathy and kindness from Mr. Burnard, his successor. To this gentleman, who is still living, the honour and merit is due, not only of befriending the poor deaf boy in his season of depression, but also of being the first to perceive and recognize his capability for intellectual pursuits. He was probably led to observe this capability from reading certain notes which John addressed to him at times when he had some little favour to request, or felt himself in need of the governor's protection against the annoyances to which he was subjected by the other boys. Or he may have seen some pages of the Journal which Kitto commenced about nine months after his admission into the workhouse, and in which he recorded such little events as interested him, along with the feelings and reflections that occurred to him from day to day. This Journal was begun in August 1820, and continued at intervals during the next eighteen months. The title he designed for it, in case of subsequent publication, was, "The Journal and Memoranda of a Man with Four Senses ; by John Kitto, shoemaker, pauper," &c. A considerable portion of it has now been published by Mr. Ryland ; from reading which one may obtain a tolerably clear conception of the writer's situation and state of mind. He had been put to learn shoemaking under Mr. Anderson, the beadle, and in the course of time had acquired some skill in the manufacture of list-shoes, but he seems to have made up his mind that this employment was not his appropriate vocation. "I cannot subscribe, entirely," says he, "to the opinion, *Whatever is, is right*. Every man has his hobby, and I have mine. I desire for myself a competency of fourteen or twelve shillings a-week, to begin four years hence, when I may be considered capable of managing myself. The aforesaid competency, which is the summit of my desires in that way, would furnish me with a good library of second-hand books, or, if I suffered some of it to accumulate, would

enable me to set up a circulating library and stationer's shop, or will certainly maintain me, and perhaps enable me to earn six more by my trade, which, by improving, would enable me to gratify the favourite wishes of my heart, viz., a library, a person to copy what I dictate, and permit me to befriend distressed merit : . . . When I become old enough (in other people's opinion) to act for myself, I shall come from the workhouse. When I come out how shall I earn a livelihood? Not by my trade—there are so many, very many shoemakers, that none but *very* expert workmen can earn a subsistence by it without help, and an expert workman I shall never be, for none but coarse shoes are made there; and though I have been there almost a year, Mr. Anderson has not thought proper to place me to do any thing but list-shoemaking, though this long time (seven months) I have been able to make them perfectly. All this induces me to suppose I shall never be a good shoemaker, and a common shoemaker, *alias* cobbler, though he has his hands full of work will never be able to earn, at the utmost, more than eight shillings a week. When I could hear, travelling was my hobby . . . I had even thought of plans to enable me to visit Asia! and the ground consecrated by the steps of the SAVIOUR! Even now, notwithstanding my deafness, it would not be impracticable, if some kind gentleman on his travels would permit me to be his (though not expert) faithful servant. After all, I fear it is a vain scheme, never to be realized, for I do not suppose I shall ever be able to visit even the curiosities of my own country, which is not less pregnant than any other in all that is worthy of notice and admiration."

From this we obtain a glimpse of Kitto's private views and thinkings, and may guess what other impractical-looking notions were sometimes passing through his brain. The Asiatic scheme of travel, certainly, looked as unlikely a thing to be fulfilled, by a person in his situation, as any that could be conceived; though, as we shall find hereafter, it was actually, in part at least, realized. The Journal contains hints of other projects, and one can see very well that he has thoughts of becoming an author. Though not wanting in a spirit of humility, the boy is unconscious of any presumption in thus entertaining literary aspirations. He notices that his head is very large, and thinks it has "a tolerable good lining of brain within." And truly, the head with a tolerable good

lining of brain is precisely the head required for success in literature. He writes at present in a somewhat laborious style, and what he writes is rather laborious reading; but upon the whole it is creditable to him, and serves him as a useful exercise in the art of composition. Mr. Burnard encourages him to prepare a series of lectures, to be read to the boys, on their duties, and the conduct becoming to them as inmates of the workhouse; and John exults at the proposal, feeling something of the natural elation a man experiences on finding that his talents are appreciated. It does not appear, however, that the lectures were ever written; as, shortly after they were suggested, a new arrangement was made in his affairs which removed him from the workhouse.

Towards the end of October 1821, a shoemaker named Bowden made application to the Guardians of the institution for an apprentice. He was sent to look over the work of the boys, and to make his choice of the lad who seemed most likely to suit him. He made choice of Kitto. John did not care much to go, but, taking into consideration that the term of the apprenticeship would be short, that he should thereby learn a trade, and have in the mean time a good supply of food and clothes, he consented to be bound to Mr. Bowden for four years. When the day came for leaving, he says, "It occurred to me that this was the last day of my being a workhouse boy, so I went to take a farewell look of the bed on which I used to sleep, the tripod on which I have sat so many hours, and the prayer-room. I shook hands in idea with the pump, the conduit at which I washed, the tree, against which I leaned, nay the very stones on which I walked. I felt something like regret at leaving. Man is an accommodating animal. I had so accommodated or accustomed myself to the workhouse, that I left it with some regret."

As it turned out, he had no occasion to congratulate himself upon the change. His master was a coarse churl, who treated him abominably. The boy had not been many days under his control, before he threw a shoe in his face for making a "wry stitch." Every other day or two John's journal records "a blow," a "slap in the face," or some other instance of ill-treatment. Once he happened by accident to break the fellow's pipe, and thereupon had it thrown in his face. "It hit me on the temple," says he, "and narrowly missed my eye." Two days after he writes, "I held the thread too short:

instead of telling me to hold it longer, he struck me on the hand with the hammer (the iron part). Mother can bear witness that it is much swelled, not to mention many more indignities I have received." One need not wonder that the poor lad heartily wished himself back in the workhouse. Besides, from the length of time he was kept at work, he had little or no opportunity of indulging those mental habits of reading and composition, which had now, in a manner, become necessary to his existence. Referring to this period long afterwards, in his work on "The Lost Senses," he says: "This was a terrible time for me, as it left me so little leisure for what had become my sole enjoyment, if not my sole good. I submitted, I acquiesced, I tried hard to be happy; but it would not do, my heart gave way, notwithstanding my manifold struggles to keep it up, and I was thoroughly miserable. Twelve hours I could have borne. I have tried it, and know that the leisure which twelve hours would have left me would have satisfied me; but sixteen hours, and often eighteen, out of the twenty-four, was more than I could bear. To come home weary and sleepy, and then to have only for mental sustenance the moments which, by self-imposed tortures, could be torn from needful rest, was a sore trial. And now that I look back upon this time, the amount of study which I did, under these circumstances, contrive to get through, amazes and confounds me, notwithstanding that my habits of application remain to this day strong and vigorous."

The ill-usage to which he was subjected, induced him at length to state his case to Mr. Burnard, who, like a good Samaritan and friend to the helpless, as he was, took measures towards having it redressed. Through his interference, a summons was obtained for the master to appear before the magistrates, to show cause, if possible, why his apprentice should not be discharged from his apprenticeship. Owing to Kitto's deafness, he was required to make his complaints in writing. "The readiness with which he performed this task, and the correctness of his diction, astonished the Bench, and made a most powerful impression, which, besides procuring a favourable verdict at the time, led to ulterior measures for his advancement." Kitto was released from his bondage under Bowden, and was re-admitted into the workhouse, where he was "placed under the particular instructions of Mr. Anderson," to perfect him in shoemaking. For the

next twelve months he continued to spend his time in nearly the same manner as before, devoting his leisure hours to reading and composition, and being permitted, at the same time, to indulge in those solitary rambles, which gave him a temporary feeling of liberty and independence.

Nearly four years of Kitto's life had been spent in the workhouse, when, in the early part of 1823, an incident occurred, which led to a sudden and important change in his circumstances. "Mr. George Harvey, an eminent mathematician, being accidentally in a bookseller's shop, had his attention attracted by seeing a lad of mean appearance enter the shop, and immediately commence a communication with its master by writing on a slip of paper, and he remarked that the answers were given in writing, and that no oral communication took place. So novel a circumstance induced him to inquire what it meant; and he was then told that this was a workhouse boy, who was totally deaf, and could only communicate with others by means of writing—that he had a great thirst for knowledge—and that he came to borrow a book which the bookseller had promised to lend him. This information was quite sufficient to excite the interest of Mr. Harvey on his behalf, and induce him to make further inquiries. Having satisfied himself that the lad possessed superior abilities, which it would be highly desirable to cultivate and foster, he made his case known to various gentlemen of the town, and succeeded in interesting many of them in his future welfare and support, and in inducing a great many others to contribute pecuniary assistance, or to give books, paper, and pens, to enable him to pursue his literary occupations."

About the same time, Mr. Nettleton, one of the proprietors of the Plymouth Weekly Journal, having, as a guardian of the poor, accidentally seen some of Kitto's letters, offered to insert any article in his journal which the youth might like to write for the purpose of making his case known to the public. Three of John's essays shortly after made their appearance in this newspaper; which, coming out simultaneously with Mr. Harvey's efforts to befriend him, tended to render his affairs the general subject of conversation in the town and neighbourhood. Eventually several gentlemen were induced to associate themselves together as Kitto's guardians, and a circular was issued soliciting subscriptions in his behalf.

With the money so raised he was put to board and lodge with Mr. Burnard, and was left with the whole of his time to spend in self-improvement. Permission was also obtained for him to read at the Public Library, a place which he thenceforth for some time made his study.

So here, in the middle of July 1823, John Kitto finds himself in a marvellously improved position. Of last and lapstone he has taken his farewell; he is no longer a work-house boy; and he has nothing in the world to do but read and write the whole long day through. What a student's paradise must have seemed that spacious, airy, reading-room of the Plymouth library, where he had leave to pass several hours of every day, and be supplied with all the books he called for! What a place to be set at large in, for one whose appetite for books was boundless, and who had hitherto been kept on comparatively "short commons" in that department! Most lads in his situation would have been bewildered by the profusion of volumes at command, and instead of attempting to *study* any of them, would have revelled here and there among them in an irregular, unsteady way, that would have been any thing but profitable. But John had too much sobriety of mind to "revel." A whim seized him to study metaphysics, and with a singular self-denial, he confined his attention to works on this perplexing subject of speculation. "The novels, the poems, and the periodicals," says he, "slept quietly on their shelves for me. I do not care a pin now for metaphysics; yet upon the whole, I do not regret the attention I gave to this study, as I believe it has been useful in its ultimate effects. It made me doubt; and in human studies a state of doubt is probably a good one for a young student. . . . That head-breaking subject, the origin of our ideas, chiefly interested me, and the uncertainty in which I was, after all my labour, left, as to whether we had any innate ideas—or any ideas at all, gave me a disgust to metaphysical inquiry, so that I have, I believe, not looked into any metaphysical work since. I never retained a taste for any study after finding that no certain results could be obtained."

Accordingly, after due trial, metaphysics were abandoned. Kitto's mind did not much incline him towards abstract inquiries. He cared nothing for mathematics, and had even the candour to say so to his best friend Mr. Harvey. His-

tory, ethics, biography, and poetry, were the subjects that most attracted him. "I wish," said he, "to become acquainted with the duties, the virtues, the vices, and the manners of that wonderful creation—MAN." Somewhat later, he says : "I have tried geometry, and find that the study of angles, straight lines, and circles, does not in the least interest me. I pursue the steps to demonstration without pleasure or curiosity ; and when the problem is solved, or the theorem demonstrated, I am in possession of a piece of information which I had no wish to learn, nor highly valued when learned. I wish to pursue such studies as are applicable to the affairs of human life—studies which will promote my knowledge of mankind, and render me more extensively acquainted with human nature."

We have here the key to his mental temperament. Not science, but literature, and that of a somewhat miscellaneous description, is the vocation to which he conceives himself to be called by taste and inclination. So, after trial of metaphysics and mathematics, he plunges into a course of general reading ; extends his information in various directions ; and by the constant practice of composition in the way of letter-writing, attains the habit of popularly communicating what he knows and thinks. His letters to his various friends and patrons are noticeable for several sterling qualities—good common sense, moderation of opinion, total freedom from servility and cant—the signs of an ingenious and straightforward character ; but they show none of the audacities of genius, no brilliancy of thought or fancy, nothing to indicate any particular superiority of intellect. A steady, plodding persistency in his pursuit—that of acquiring general knowledge—appears to be his most remarkable characteristic. He has no determined, regular plan, beyond that of going on continually learning something. In this way he stores his mind with a good deal of miscellaneous information, and insensibly accumulates material, which subsequently he had opportunities of turning to account.

His moral character, meanwhile, may be said to have been unexceptionable. He was naturally inclined to seriousness, and his infirmity of deafness, cutting him off from all convenient means of communion with his fellows, compelled him to make companionships with his thoughts, and to rely for his inward strength upon the resources of religion. In

his letters and journals a religious feeling is predominant ; every day he reads the Bible ; and night and morning piously commends himself to the care and providence of God. To the church of England and to her ministers he shows a strong attachment ; humbly accepting all her doctrines without question or inquiry, and framing his life and habits as near as possible in conformity with her teachings. This pious disposition leads some of his friends to think that he might be not unfitly trained for the calling of a clergyman, and there is talk of getting him a scholarship at one of the universities, with a view to his taking orders. Nothing at this time would have pleased Kitto better, had he felt himself equal to the undertaking ; but his fatal impediment of deafness stood so formidably in his way as to make the issue of the adventure doubtful ; and it was accordingly given up as a thing which had better not be attempted.

The question then was, What should Kitto be set to do ? The money raised and contributed by his patrons would by and by be spent ; and of course no one could think it either practicable or proper to keep him long in a state of dependence on the charity of bountiful individuals, who, however liberal they might be, had plenty of ways for their spare money. Besides, there was no occasion for it : Kitto had shown himself to be possessed of talents which, under appropriate direction, might render him eventually self-reliant, and independent of extraneous assistance. Always the best way to help a man is to put him in a way to help himself. Here was a youth now turned nineteen years of age, who had been reading and thinking, and trying his 'prentice hand at composition for more than half his lifetime, and had latterly been doing nothing else ; unless it were intended to train him for one of the recognized professions, it was surely time to introduce him to some tolerably congenial employment, at which he might begin to earn a livelihood.

To this conclusion Kitto's various patrons appear to have come in the month of April 1824. The Reverend Robert Lampen, one of the foremost of these patrons, had residing in his family as governess, or companion to his wife, a lady of the name of Groves, sister to the now somewhat notable and celebrated Mr. Groves, who went to the East with philanthropical-evangelical notions of converting the Maho-

medans. Mr. Groves was sometimes a visiter at Mr. Lampen's, and being so at the period just mentioned, Kitto's name and circumstances became a topic of conversation. One of the young man's letters was also shown to him, which made an impression on his mind greatly favourable to the writer. The result was, that Mr. Groves, who was then practising at Exeter as a dentist, generously offered to receive Kitto as a gratuitous pupil in his profession, and to allow him for his services fifteen pounds the first year, twenty the second, and promising to increase his salary to a larger sum in the event of his remaining longer.

The acceptance or rejection of this offer was left entirely to Kitto, and he decided to accept it. So, early in the following month, John left his native place, which he never saw again, except as an occasional visiter. The work to which he was set, was that of making artificial teeth, from "the tusks of foreign animals;" but as this employment did not engage him on the average more than five hours a-day, he had a good deal of time at his disposal for intellectual occupations. He read and wrote as formerly, and seems to have found his position with Mr. Groves wholly satisfactory. One important change is noticeable, during this period, in his views and aspirations. Mr. Groves was a pious man, after the extreme evangelical pattern; and being also a person of influential idiosyncrasy, his religious habits and opinions did not fail to make a strong impression on his assistant. Kitto became what is called a "converted character;" and his correspondence for some years afterwards is marked with the peculiarities of evangelical thought and phraseology. We do not conceive that he was at all personally the worse for this; but rather think it tended to increase the natural earnestness of his mental temperament. At the same time, we cannot help believing that it, for a considerable while, misled him with respect to his proper aims in life. Nobody could be less adapted than Kitto for missionary enterprises; and yet his evangelical preceptors appear to have convinced him that his "path of duty" lay in this direction. Accordingly, while with Mr. Groves, he spent much of his time in distributing tracts, and in awkward efforts to "convert" the poor of Exeter; and when at length, in 1825, he took leave of Exeter and dentistry, it was to proceed to the establishment of the Church Missionary Society at Islington, to

learn the art of printing, with a view to his being employed, in that capacity, on some foreign missionary station.

Some time prior to his leaving Exeter, a small volume of letters and essays, selected from his correspondence and occasional writings of the preceding years, had been published at Plymouth, under the sanction of his patrons, and about five hundred subscribers. Probably, the most interesting portion of the volume was the accompanying memoir of his life, apparently contributed by Mr. Harvey; and though well enough received as a sort of trial publication, the work did not afford its author much pecuniary profit, or tend greatly to increase his personal self-esteem. It was no sooner published than he seemed to wish it to be forgotten, as being too crude and imperfect a reflection of his powers to be worth preserving. It served, doubtless, to extend the public interest in his behalf; but its value as a sign of literary aptitude was very trifling; and the opinion of every competent judge of its merits must have been, that the writer would require considerably more culture and experience before he could be justified in putting forth another book for popular appreciation.

Mr. Groves, in the meantime, had relinquished his profession, for the purpose of devoting himself to the work of Christian propagandism on which he subsequently entered. By way of preparation for this work, he entered himself at Trinity College, Dublin; intending, after obtaining his degree, to take orders as a clergyman of the Church of England. Some change in his opinions, which afterwards took place, tended to divert him from this plan; and when he eventually left England on his missionary projects, he went out unordained. In closing his relations with Kitto, he was led to inquire into the young man's views and wishes respecting his future prospects; and finding him not particularly fond of dentistry, but rather willing to connect himself with missionary operations, could an opportunity in that direction be afforded him, he suggested the plan of entering the service of the Church Missionary Society as a printer, he himself proposing to provide for the necessary expenses of his training. The scheme seemed feasible to Kitto, and after some correspondence with the secretary of the Society, it was finally settled that this should be his next experiment.

Hence, in July 1825, he arrived in London. His head-

quarters were the Society's College, at Islington ; but his time during the day was spent at Mr. Watts's printing-office, where he was set to learn the work of a compositor. Perhaps the most important thing that occurred to him while in London, was his falling suddenly *in love*. Going to church one Sunday in September, Kitto, who could not hear a word of the service, was led to use his eyes in observing the deportment of the congregation, and seems to have been greatly struck with the appearance of one of the worshippers. The person in question was a lady, apparently in her teens ; a serious, yet bewitching-looking creature, whom the poor fellow could not help beholding with a certain awe and admiration. "How glorious," thought he, "to have such a being to live with, could she but be induced to love one—how pleasant it were to spend one's life in such companionship !" He goes home to dream of her, and to be haunted by her image for many days. We are afraid it was not exactly the powers above that John went to worship the next Sunday. If ever a grave young man, who could not hear the organ, was in danger of falling into idolatrous devotions, here was a brother sinner that could not conscientiously cast a stone at him. Softly, without any sound of motion, the people glide into their pews, and solemnly compose themselves into a devout demeanour ; the expectant eye of our idolater meanwhile glancing furtively at the comers-in, without, as yet, obtaining any glimpse of *her*. The choristers seem to have commenced singing ; a change of motion signifies that they have ceased, the lips of the clergyman begin to move ; but no belated damsel comes tripping up the aisle to disturb the proceeding service. The people kneel, and stand, and sit, after the order of prescription in the ritual ; but at every change of movement, when the "expectant eye" looks round, the form whose presence is so much desired is nowhere to be seen. In fact, the maiden had not come. Weeks passed and still she came not. By this time it became plain to her admirer that she could not be a regular attendant. But who was she ? who were her connections ? where did she live ? what other church did she go to ? These were questions apparently unanswerable. Kitto, after much bewildering anxiety, was beginning to regard her as—

"A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;"

when, one day passing a shop, and noticing something in the window which he wanted, he went in to buy it. He was waited upon by "a very respectable-looking female," with whom, after the purchase, he entered into conversation—a conversation of course, carried on by signs and writing—and found her to be in some respects of his particular way of thinking. Token of this was given by some incidental remark on the advantages of Sunday schools. Several of the good lady's children attended a Sunday school, and their reward-books were then lying in the back-parlour as witnesses of their progress and good behaviour. Would the stranger, who seemed so interested in Sunday schools and children, step in to look at them? Yes, surely, with pleasure. Kitto accordingly steps in, and the reward-books are exhibited. The children were from home, or they would have been shown too. Perhaps, when passing some other time, the gentleman might find them within, and have a chance of testing the extent and orthodoxy of their information? Meanwhile, in her motherly delight, she calls to mind that there is even now in the house an elder daughter, who might be introduced as a specimen (in an enlarged edition) of the rest. Oh, Criky! when she comes in, was not Kitto an astonished man! This was the mysterious maiden, the lovely apparition in the church, for whom his soul had all this weary while been longing! Marvellous are the concurrences of incident in some men's lives. Here was reward for a man for taking an interest in Sunday schools! How Kitto proceeded to an explanation of his wishes and intentions, in what awkward fashion he began to woo, and at what stage of his progress he attained to the beatitude of giving the first kiss, we know no better than the reader. Suffice it to quote what we are told:—"On further acquaintance, she appeared to him possessed of those qualities which would render her a fitting helpmate." The maiden, on her part, seems to have accepted his advances; and so in a little while it was settled between them, that, as soon as opportunity favoured, they would try together the promising experiment of wedlock.

The contemplation of this prospective felicity no doubt afforded Kitto subject-matter for many a pleasant musing. We can fancy him thinking of it as he walks to and fro between the Society's College at Islington, and Mr. Watts's printing-office—thinking of it occasionally during the day,

while he is composing Greek or Persian types ; and thinking of it even more intently on his return home to his quiet room in the evening. The only impediment to its quick fulfilment seems to lie in the uncertainty as to when the Society may consider him qualified to go out to some missionary station. And here, as if the malignant powers, which are supposed to interfere in all human affairs, had thought he was becoming considerably too happy, a difficulty intervenes which appears likely to postpone the event indefinitely. On various occasions when Kitto got to the printing-office, it happened from some cause or other, that there was nothing for him to do ; and on these occasions he would sometimes return home, to improve his time in private study, little thinking that any objection could be raised against such an apparently reasonable proceeding. But in this he finds himself egregiously mistaken. Statements to his prejudice are made, representing him as being in the habit of neglecting his proper duties. He has to come to an explanation with the Principal of the College ; which accordingly he attempts in the following straightforward, sensible, and manly style. The date of the letter from which we quote is December 1826 :—

“It seems to have been thought,” says he, “that I have not of late been so much at the office as I ought to have been. I think so too. But I owe it to myself, to that confidence which, if I be its servant for the work’s sake, it is desirable the Society should repose in me, and without which, indeed, it should not employ me, to state that, on some days, when I have gone to the office in the morning, and having been without employment all the forenoon, I have, after dinner, and sometimes before, returned home, because I felt that I could employ myself to much more advantage in my own room than at the printing-office, when there is nothing in the latter place for me to do. From this same cause, and anticipating a recurrence of similar circumstances, I have on some days been discouraged from going at all, for I saw no profit in going so far, merely to return as I went. This is a plain statement of the case ; but I must confess it very possible that I may have been insensibly influenced by literary attachments, and by a fondness for the retirement and more congenial occupation of my own room, to meet these occasions with less unwillingness than one of more business habits would have done. A person of such habits

is the best possible person for a printer, because his mind could be readily absorbed in the details of his employment. Perhaps this also is required of me. Perhaps it is expected that my whole mind, thought, and spirit, should be engaged in it. I am sorry to say that this is not in my power. I have tried, and found that it is not. I cannot but think of other things, of things sometimes far removed from that on which I am engaged. I cannot but desire to hold communion with the minds of other men, and to give permanence and reality to the thoughts and feelings of my own mind. I am afraid, and I have bought the conviction dearly, that I am spoiled for a printer—for every thing but my books and pens. My heart is in nothing else. You will not judge me harshly. I wish to open my mind fully to you. What consequences may follow from what I would say to you, I cannot tell, but I will say it, notwithstanding. It is now nearly ten years since I became deaf. From that time, I was thrown for years on the resources of my own mind and the minds of others, for information, amusement, and instruction, and indeed for occupation also. I read much—all I could get to read; wrote a little—and thought more than I either wrote or read. Thus a habit was created, and thus a character was given to my mind, which no subsequent circumstance or situation has been able to obliterate. I have been encouraged in these habits; I have been taught to thank God for them, as for blessings bestowed upon me, and as talents intrusted to my care. I have been instructed to look upon them as means of the most important usefulness, which a person in my situation could have; and I cannot believe that it can ever become my duty to sacrifice these habits altogether."

We thus perceive that the project of making him a missionary printer, though undoubtedly well-intentioned, was very far from satisfying his personal aspirations. He did not object to be a printer, but to be bound over, as it were, to be *nothing more* than a printer, was an arrangement to which he could not easily be reconciled. He had expected that the Society intended to employ him partially in some literary capacity, such as that of a translator or compiler of some of their publications; but on giving hint of such an expectation to the managing persons of the institution, he is mortified at learning that no intention of the kind is entertained. If he not confine himself to printing, the Society has no other

work for him, and he has the alternative of withdrawing from its connection. This, we may be sure, was a highly unpleasant alternative to one in Kitto's situation; yet, taking what he deemed to be a full consideration of it, he decided to relinquish his engagement, and try what could be done in some independent line of effort.

Of course, all "prudent" people considered this a very reckless and reprehensible proceeding; and from all his patronising friends there immediately arose a loud cry of disapprobation at his conduct. They had thought he was "provided for," and here he was, in a manner, throwing himself back upon their hands! What could they do, but repudiate him in the name of Respectability? He tries, however, to convince some of them that his case is so isolated and singular in its kind, that he ought not, in fairness, to be judged by ordinary rules. Writing to Mr. Woolcombe, in February 1827, he says:—"Mine is a *peculiar* case—sufficiently peculiar, from the temporal circumstances in which I have been placed, and still more, from the deprivation under which I have laboured. I should, therefore, be judged by peculiar rules, suited to my case, since no, or very few, general rules can be brought immediately to bear upon it. So now, for instance, after I have been talking of *my literary habits and feelings, and my hopes of greatest usefulness in a literary way*—those who hear me, if they judge me by general rules, will cry out, 'Oh Kitto! you take yourself for a great man, a man of great talent, a genius. It is clear that you want to be an author, and to shine.' I reply, sir, you judge me by general rules. Only consider my circumstances. Ten years totally deaf—accustomed, during the greater part of that time, to find every thing in my books and pens—comfort, society, consolation, instruction, power, and always in the habit of looking to them, as affording my ultimate and proper means of usefulness and employment. These circumstances form a peculiar case, for which none of your general rules will do; and so, without the persuasion of my possessing any peculiar degree of talent, it is perfectly natural that in speaking of that to which I am so accustomed, and which is so familiar to my mind, I should speak of it as something peculiarly my own, and over which I have peculiar power; and it is equally natural, that you, judging me by the same rules by which you would judge other men, should say that my way

of speaking indicates pride, arrogance, and conceit, and an overweening opinion of my own capabilities and talents. I deny the imputation: I have no peculiar talent I only think that I have a certain degree of industry, which, *applied to its proper object*, may make me an instrument of usefulness, of greater usefulness, perhaps, than *mere talent* can enable any man to effect."

Perhaps the best course for Kitto at this juncture would have been to get hold of some situation as a printer, which would have been sufficient to maintain him, and to have employed his leisure hours in some direct literary effort, in order to ascertain whether any thing he could write would be available in the publishing market. He might in this way have worked out his apprenticeship to literature, and, in proportion to his success, have gradually adopted it as a professional pursuit. But it so happened that he could not get a situation, either as a printer or in any other capacity; whence by and by he began somewhat to despond, and to hanker after the fleshpots of Egypt—deeming the security of rations and employment afforded by the Missionary Society preferable to the liberty he had gained, with the prospect of starvation in the streets of London. Confident as he had been that he had taken a correct step, a week or two of inactivity in dreary lodgings inclines him to think he may have possibly been wrong: he accordingly expresses penitence, and shows a disposition to return. Through the influence of the friendly Mr. Groves he is re-instated in the Society's service, and after a few months' additional probation, is sent out to Malta.

On that island he landed on the 30th of July 1827. Here he finds that the natives endeavour "to cheat the English as much as possible," and do not look very favourably upon the missionary enterprise. For the rest, he says, "I found nothing on my arrival calculated to give me any expectation of much personal comfort in this place. I slept several weeks on the floor, and it was a considerable time before I had a chair and a table. I did not mind it, however, thinking as I did, that it was not seemly for a missionary to complain of wanting this or the other article of personal accommodation." His employments were entirely manual, and occupied him from half-past seven in the morning till half-past four in the afternoon. The rest of his time being

as he conceived at his own disposal, he appears to have spent in miscellaneous reading, in studying Arabic, and in writing letters to his friends in England. He naturally supposed that to such an employment of his leisure there could be no reasonable objection. But it seems he had given a previous pledge not to occupy himself with literary pursuits; and by this manner of spending his evenings he was held to have violated it. "Although," says he, "my daily labours in general ceased early, I was told I was not at liberty to employ my evenings in study—that, in fact, I had no leisure—that the vacant hours in the evening were afforded for any thing *but* such pursuits, and that I must relinquish such habits altogether. I thought this was carrying things to an extreme point. I thought it very hard on one, precluded by his deafness from conversational resources, to take his most congenial and pleasant resource from him."

Certainly it looks like a very harsh exaction; and one is anxious to learn what the missionary officials have to say in their justification. Mr. Groves, in their behalf, thus puts the matter in a letter to Kitto: "You may think if you are at the office during the hours it is enough; but if you come with your mind or body jaded by your own occupations, you are like a person who lets out a horse for so much a day, and works it all night, so that when it comes, it has no power to discharge the service for which it was hired." So, having accepted their wages, Kitto was held to be body and soul the property of the Society, and must not spend his spare time in study, lest he should impair himself as an instrument for performing his daily routine labours! Verily, the Saints are hard taskmasters! Why, the most heathenish utilitarian of this century could not have demanded more. "If I had employed my evenings in lolling on the sofa and smoking my pipe," says Kitto, "it seems all would have been well—no blame would have been imputed to me." As it was, he received a communication from the home-committee, expressing their opinion, that "the habits of his mind were likely to disqualify him for that steady and persevering discharge of his duties which they considered as indispensably requisite." Such an intimation could be regarded by Kitto in no other light than as an indirect dismissal; and in that light he accepted it, and sailed for England in January, 1829.

That Kitto was at all chargeable with *neglecting* his proper duties, there does not appear to be the slightest grounds for believing. According to the testimony of his coadjutor, Mr. Schlienz, "during the hours of business he would be faithful to his work as compositor at the office." All that could be said against him was, that "when the evening was past, he would sit down to reading, and at times exceeded the proper limits." That is to say, he was in the habit of prolonging his studies till rather late at night; and this gave rise to the notion that he was exhausting his energies, so as to unfit him for the work of the next day. This was the substance of his offending; and there is nothing whatever to show that his daily duties were not as well and thoroughly performed, as they would or could have been had his leisure been wholly spent in listless vacancy instead of study. As a proof that he was not considered in the end to have been culpably remiss, the committee of the Church Missionary Society allowed him an extra quarter's salary to meet his immediate expenses on his return to England, and placed thirty pounds in the hands of Mr. Groves and Mr. Hatchard, to assist him in establishing himself in some permanent situation.

During his stay at Malta, another circumstance occurred which tended greatly to unsettle and depress his mind. The "lovely apparition" that was to have followed him, and become his wife, seems to have taken second thoughts of the matter; and, regardless of previous vows and pledges, given her hand to another admirer! Writing to his mother in March, 1828, he says:—"Oh, my mother! you cannot imagine what this has made me suffer! I expected that she would have come to me; and hoped that we should be very comfortable and happy in this place, when all my hopes and happiness in this life were at once destroyed." Some three months later, we find him quoting to the Rev. Mr. Lampen—

"No more, no more, oh! never more on me
The freshness of the heart shall fall like dew."

And, altogether, there is no doubt that this event made a very sad and powerful impression on him. Where, in all the wide world, could he ever more confide, after such an instance of faithlessness in one whose constancy he had deemed so well secured? A severe illness followed, during which, and throughout a protracted convalescence, he was unable to

perform his duties in the printing-office; and when he recovered, he was so far unsettled in his prospects as to be indifferent about the continuance of his engagement, which, in the manner already stated, was soon brought to a termination.

How comparatively happy is it for a man to have had no friends to assist him! since, whenever he may chance to take what the world considers an imprudent step, he will at least be left untroubled by the suspicions and reproaches of disappointed benefactors. Kitto's leaving Malta gave much dissatisfaction to his Plymouth patrons. The feelings excited by his former withdrawal from the Church Missionary Society had hardly subsided, when this second failure came to upset all the expectations they had entertained in his behalf. When, in the name of Patience, should they be likely to have done with him? Kitto, for his part, did not ask much of them; nothing, save that they would use a little of their influence towards getting for him some employment or situation, by means of which he might earn a modest living; but he finds them for the most part less willing to give him a lift in this way than he had expected. He accordingly begins to think of acting independently; and, in the course of a temporary sojourn in his native place, conceives a plan, which he thus expounds to Mr. Lampen:—

“With so much of the money which the kindness of the Church Missionary Society has appropriated for my use, as I can well apply to the object, I propose to purchase books and other things in London, which will enable me in some town *near* to, but not in Plymouth, to set up a circulating library and stationer's shop. This plan is more obvious than any other, because the books I already have would conveniently enter into the stock of my little concern. Most of the business of so small an establishment, my brother, an active and intelligent lad, will, with a little practice, be very well able to manage for me, so far as my own deafness may render me incompetent to some parts of it. I do not calculate on netting much by such an undertaking; but I do expect that it will bring me in, week by week, just enough, with economy, to subsist upon, whilst I may bring other plans to maturity. It is no use to conceal that these plans are in a great measure literary; and, there is the less need of concealment, inasmuch, that these plans are not so much

of my own choice as forced upon me by the circumstances in which I am placed. They are not my own choice. I should desire something more certain. But the gentlemen of Plymouth have studiously proved to me that I am fit for nothing ; for no regular employment, for none of the common business of life ; and, indeed, I do not myself know what regular employment there is, to say nothing of my deafness, the duties of which the present state of my health would allow me to fulfil. What, then, remains to me but *this* ? I may not be very competent to it. I do not say that I am ; but it remains to be proved whether I am or not. The public must itself determine my present competency or otherwise. This is the tribunal by which the claims I may bring forward must ultimately be adjudicated, and to this tribunal I must appeal from every other—to this I shall unreservedly submit. I am not sanguine. I have too often, and too deeply been disappointed, to be again very sanguine in any hope or expectation I may form, or may have formed. But there must be one trial more. If it fail, the failure may possibly be as useful to me in its final effects upon my own mind, as that success which, of course, I rather hope for.”

These details are quoted to show that Kitto's literary ambition, though intense and apparently unquenchable, was by no means of a vain or visionary sort, and that in the aims which he proposed to himself, he was decidedly moderate and practical. We do not know what we might have thought of the above plan had it been offered at the time for our opinion ; but with the knowledge of Kitto's subsequent successes in literature before us, we are inclined to regard it as one of decided feasibility for a person in his circumstances, and think that in all likelihood he would have worked his way up from it, even as he did afterwards from a different and more favourable starting point. Before, however, he had an opportunity of trying how it would answer, he received an offer from Mr. Groves which induced him to abandon it. This was to undertake the management, for a few months, of a private printing-press, set up by an Irish gentleman, at Teignmouth, for the purpose of printing some small religious works in Greek and Hebrew, to be distributed by missionaries in various parts of the East. Kitto readily embraced the offer, and signified his acceptance of the situation ; thinking, probably, that being temporary, it might conveniently serve him

till he should see his way a little clearer for carrying out the plan already mentioned.

The engagement was to commence on the 1st of June 1829; meanwhile, having some weeks of leisure on his hands, Kitto went back to London, where he encountered Mr. Groves, and the result of the interview was a complete change in his determination. He had been previously asked by Mr. Groves to accompany him on his Persian mission, which he was just on the point of undertaking; and on that occasion Kitto had declined; but now on being asked again, as if between jest and earnest, whether he would not like to make one of the party, he unexpectedly consented; and thus, as his biographer remarks, was formed "the first link in the series of resolves and labours which fitted him for the great business of his life"—that of illustrating and elucidating the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures.

We have no space here to give any account of the Persian mission. Except that it afforded him the opportunity of seeing Eastern countries, it proved of no advantage to Kitto, nor was his share in it of any importance, considered as a contribution to the missionary enterprise. He was ostensibly engaged as tutor to Mr. Groves's children, and shared the fortunes of the family, both on the journey, and during their subsequent establishment at Bagdad. Kitto kept a journal of his travels, which Mr. Ryland has included in the present memoirs, along with the principal letters which he wrote in the course of them to his various friends. Both journal and letters are worth reading, by people who have leisure on their hands, but are too considerable in bulk to be further noticed here. The only glimpse we can afford the reader of Kitto as a figure in Eastern scenes, is a summary one presented in a communication furnished to his biographer by Sir John McNeill, who during the period in question was the English ambassador in Persia.

"My first meeting with Kitto," says Sir John, "was at Tabreez, in 1829. He was going with Mr. and Mrs. Groves and their two sons to Bagdad, where Mr. Groves intended to establish himself as a missionary. Kitto was then acting as tutor to the two boys, who were lively and intelligent, and I was struck with the singularity of his position, as the deaf and almost dumb teacher of boys, who were very far from being deaf or dumb. This circumstance, and the loneliness

of mind which was a necessary consequence of his inability to communicate with the persons whom he was thrown amongst at Tabreez, led me to put some questions to him in writing, with the view of drawing him into conversation; but I found great difficulty in comprehending his answers, in consequence of the peculiarity of his voice and enunciation. With the assistance of his pupils, however, who spoke with great rapidity on their fingers, and appeared to have no difficulty in understanding what he said, I succeeded in engaging him in such conversation as could be so carried on. I found his intelligence and information much greater than I had anticipated. He had evidently the utmost avidity for information; but was restrained from pressing his inquiries apparently by his modesty, and the fear of being considered obtrusive or troublesome. Finding him well read, and deeply interested in the scriptures, I directed his attention to many incidental allusions in the Bible, to circumstances connected with Oriental habits and modes of life, which had become intelligible to me only after I had been for some time in the East. I remember he was particularly interested in something that I had said in illustration of the importance attaching to the fact, that 'Jacob digged a well.' I had explained to him that, in arid countries, where cultivation could only be carried on by means of irrigation, the land was of no value unless when water could be brought to irrigate it; and that in Persia, the theory of the law still is, that he who digs a well in the desert is entitled to the land which it will irrigate. He came to me more than once for fuller information on this subject, and was greatly delighted with some illustrations of scripture, which I pointed out to him in 'Morier's Second Journey to Persia.' I refer to these circumstances, because I believe that they relate to the first steps of that inquiry which he prosecuted so assiduously and successfully during the remainder of his life, and to which he constantly recurred almost every time I met him afterwards, either in Asia or in England.

"The next time I met him was at Bagdad. Since he had entered it, that city had been the scene of a succession of calamities to which I do not know of any parallel. It had been besieged for several months by the Arabs—the supplies in the town had failed, and the poorer classes had suffered
ina. The plague had then broken out with virulence;

and while pestilence was carrying off the population in great numbers, the Tigris, overflowing its banks, inundated the whole town to a considerable depth, sapped the foundations of many of the houses, and rendered many more uninhabitable. The inundation had scarcely subsided, when a shock of earthquake so slight that, in other circumstances, it might probably have done little injury, shook down the houses, already tottering from the effects of the flood, and levelled the greater part of the town. When we entered it, we passed from the gate to the British Residency, a distance of perhaps half a mile, over heaps of ruins, in which the lines of narrow streets could no longer be traced. Out of a dilapidated building near the Residency, emerged Mr. Groves, one of his boys, and Kitto, coming to see us. Mrs. Groves and an infant child had died, and the younger boy was prostrated by fever. The whole party had remained in the city throughout the long season of its disasters. They were all emaciated, wan, and depressed with suffering, with insufficient nourishment and long confinement, but Kitto not more, I think, than the rest; and indeed, although the worst was already past, it was wonderful to find them so cheerful after all they had endured. Kitto was soon as eager for all the information I could give him on the subject in which he was most interested, as he had been before.

"It was our intention to descend the Tigris by boats, and Mr. Groves resolved to take advantage of our escort, to escape with his party from Bagdad, where the circumstances I have stated had altogether arrested his labours, at least for a time. He, therefore, engaged a boat to take him to Bassorah, and we all set out together in four boats, accompanied by two or three others, full of Turks.

"The banks of the Tigris were then, as they generally are, infested by marauding Arabs; and when the boats were secured for the night, or even for an hour at noon, to rest the crew, and enable them to eat their dinners, it was necessary to take some precautions against attack or surprise. One of these noonday halts was at a spot where there was a considerable extent of brushwood down nearly to the water's edge, and it was therefore necessary to redouble our precautions. Probably this had not been explained to Kitto, for he wandered away unobserved. The boatmen, considering the spot unsafe, made a shorter stay than usual, and when

we were all called upon to re-embark, he was nowhere to be found—to call to him, or even to fire a shot, was useless, for he could not hear. Being, perhaps, the best runner of the party, and certainly the best armed, I set out in quest of him. On clearing the belt of jungle, I got sight of him at some distance, walking slowly away, and well recollect that I commenced instinctively shouting to him, though I ought to have known I was wasting my breath. After a sharp run I came up with him ; but as he could not hear my approach, he was taken completely by surprise ; and when I seized him by the collar of his coat, supposing himself in the hands of some Arab robber, he turned on me a face of such agony, that, ludicrous as the circumstances were, I could hardly laugh.

“ I saw nothing more of Kitto, after we parted on the Tigris, until the year 1832, when he came to Teheran from Bagdad, on his way to England, in company with Mr. Francis Newman. That gentleman had been at Bagdad as a missionary, associated with Mr. Groves, who had returned thither. Kitto was still intent upon his Bible illustrations, and said that he coveted nothing that he found at Teheran, except a more perfect knowledge of eastern laws, and eastern manners and customs. I was called away to a distant part of Persia, while Mr. Newman and Kitto were still at Teheran, the latter suffering from fever. I learn that for some time he was seriously indisposed ; and finding it difficult to communicate with the persons who approached him, he wrote to Lady M'Neill, requesting to be informed whether he was considered to be in a dangerous state. He shortly recovered, however, and as Mr. F. Newman had previously set out, took advantage of the departure of Mr. Shepherd, the clerk of the mission, for England, to accompany him.

“ Our next meeting was in London. On that occasion a circumstance occurred, which is so creditable to Kitto's good-nature and good-sense, that I think it right to mention it. He was to come to us in the evening, at the house of a friend with whom we were residing in St. James's Place. It happened that, on the same evening, the young Lockharts were coming to visit my daughter, who, not anticipating Kitto's visit, had amused herself by dressing up a figure with a good mask, which she placed in a chair in the drawing-room to receive her companions. Kitto was the first to arrive ; and, having been shown to the drawing-room before we had gone

up-stairs, found himself alone in the room with the mysterious personage, seated in the arm-chair by the fire. As soon as it was ascertained that it was not the young people who had arrived, we became uneasy lest Kitto should suspect that there had been an intention to take advantage of his infirmity, and I hastened to bring him down, and to explain the circumstances. He had discovered the trick ; but, though ignorant of its object, was rather amused, and altogether so full of good-humour that his only object appeared to be to convince my daughter, then a child, that the device had been perfectly successful. He declared that he had made several profound bows to the lady ; and from her apparent unconsciousness of his presence, had come to the conclusion that she must be as deaf as himself. These are, perhaps, trivial circumstances ; but they go as far to show the character of the man as matters of greater importance."

The date of this last meeting is not given, but we presume it to have been some years after Kitto had got permanently settled in London. It was towards the end of June, 1833, that he returned to England. One of the first things he had to do on his arrival, was to announce the death of his travelling companion, Mr. Shepherd, to a lady whom that gentleman was engaged to marry. In performing this painful duty, he showed so much sympathy and delicate consideration, as to immediately win the lady's good opinion, and incline her to desire a continuance of the acquaintance. Calling several times to condole with her in her affliction, he begins to find at length an unexpected pleasure in her society. Writing to Lady M'Neill, he describes her as "a very interesting person, with much information, and more understanding." He goes on to say:—"The loss she takes more sadly than I should have expected ; and, of course, she will henceforth wither on the virgin thorn for ever. So *she* thinks—not *I* ; knowing as I do, that no intense feelings can be lasting, or any resolutions permanent, which are formed under their influence." Singularly prophetic words ! as we shall presently discover. Another sentence in the same letter may be also taken as significant. "I remember the time when I had firmly made up my mind to die an old bachelor ; but now, if I can find any one who will have me, I know nothing further from my intention."

On coming back to England, Kitto's first concern, however,

was that of seeking some employment whereby he might earn a maintenance. He was still bent on trying literature; and having now by long study and travel prepared himself so far as perhaps to justify a trial, some of his Plymouth friends were induced to exert their influence by way of favouring his wishes. Through the intervention of Mr. Woolcombe he was brought into communication with some of the leading members of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and by them engaged to write for the Penny Magazine. This brought him into connection with Mr. Charles Knight, the publisher, who, says he, "behaved to me with great kindness, and made me a proposal with regard to permanent employment." Kitto was to look through books of reference, in the French, Italian, and German languages, in order to take note of words requiring to be added to the list prepared for the Penny Cyclopædia; to keep his attention generally directed towards the periodical literature of France and Germany, in order to suggest corrections and additions to the articles already printed in the work; to collect information on given subjects from appointed sources; and, finally, to answer the letters of contributors to the Cyclopædia. The performance of these duties required his personal attendance about seven hours daily, in Ludgate Street. He was at first in doubt whether he should be equal to the work, but Mr. Knight encouraged him to try it thinking, says Kitto, "that my zeal would overcome all minor difficulties." The trial altogether justified Mr. Knight's anticipation, and Kitto became permanently associated with his labours, not only on the Penny Magazine, but in various other publications.

So here at length, in his thirtieth year, Kitto may be said to have found his appropriate vocation; which also he seems now to have entered upon under fewer preliminary difficulties than are apt to obstruct most literary adventurers. This quick introduction to honourable employment must be attributed to those influential gentlemen who had previously befriended him; for, without their kindly interest, he would in all likelihood, have had to struggle and scramble for his way through prolonged and harassing disappointments; and if he had ever found it, as probably he would, it might have been under far less advantageous circumstances. He had reason to account himself, in this respect, peculiarly fortunate

having been in London only some six or seven weeks when he entered on his agreeable engagement. He seems to have been not insensible to his singular good luck. "I do thank God," said he, "for this relief from a state of great anxiety, in which I had begun to entertain the most melancholy view of things before me, and saw possible consequences which I could not bear steadily to contemplate. It is, above all, a peculiar gratification, that I have to do with a gentleman of such kindness of manner and disposition as Mr. Knight, as I could not otherwise feel happy in a situation which brings me into such near connection with him." Some years later, when reviewing the strange circumstances of his early life, and the struggles he had made to render himself worthy to be raised out of them, he dwells with grateful satisfaction on the calling he had been enabled to adopt. "I am *now* content," said he, "for I have found my place, and would not exchange it for any other under the sun ; and that place is that in which every faculty left to me, and every good thing I ever learned, is called into vigorous and useful exercise."

Having, after a few weeks' probation, ascertained that his employment was likely to be regular, and that he could earn by it about £16 a month, Kitto took measures to escape from that dreary state of bachelorhood which we found him saying he was anxious to relinquish. That desired "somebody who would have him," had by this time been discovered. It was none other than his disconsolate friend Miss Fenwick, to whom he brought the sad intelligence of her lover's death. As Kitto had surmised, her resolution to "wither on the virgin thorn for ever," gradually gave way to more cheerful considerations, and she was eventually induced to listen to fresh proposals. "My sympathy," says he, "made my company pleasant to her ; and though I did not, for some time, think of her in any particular way, she won upon me by her modes of thinking, her correct feelings, and strong and accomplished mind. She was ultimately led to think that she might find happiness with me. She now thinks she has found it, and I hope to give her no cause to think otherwise." They were married at Christ's Church, Newgate Street, on the 21st of September, 1833—barely three months after the bridegroom's return to England. The courtship, therefore, had not been a very lingering affair. The church at the time was undergoing some repairs, which made the

transaction a little more public than was agreeable. "His deafness rendered it almost impossible to go through the service without some slight violations of propriety, as in his eagerness to perform his part, he frequently got before the officiating clergyman, much to the confusion of the bride and the diversion of the workmen, who having taken their seats on the scaffolding (whence the sound of their ill-suppressed merriment was not inaudible to *one* of the contracting parties), keenly watched the whole ceremony." Kitto, all unconscious of this nonsense, leads away his bride with a proud, rejoicing heart. Five weeks after, he writes: "I feel a degree of happiness and comfort which I had hardly hoped to realize. . . . I have now a fireside of my own to sit down by, and on the other side is my wife darning stockings. I have a home which I am reluctant to leave, and to which I am happy to return."

Truly happy, we are told, in all essential points, did this connection prove. Nevertheless, since there is no human condition perfect, it was to be expected that this also would have its share of trifling infelicities. "Kitto's deafness, and the peculiarities which had been formed and cherished by that calamity, rendered a process of assimilation unavoidable, which was not without its pains and difficulties. His habits were, in no small degree, those of a recluse; and, though his heart was the seat of the warmest domestic affections, his devotion to literature was paramount to every other earthly consideration. Seated at the breakfast table, with a favourite volume in his hand, he could hardly tolerate the trivialities of ordinary chit-chat. When the meal was over, he started at once to his daily avocation. On his return, he might be seen in the distance, slowly making his way, and reading intently along the crowded thoroughfares, undisturbed by 'the hubbub wild of stunning sounds.' After tea, he would read aloud for his wife's enjoyment sometimes for three or four hours." Mrs. Kitto, poor lady, felt this to be rather too much of a good thing, and, notwithstanding her amiable struggles to maintain attention, would not unseldom fall asleep. He would then turn quietly to his desk, and pursue his work there with great ardour, probably till midnight. After this practice had continued for some time, a gentle remonstrance was raised against it by the wife, on the ground that it tended to depress domestic

sociability ; much, indeed, to the worthy man's surprise, who seemed entirely unconscious of having given any reason for offence. "He did not," says his amiable helpmate, "attempt to palliate or soften the matter ; but very firmly, though affectionately told me, that these were, and had been, essentially his habits, and I must endeavour to be reconciled to them, as he should certainly never be able to alter them. I was sadly distressed, I felt so much a cipher ; I fancied I must be a mere stumbling-block to one who had adequate resources without me. Yet his mind was in a constant turmoil, in search of those social delights which he yearned to enjoy, and seemed so fully to appreciate. Knowing this, I was stimulated to check my rising complaints, and to ask my Heavenly Father, who, I felt, had chosen our path for us, to teach me how to walk therein. The intense admiration in which I held my husband's abilities, so far as I was able to estimate them, combined with his own amiable and affectionate temper, although it did not all at once overcome what I felt irksome in my new situation, was a means of great repose and comfort to my mind. I was, in fact, proud of him. Instead of repining, I tried to find means of access to him—to bring myself into closer connection with him, by interesting myself in his pursuits. I tried to get him to enlist me into his service. This wish afforded him great pleasure, and he was never at a loss to find employment for me. Daily we walked together to the British Museum, he to attend to his duties relative to the 'Penny Magazine,' I to collect such materials as he required for future use. Thus we pursued our course together, until his more onerous engagements on the 'Pictorial Bible' rendered it necessary for him to sit at home, and ply his pen assiduously, whilst I, day by day, went forth to collect, from all the various authorities pointed out by him, such materials as he needed. Thus, through me, he managed to supply the deficiencies of his own library, as it was then. For many years this was my employment ; for although his stock of books increased largely, there were always many, not in his possession, from which he wished to cull, and ever afterwards my services were in active requisition, and he used jocularly to designate me his *hod-man*. Thus, we in time became as perfectly assimilated as was possible under the circumstances, and I no longer repined ; in fact, I had abundant reason to be thankful, seeing that I had become essen-

tial where I had most desire to be so. Indeed, so essential did I become, that he could never bear my absence from home, except when he sent me forth, and then always begged me to hasten my return, saying that I stood between him and fate, and that when I was absent he was constantly in alarm lest he might be interrupted. Thus, all the socialities of out-door life have been entirely set aside. During the twenty-one years of our married life, I may say in perfect truth, that ten hours have not been spent separate from him, in visits."

From this account, one can fancy Mrs. Kitto to have been a sort of model author's wife. Very beautiful, at any rate, was all that womanly devotedness, which could thus so charmingly surrender every cherished taste and inclination, all innocent feminine vanities, and the varied fascinations that attend the interchange of speech and sentiment among friends and neighbours, for the sake of making herself a meet companion for the one sole man, whom indeed she was bound to love, but whose ear could not be reached by the tones of her accustomed voice. At what a distance does such a privation as Kitto's exclude a man from the little social and domestic pleasantries that make half the charm of life; and how comparatively dull must be the every-day communion between man and woman, to whom articulate speech is not a means of intercourse! That, with brave resolve, this gentle woman conformed herself to her afflicted husband's silent ways, and made her life, as it were, a sacrifice to his, is of the highest praise to her; and among those by whom his name is honoured, hers ought not to be forgotten. If as some robust oak, full of umbrageous boughs, he stood rooted by the world's wayside, offering shade and comfort to many wayfarers, she was as the graceful ivy that clothed with ornament his gnarled limbs, and gave to the majesty of his presence a touch of beauty in which it would otherwise have been wanting.

The biographical interest of Kitto's life may be here said to reach its culmination. The remaining particulars to be related are of inconsiderable significance compared with the foregoing, as indeed the probationary period of almost every career is of necessity the most interesting. His life henceforward was that of an acknowledged man of letters, laboriously employed. From the Penny Magazine, he passed, as through a convenient gate of entrance, into connection

with other periodical publications conducted by Mr. Knight ; doing, for the most part, what may be styled the "heavy business,"—such as analyzing Parliamentary Papers, and preparing the Monthly Chronicle of Events for the *Companion to the Newspaper* ; getting up the Journal of Facts, in science, education, and statistics, for the *Printing Machine* ; and performing a similar kind of service, in regard to similar particulars, for the *Companion to the Almanac*. Kitto did not feel this work by any means uncongenial. Doing it all well, he moreover found it a ready introduction to more agreeable things. In March, 1834, the Diffusion of Knowledge Society having concluded to publish a number of illustrated children's books, Mr. Knight proposed that he should undertake such of them as were intended to present a description of the remarkable things and customs in foreign countries, beginning with those in which he himself had travelled. This led to the production of "Uncle Oliver's Travels in Persia," two volumes, which were issued in 1838. About the same time at which it was suggested, Kitto was engaged to prepare his work on "The Lost Senses"—a book presenting, as probably most readers know, a series of remarkable narratives of the acquirements and compensations of the blind, deaf, and dumb. The work appears to have been a good while in hand, and was not published till 1845. One reason for the delay was probably the circumstance that its composition was intercepted by another and more important project of the publisher ; Mr. Knight having undertaken to bring out an edition of the Bible, with notes and illustrations—respecting which there is something separate to be said.

The plan was a Bible with illustrative engravings, accompanied by notes in explanation of obscure allusions in the text. Though it was not at first intended to commit the work to any single writer, it occurred to Mr. Knight that Kitto's familiarity with Oriental customs, would enable him to treat one of its departments in a manner more satisfactory than would be possible to persons whose knowledge of the matters involved was derived entirely from books ; and he therefore requested him to prepare a specimen of a Biblical commentary, by way of showing his own conception of the task, and of the mode in which it should be executed. Owing to the deep interest he felt in the subject, Kitto's specimen

he would have willingly foregone all rest or relaxation, had that been possible." Life seemed all too short for the accomplishment of the objects on which his heart was set. He would sometimes, in conversing with Mrs. Kitto, dwell with enthusiasm on his literary projects, specifying one work after another, calculating the time that each would occupy, and then how many years would still be left for other labours, supposing his life to be protracted beyond threescore and ten; and when he had gone on for some time in this way, he would suddenly exclaim, checking his imaginings—"Alas! I shall never accomplish half these purposes!" At other times he would say, "Perhaps it is well, if I am happy now. I have attained more even than I sought, and I might get too content ever to desire to leave this world."

Before the completion of "The Pictorial Palestine" Kitto formed the plan of another work, entitled "The Christian Traveller," which was intended to give a view of the various missionary establishments for the propagation of Christianity among the heathen,—a work which he had projected even during his residence at Bagdad. It was an enterprise of some extent, and preparations were made for it on a corresponding scale. Only the three first parts, however, were published; its farther progress being stopped by the pecuniary embarrassments of the publisher. Kitto was involved in the difficulties of the concern, and was a considerable sufferer. His hitherto regular employment was suspended, and time was lost, and debts incurred, before another connection could be formed. During this period of trial his despondency was very great, and it required all the buoyant energy of his wife to prevent him from sinking under it. At length the Messrs. Black of Edinburgh entertained with favour his plan of a "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," and, pending the arrangements required for bringing it out, engaged him to write a school History of Palestine. When that work was finished, some months elapsed before the publication of the Cyclopædia could be decided on; and during that time difficulties increased, which resulted, among other consequences, in the sale of his pleasant residence at Islington, at great loss, and the removal of the family (now including four children) to Woking. This step seemed desirable on economical grounds, though, excepting in the difference of rent, little advantage was obtained by it.

The publication of the *Cyclopædia* was commenced in 1843, and completed in 1845. While engaged on it Kitto was brought into connection with a number of foreign contributors, through whom his reputation as a biblical scholar was extended to the Continent; and thence, in 1844, he came to be honoured with the diploma of D.D. from the University of Giessen. This title, which in our own country is purely ecclesiastical, is in Germany not unseldom conferred on laymen who devote themselves to Biblical studies. In the following year, 1845, Dr. Kitto was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries—which accounts for the F.S.A. we see appended to his name.

On the completion of the *Cyclopædia*, Kitto undertook the preparation of an improved edition of the *Pictorial Bible*, which was published in 1847, with his name attached. This was scarcely out of hand, when he issued the first number of "The Journal of Sacred Literature," which he carried on through several years, to the conclusion of the eleventh volume. This work, from its necessarily limited circulation, does not appear to have ever paid its way: so that Kitto conducted it all along without deriving from it any pecuniary benefit. His contributors were also unpaid volunteers; on which account their articles were subjected to no rigid scrutiny; and hence the work never came up to his own idea, and, as Professor Eadie observes, "never took that high place which his name and fame were expected to give it."

The unprofitableness of this speculation, and a general deficiency of remunerative employment during several years, brought Kitto under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties. Ever since the failure of the Ludgate Street establishment in 1841, he had been more or less involved, and been struggling to retrieve himself without success. A private subscription was raised in his behalf, but this only partially released him; a good deal remained to be paid out of his current earnings, and, when at length the "uttermost farthing" was extinguished, new embarrassments were arising. These seeming to necessitate all possible retrenchments, his residence at Woking, where he had a pleasant house and garden, was given up, and a humbler dwelling was entered on at Camden Town. From that place, in June 1849, Kitto opened a correspondence with Messrs. Oliphant of Edinburgh, proposing his final work—"The Daily Bible Illustrations." The

first series in four volumes, was completed in 1851 ; and the book being found popular, a second series was decided on, extending the whole to eight volumes, the last of which was published in January, 1854. During these years, Dr. Kitto was suffering a good deal from indisposition, brought on by the intensity of his labours, and the anxieties connected with his circumstances. In the autumn of 1852, he had a severe attack of illness, which obliged him to resort, for the first time for many years, to medical assistance. He was unable to sit at his desk for half an hour without bringing on neuralgic pains, and could not even correct the proofs of the "Daily Illustrations" without leaning back in a reclining chair. His naturally excellent constitution, he was told, was in danger of being ruined by the want of exercise, and he was enjoined to walk two hours daily in all weathers. This habit was so seriously impressed upon him, that he endeavoured "to cultivate it as a matter of duty ;" though, from long disuse of the practice, he found it to be somewhat irksome. Writing to Mr. Oliphant in September, he says :— "The want of a *definite* object is the difficulty ; care for one's health seems too vague an inducement for a practice so adverse to one's habits, and, in its immediate aspect, a serious loss of precious time. I suppose, however, that some one or other will always be dragging me out now ; and Mrs. Kitto will probably look to it, as the doctor has enjoined her to turn me out daily, and not to let me in again till my time is up. I felicitated myself at first, that he only stated how long I was to walk, not how *fast*, or how much, so that, as I thought, I might manage to make the business entertaining by sauntering about among the book-stalls ; but the doctor is now too sharp for me, and talks of six miles a day. Think of that for a man who has almost lost the power of putting one leg before another ! However, seeing that there are so many little ones whose immediate welfare seems to have been made dependent upon my existence, and that I have set before me so many labours which I should be loth to leave unexecuted, I hope to be enabled to adapt myself to this new condition of affairs."

Something of his "too solid flesh" (for he had grown unwieldily stout) was in this way "melted off ;" but there was no permanent recovery of health. In the course of the next year he had a severe relapse, precipitated probably by the

shock occasioned by the sudden death of his youngest child. In this state he was induced to seek the advice of Dr. Golding Bird, who, on learning his name, received him very cordially, and promised to do all in his power to benefit him, without regard to any consideration of fees. Once a fortnight for several months, Kitto went to the good doctor; but, after a few visits, his case was pronounced hopeless.

"I cannot cure him," he said; "no medical man can. Nothing but absolute rest from immediate labour can be of service. All I can do is to endeavour to subdue the irritation of the brain, which he goes home and excites immediately by using it."

Kitto was, therefore, earnestly entreated to cease for a while from work. But his reply was—"No! I must first finish the work for which I have had the money; and, if I knew I should die with the pen in my hand, I will go on as long as the Lord permits." He was permitted to finish the work in question (the Bible Illustrations); but, on the very next morning, on attempting to rise, he was found to be stricken with paralysis. The attack, however, was only slight, and, though its effects were felt for many weeks, it did not prevent him from resuming his literary labours. A new edition of the Biblical Cyclopædia being called for, he set about correcting and revising the first part, as though he were as alert for work as ever.

And so it went on, a little better and then worse, until the morning of the 4th of February, 1854, when he was seized with a violent fit, that reduced him to a state of insensibility. The time had at length come when cessation from work was inevitable and compulsory. But how was a man in Kitto's circumstances to keep a house over his head, and provide for his large family? There seemed to be but one way, which Dr. Bird had previously suggested.

"I am sure," said he, "Dr. Kitto has many admirers, who would gladly come forward to help in the salvation of so valuable a life, could the necessity be known." He added—"That he had no doubt if Dr. Kitto could get a year's rest, he might be as good a man as ever; and, as nothing vital was then destroyed, he still had hope; but that, if he went on, he must be overdone."

"How right he was," says Mrs. Kitto in her piteous extremity, "the sequel proves."

Yes, here he was at last most thoroughly "over done." He recovered from the fit, but he remained so racked with pain, and so utterly prostrated by debility, as to be totally incapacitated for any mental labour. The alternative was complete rest or immediate death. Luckily, benevolence, as well as poverty, never ceases out of the earth. Influential friends, with Sir John M'Neill at their head, took measures for raising a subscription, by which sixteen hundred pounds were realized for Kitto's benefit. This sum, with his pension of one hundred pounds a-year, granted him in 1850, placed him beyond the necessity of any further immediate exertions; and preparations were made for his going abroad, in quest of such relief as might be derivable from change of scene and climate. He went with his family to Cannstadt in Germany, to try the effect of the mineral waters there, which were recommended as likely to be suitable to his case. But for him there was no health in them. Indeed, misfortune walked beside him like a shadow, and darkened all his goings. Within a month after his arrival, the last pride of his eyes, a little boy hardly a twelvemonth old, was taken from him, to the land whence there is no returning. Some three weeks later, his eldest daughter, the brightest and most long beloved, went likewise, leaving her place a vacancy that could never more be filled. His strong heroic heart, so long shattered, was crushed by these bereavements. He never rallied under them; for though for a week or two his health showed some trifling improvement, there was soon a return of symptoms which foreshadowed the speedy end. He died at length on the 25th of November, 1854; and lies buried in the cemetery at Cannstadt, by the side of his two children. Peacefully spreads all around the glowing, pleasant landscape, with the river Neckar flowing through it, and fair vineyards in the distance; but the spot within it the most hallowed, and which will now be oftenest visited by thoughtful pilgrims, is that where he is lying, with eyes closed to the sunshine, taking his everlasting rest!

We have no space left to say much of Kitto's works, but, as it happens, there is not much requiring to be said. His position in literature is obvious to all who are acquainted with his writings. He is the best popular elucidator of the Bible that has written in the English language. Never before was the *meaning* of that venerable Book, considered as

a collection of Oriental writings, so amply and instructively unfolded. All obscure allusions, geographical references, characteristic phases of locality, custom, habitude, and usage—every thing that distinguishes the volume as an Eastern composition, is lucidly and entertainingly explained. Kitto's work is for the most part of the nature of compilation; but it is so excellent in its kind, and is so adorned with the graces of his pictorial style, as to be entitled to something of the merit of originality. In the use of his multitudinous materials he displays extraordinary skill and judgment. The masses of information which he brings together are not piled up irregularly, but are all artistically disposed, and serve, in the effect produced, a preconcerted object. The Pictorial Bible is not only a monument of industrious research, but also of judicious application: its accumulations of illustrative fact and circumstance serve the purpose of a real and comprehensive exposition, and are brought forward solely to reflect light upon what would otherwise be of doubtful or unintelligible signification. And the same is to be said of the rest of Kitto's Biblical performances. They are all intended to render plainer in general comprehension whatsoever is difficult or obscure in the text of Scripture; and the amount of elucidation offered is greater and more complete than is to be found in the writings of any other commentator. Kitto's services to the church and to society are thus of very high importance, and entitle him to a correspondingly high distinction in the ranks of accomplished authors.

But the man's life is grander than his writings. Here we have once more illustrated the great power of Persistency, and are shown how a man with just and honourable aspirations advances, through the midst of difficulties, towards accomplishment of the work for which Nature had appointed him. Without genius, and with little more than an ordinary endowment of talent, he achieved by means of industry and steady plodding, what few men of brilliant gifts, and with the fairest opportunities, could have effected with a like success. One cannot sufficiently admire the steadfastness, and even obstinacy, with which, in his beclouded youth, he clung to the notion that the pursuit of letters was his appropriate vocation; nor can we too much praise the patience and the restlessness with which, through all privations and distresses, he plowed out his aim to its fulfilment. But for this

constancy of purpose, this assurance within himself that he had a call to the work which he was seeking to perform, he could hardly have overcome the besetments that encumbered the path of his ambition. A brave, arduous, much-enduring man, his life presents an admirable example to all literary aspirants; and indeed cannot be contemplated by any one, having to make his own way in the world, without encouragement and advantage. He realized the triumph of power over circumstances in a manner that may be fitly pronounced wonderful; and when at length his laborious days were ended, he left behind him works which, for usefulness and excellency, command, and will long command, the attention and profound approval of large numbers of mankind.

THOMAS CAMPBELL*

WITH the exception of one or two of the greatest poets of modern times, such as Scott and Byron, no one has acquired, or continued to enjoy, a more extensive popularity than Thomas Campbell. We do not rank him with the great poets of the day, but among poets of the second class he holds a very honourable place, and one that is likely to be permanent. He belongs to the school of Pope and Goldsmith; though in some of his shorter pieces, such as his odes, the style exhibits the characteristics of the freer poetical manner of the age in which he wrote. Generally speaking, his especial power lies in the skilful elaboration of graceful lines and images, in choice detachable sentences and phrases which admit readily of quotation; and accordingly, it has been his fortune to be more frequently quoted than any other poet whose writings are contained within so small a compass. In the senate, at the bar, in the pulpit, in literary lectures, and in the miscellaneous range of periodical writings, his polished and brilliant turns of thought and imagery have all been freely and repeatedly selected to give point to an argument, to complete an illustration, or to serve in some sort the purposes of rhetorical effect. On the whole, the celebrity attained by Campbell is certainly such as to render some biographical representation of his genius and character very generally acceptable; and although Mr. Cyrus Redding does not profess to have furnished a complete, or regular biography, such as he conceives will be ultimately required, his recollections of his friend may serve as valuable material for the future artist who shall take the work in hand; and meanwhile

* "Literary Reminiscences and Memoirs of Thomas Campbell," by Cyrus Redding. 2 vols. London: Skeet.

contribute somewhat to gratify the public curiosity respecting the poet's pursuits and fortunes, his ways of working, his social and domestic habits, and the various incidents and circumstances that affected his inward life, or determined the shape of his outward history. From the information contained in these volumes, and from other sources open to us, we propose to render some account of the main particulars of Campbell's life, and to sketch, as well as we are able, some outline of his individual characteristics and activity.

All biographies begin with the same event; and accordingly, we must state that Thomas Campbell was born in the High Street of Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777; being the youngest of a family of eleven children. His father, Alexander Campbell, a Glasgow merchant, sprung from an Argyll family in the neighbourhood of Inverary, had at this time attained the advanced age of sixty-seven; though he may be described as a man still in the prime of life, as he lived many years afterwards, and did not die till he had reached the age of ninety-one. Mrs. Campbell was thirty years younger, and is mentioned as being a very prudent and kindly woman, of strong will and great decision of character. Thomas, however, does not appear to have remembered much about his family. "The love of the bygone in his life," says Mr. Redding, "had apparently no charm for him, although now and then a chance anecdote of his college days would come up, and be repeated with a melancholy pleasure." One does not get any glimpse of the kind of household in which he was brought up. It is said that he was the favourite child of his parents; being most beloved, doubtless, because he was the youngest. There is some likelihood that he was petted a good deal, and perhaps very nearly spoiled. A sister, nineteen years old, taught him to read; and when he first went to school, his father used to help him with his lessons. At the age of eight he was placed under the charge of Dr. Alison, a schoolmaster of some notability in his day, for an improved mode of classical instruction, and under whom it appears he did not at first apply himself very assiduously to learning. As he grew older he got on better; the good Dr. Alison having sagacity enough to perceive his pupil's talents, and accommodating his methods of teaching to humour his disposition. We pass over the verses which Thomas made in his eleventh year (which, contrary to Mr. Redding, we do

not think so good as those of Dr. Johnson, on the duck, considering the different ages of the poets at the date of composition); nor need the reader be called on to admire the Ossianic imitations that were printed at the joint expense of his schoolfellows, when he was thirteen; nor is there any occasion to notice a number of other pieces, of a later date, that were published in the local newspapers. It will be enough for the present to note that, though given to occasional laziness, and to habits of abstracted musing, such as are supposed to indicate the dawning poet, he, on the whole, acquitted himself very creditably at school; and, in his fourteenth year, gained what is called a "Leighton bursary," in Glasgow university—winning the distinction in competition with a candidate much older than himself.

Now began his collegiate career, which he always remembered with pleasure and satisfaction. The rules of the place were favourable to the tendencies of his mind, which disposed him at one time to work hard, and at another time to indulge in a laxer habit. "The season of study depending now more upon his own volition and the movement when the mind is in proper tune, than upon compulsory efforts, when labour is under the constraint of another, he made a progress proportionably rapid." His predilection was towards classical learning; to which he devoted himself so ardently as, at one time, to injure his health; for, in addition to his regular studies, he had to give elementary instruction to the junior class, out of consideration, we suppose, for the bursary he enjoyed. It is recorded that he kept so close to his favourite studies as to neglect many branches of information, in which it would hardly be supposed he would be content to remain deficient. Besides classics, however, he spent much time on metaphysics, as in a Scotch university is commonly the rule; and he also attended the lectures of Professor Jardine on logic, and lectures on Roman law and jurisprudence, by Dr. Millar. For both these professors he had the highest admiration; and in after life he used to speak of Millar, in particular, in the warmest terms of reverence and affection. His successes in the examinations were as great as they well could be: he gained prizes in logic, for good behaviour, for Greek verses: his translation from Aristophanes, in his last year, being pronounced the best that was ever produced by any student of the university.

Nevertheless, on quitting the university in his seventeenth year, he stood on the threshold of the world uncertain in what direction he should turn, in order to effectually employ his talents and attainments. Mr. Alexander Campbell's means were in a straitened state, the firm to which he belonged having failed two years before his son Thomas was born ; and since then, the household had experienced a continual difficulty in keeping up its station and appearance. There had been a lawsuit, too, which had been the means of grievously reducing such income as remained available ; and though some of the sons had gone out into the world to seek their fortunes, the family was still large, and he on whom it depended for support was now verging on the age of eighty-four. Thomas, aware that he must decide on some course for himself, found his position, the more he considered it, surrounded with perplexities. None of the learned professions could be followed without money ; and, to say the truth, there was not one of them which he felt much inclined to follow as a permanent pursuit. He might have got into the ministry of the church with little further expense ; but, though he had been brought up in veneration of the Presbyterian establishment, he had some scruples of a conscientious sort respecting doctrine, that prevented him from entering upon an office which could not in such case be assumed without a sense of disingenuousness. We are told, "he had too honest and elevated a mind for such hypocrisy ;" and so the church, if ever thought of as a possible position for him, was passed over as one to which he felt no calling. Even had he decided to embrace it as an ultimate profession, there would be some years to wait before he could be ordained ; and in the meantime it behoved him to find out some employment by which he could live, and relieve his parents of any further expense or embarrassment on his account.

This being the state of matters, he seized on the first thing that offered ; not because it was any thing that particularly suited him, but because it promised him a temporary independence, and happened to be one in which his qualifications might be creditably exercised. Mrs. Campbell had a distant relation in the island of Mull ; a person apparently of good substance, and having a family requiring instruction : if cousin Thomas would accept the situation of tutor, for a consideration named, there would be employment for him, and

his distant relatives would consider themselves obliged by his services. Anxious to do something, and acting on the advice of friends at home, Thomas willingly proceeded to the Isle of Mull, where, we are informed, he was received kindly, and fulfilled the duties required of him, we may suppose, with satisfaction to his patrons. The life of a private tutor affords some portion of leisure; and this our friend employed in writing certain short pieces of poetry. An opportunity was given him of visiting several of the Hebrides, and thus his acquaintance with some of the striking scenes of nature was to some extent enlarged. We get no insight into the Mull establishment where he was located, and hear nothing of its ways of going on, nor of the sayings or doings of its residents or their neighbours. Campbell's recent biographer has no knowledge of these things, and perhaps would hardly acknowledge their uses for biographic purposes. We should like, however, to have learned how it was that, in a house where he was kindly received, and, as far as any thing is known to the contrary, kindly treated, Campbell did not stay longer than "some months of the years 1795, '96!" It could not be that his tutorial duties were by that time accomplished; that the education of all the youthful relatives was then considered finished! It would seem, rather, that he had grown tired of the employment. All we are told is, that, after a few months, "he returned to Glasgow, complaining of the sameness of the country." He did not, therefore, show much perseverance in his first attempt to earn an independent livelihood. Still, on returning to Glasgow, he "supported himself some time by private teaching," numbering "among his pupils several men distinguished afterwards in public life." He resumed his studies, meanwhile, at the university; and having gained two further prizes in Greek literature, finally took leave of it in 1796.

Once more he tried a tutorship. This second engagement was with Sir William Napier of Milliken, in the neighbourhood of Inverary, where, according to Mr. Redding, he remained probably about two years, but according to the dates of his subsequent movements, the time could have been scarcely half so long. He made friends in the locality, and occasionally joined them "at convivial repasts, when he gave full rein to his youthful elasticity of spirits over a cheerful glass." At other times he was very much depressed, from

brooding over the uncertainty of his prospects. A young clergyman in the vicinity, named Hamilton Paul, a former college friend, was often visited ; and with him doubtless Campbell frequently discussed the ways and means of getting on in life—without, however, coming to any determinate conclusion respecting his own course. His outlooks were still clouded and uncertain, when, at the expiration or breaking-off of his engagement, he again returned to Glasgow ; this time apparently resolved to relinquish tutorships, and try some other venture.

What it shall be ? was an urgent but not easily answered question. There was really but one thing that would have quite suited Campbell—to sit over his books the greater part of the day, to wander about in pleasant scenery, indulging poetic musings, and to write down, as occasion prompted, his own wayward fancies. Had his time been at his own disposal, this is the way in which most of it would have been spent. It was the way in which he spent his leisure during his tutorships ; and the result was a number of poetic pieces, of various merit, which he secretly hoped some day to get published in a volume. While in the Isle of Mull he had written the “Dirge of Wallace,” a really fine poem ; and besides some other pieces, had also sketched and partially composed a poem on the “Pleasures of Hope,” of which we shall hear again presently. During his sojourn with the Napiers he wrote some verses called “Love and Madness,” suggested by the murder of her lover by a lady ; and since then other compositions had been accumulating, and the tendency to poetic production was as yet by no means abated. To write something in this way, that should strike and win the public admiration, was Campbell’s secret, and even confessed, ambition. But he was aware that the pursuit of poetry was not usually a bread-winning profession ; and he was therefore content for the present to work in some other direction for his bread, and to make poetry the entertainment of such spare time as he might have left to him unoccupied. What employment, then, could the busy world afford him ? was the question with which he was now anxiously concerned. Towards commercial pursuits he never appears to have turned his thoughts ; or, if he did, his father’s past or present connection with such pursuits, afforded him no introduction to that sphere of activity. Not so much as a clerkship in any

counting-house was ever offered to him ; or, if sought after, was to be obtained. Glasgow, indeed, could find him nothing at all to do ; so, with the future all dark before him, he had to turn to the world beyond it—to the wide untried range of possibilities that might lie in other scenes and regions, where his face and capabilities were unknown, where all would look strange about him, but where, nevertheless, with heart, and hope, and opportunity, he might trust to succeed in his modest wish to earn an honest livelihood.

He resolved to go to Edinburgh : there, at the centre of Scottish enterprise, he conceived some chances of occupation would be presented, which he might turn to his advantage. He left home with very little money in his pocket, but his head was "full of schemes," by some of which he hoped to realize, if not a fortune, at least the humble object of living from day to day. He most likely carried with him a few letters of introduction, either to men of business, or to persons supposed to possess some kind of influence, which a friendly disposition might incline them to exercise in his behalf. His own plans had the usual vagueness that attends the enterprises of youth and inexperience, but, as far as they were formed, they embraced the alternatives of entering an attorney's office, writing for the booksellers, or establishing a periodical ! He took with him some of his Greek translations, which he fancied might find favour with the Edinburgh publishers ; the last things in the world, perhaps, which any body acquainted with the craft would have thought of offering to their notice. Another literary production, which might seem quite as unlikely to meet with bibliopolical acceptance, he also carried with him—the first sketch of the "Pleasures of Hope," in which, by the way, though as yet unknown to him, lay the germ of approaching fame and fortune. Of his outfit in other respects we have no record ; but we may presume that it included nothing superfluous—his scant purse being probably a type of the rest of his equipments.

Arrived in Edinburgh, we may fancy him wandering about the city, contemplating its many wonders and curiosities ; visiting this and the other object of historic interest, and pausing at favourable points of view in admiration of its picturesque and striking peculiarities. His letters of introduction would be soon delivered, and the value of them be presently ascertained. If he called on any booksellers he got

discouraging answers ; and he had not been many days in the great capital before it became evident that his chances of literary employment were about equivalent to his chances of plucking strawberries on the Calton hill ! So he turned towards the lawyers, and had the fortune to obtain a temporary engagement in copying legal documents. This was a very uncongenial occupation to one of Campbell's temperament, and he does not appear to have held it long. Accident introduced him to Dr. Anderson, to whom he showed some of his verses, and who was so well pleased with him as to use what influence he had for his advantage. He recommended him to Mr. Mundell, an Edinburgh publisher, as a young man desirous of literary employment, and Mundell offered him twenty guineas to abridge Bryan Edwards's "West Indies." This was mere literary journey-work, but it was preferable to law-writing ; which last was accordingly abandoned, and Campbell, with elated spirits, hastened back to Glasgow to set about his task.

He returned home on foot, his finances not admitting, apparently, of any other mode of travelling. He was not heavy-hearted, however ; the future looked hopeful, and he was intrusted with work which would yield him a certain remuneration. He applied himself diligently to his undertaking, projecting meanwhile various other schemes, which, from lack of encouragement, were afterwards given up ; and it was at this time that he composed the "Wounded Hussar," which he had the satisfaction of hearing sung about the streets of Glasgow. He also wrote some other short poetical pieces, one of which was his "Epistle to the Three Ladies on the Banks of the Cart." In the course of a few weeks he had finished his abridgment, and away he went off with it to Edinburgh.

He had just turned his twentieth year ; he was in the full flush of hopeful expectation ; and so thoroughly assured did he feel he was going to make his way successfully, that he urged his father and mother to follow him, and live with him in Edinburgh. This, in fact, they did in the course of the next year, 1798. But they found Campbell still very unsettled about his prospective pursuits ; he was thinking of studying the law, of applying himself to medicine, of going to the United States ; his mind wavering from one thing to another, and his prospects wholly clouded with uncertainty.

He had as yet only a scanty employment from the book-sellers, and a private pupil or two, to depend on for support. Once he had determined to emigrate, and join one of his brothers, but was afterwards dissuaded from doing so by a friend; and thus he remained perplexed, changing his plans from day to day, and painfully troubled about the future. There was one thing, nevertheless, which tended at times to cheer him: he had leisure to work on "The Pleasures of Hope," which he had commenced in Mull; and, as the weeks went on, he advanced slowly, but steadily, towards the completion of the poem. It might be thought that, with a mind always anxious about the morrow, the composition of a poem of such elegance and literary finish, would have been a task of impossible achievement. "But," as Mr. Redding remarks, "in the composition of a poem, the mind becoming wholly absorbed, external things are for a time dismissed." The young poet was greatly assisted in his undertaking by the advice and friendly criticisms of Dr. Anderson, to whom, as the work proceeded, it was read by the author, and modelled or re-written according to his suggestions. "It is not possible to say," says Mr. Redding, "what numerous changes and alterations the poem underwent before it reached its last point of refinement." The original copy consisted of only four hundred lines, and it is believed, that after Anderson saw it, the composition was thoroughly reconstructed. We agree with Mr. Redding that, "It would be interesting to know all that took place between the poet and his acquaintance, who then bore the chief weight of literary authority in Edinburgh. How the labour of the author was tasked by the fastidiousness of the critic; how the poet's efforts, stimulated to exertion, produced the consecutive portions of the poem to his delighted friend; what was said, and still more what was felt; how the poet was at one time elevated at the chances of success, at another depressed, his fear of deficiency in his own view discouraging him, while it was the criterion of merit; how his heart secretly exulted at the prospect of succeeding." But all this must be left to imaginative readers.

There are few anecdotes of Campbell which have been made public relating to that period. As one would naturally expect, he was much given to solitude, and was often seen wandering alone over the bridge, or in the outskirts of the city, humming a tune, or muttering to himself as he went.

sauntering along, unobscured of all around him ; and it has been supposed that he was then working up his verses, or indulging in the flattering visions which his theme would be likely to suggest.

The poem at length was finished. Dr. Anderson could advise no further alterations ; there seemed no occasion for further condensation or expansion ; the several parts were arranged and jointed as was judged best for the connection ; every line had been polished to the highest pitch of brilliancy ; and on the whole, the poem seemed a well-wrought and artistically-complete performance. It was at least as good as the united wits of the author and his critical adviser could well make it. All that remained to be done was to prepare a fair copy for the printer. The poet, luckily, had no need to go in search of a publisher : on Anderson's recommendation Mundell was ready to bring it out, and give him something for the copyright. According to the bargain entered into, the author was to have "two hundred copies of the work in quires ;" which, on being sold, brought him rather more than fifty pounds. It may be as well to mention here, that for every edition of a thousand copies subsequently published, for some years, a further sum of twenty-five pounds was presented to him by the publishers, as an honorary gratuity. On this score his receipts are calculated to have been £150, in addition to the first payment. A misunderstanding afterwards occurring between the poet and Messrs. Mundell, these free payments were thenceforth discontinued. But after six editions had been printed, Campbell received permission to publish a seventh edition, in quarto, for his own benefit. This is said to have yielded him six hundred pounds more ; and it is stated that, altogether, he received not less than nine hundred pounds for his copyright. Nine hundred pounds for a poem of eleven hundred lines makes the payment something more than sixteen shillings a line ; as high a rate as Byron got in the height of his reputation for his best-paid productions. Considering the long-continued popularity of the poem, no doubt the publishers made a profitable bargain ; but it must be admitted that they acted very generously towards the author ; and it must likewise be acknowledged that (taking the whole proceeds into account) the latter derived a most handsome and ample profit from his work.

The poem was published in the month of May 1799 ; the

poet then verging on the age of two-and-twenty. One can conceive that it was just then a very joyous time with him. May in Scotland is now almost a winter month ; but if there be any truth in tradition, in the days of our grandfathers it used to be a balmy and gladsome season ; the young year flushing with warmth and beauty, and harmonious with the songs of birds ; the long days with their sunshine (minus the east winds) making existence out of doors delightful. To walk about at such a time, as Campbell doubtless did, elated with the novel pride of authorship, with a delicious atmosphere around him, and amid scenery ever glorious, must have been a pleasure surpassing any he had previously experienced. It is a rare thing for a man to become famous at two-and-twenty. The success of the poem was still to be ascertained ; but this was a point which did not long remain doubtful. Its merits were immediately recognised by the Edinburgh literati, and enthusiastically proclaimed by numerous friendly voices. Its fame speedily reached England, where it was no less ardently welcomed, and shortly attained a universal popularity. In the Scottish capital, the young poet found himself the lion of the day. Dr. Anderson had previously introduced him to many distinguished persons, including Dugald Stewart, and most of the dignitaries of the university ; and now his acquaintance was sought by other celebrated characters, among whom were Henry Mackenzie, the author of the " Man of Feeling," Dr. Gregory, Telford, Alison the distinguished preacher and author of the essays on " Taste," Dr. Gillies, Jeffrey, Brougham, and many others. At this time, too, he became known to Sir Walter Scott, who introduced him to his own circle of friends, and in other ways contributed to honour him. On all sides he was *fêted*, complimented, and conspicuously entertained. He appears to have borne his honours with becoming modesty. His appearance and manners were pleasing, his countenance intellectual, his address gentlemanly and unassuming. His very presence commanded favour and good-will ; and he had the fortune, more largely than happens to most, to have his worth and talents generously recognised by men of influence and distinction, who were willing, and even anxious to make his path smooth and flowery before him. No poet, or literary man in any department, was ever more liberally befriended, or had his way

so thoroughly cleared of the obstructions that so commonly beset the adventurer in the fields of literary enterprise. Whilst it is the usual lot of such adventurers to struggle on alone, fighting their way desperately at every step, and attaining success only after many failures and many hardships, it was Campbell's happy fortune to be forwarded and encouraged from the beginning, and thus saved from suffering the vexations and disappointments which perplex and embitter the lives of many, who are no less eminently gifted, but who have not shared the like advantage of a friendly and encouraging countenance. His genius doubtless justified all the favour that was extended to him; but his good fortune is no less obvious from being coupled with the circumstance that he deserved it. The fact still remains the same, that it was an immense advantage to Campbell to have potent friends around him, who could appreciate his poetry, and whose influence with the public was such as to immediately secure for it a large share of attention. Thus, powerfully recommended, the "Pleasures of Hope" had not to wait for a tardy recognition of its merits; it bounded at once into extensive popularity. Campbell became a celebrity at two-and-twenty; and, henceforth, whatever he might produce was certain to command a fair and even favourable consideration both from publishers and the public.

His prospects as a literary man were, therefore, extremely promising; he had only to go on writing as worthily as he had begun, and he might reasonably calculate upon achieving both fame and fortune. Of this he seems to have been aware; and hence he showed himself loth to commence any new work of importance without adequate preparation. He planned a new poem, to be called the "Queen of the North," which he intended to publish with illustrations; but this, like other innumerable projects of his life, eventually came to nothing. About the same time he wrote the verses in his published works entitled "Gilderoy." Besides these he produced little for several months after the publication of the "Pleasures of Hope;" the success of that poem inducing him to repose under his laurels; as, indeed, he was fairly entitled to do for awhile, after the intense labour he had recently undergone. He was, moreover, contemplating a journey to the continent. He had a desire to visit Germany, out of curiosity to see some of the eminent men of that country, and with the view of

extending his knowledge of literature and of the world; that he might appear to better advantage in London, where he thought of ultimately settling.

In pursuance of this design, he left Scotland in the month of June, 1800, proceeding by one of the Leith packets to Hamburg, where he safely arrived after a few days' sail. Having several letters of introduction to persons in that place, he stayed there for some time, making numerous friends, besides meeting with one or two persons whom he had previously known as medical students at the University of Edinburgh. His plan was to proceed to Ratisbon, in which city there was a Scottish college, whence he could travel at his convenience to Vienna. What were his pecuniary resources to meet the expenses of a sojourn abroad which extended over thirteen months, most of the time being spent in travelling, does not appear to be clearly known; as he could not then have received more for his poem than the fifty pounds' worth of copies which fell to him on the publication of the first edition. He appears, however, to have had an engagement as correspondent to the *Morning Chronicle*; and this probably supplied him with a sufficiency of funds. At any rate, he does not seem to have suffered during the time from any want of money. He mixed freely in society, and moved hither and thither as he pleased. During his stay in Hamburg he became acquainted with a number of Irish exiles, who had been driven from their country by the persecutions of the Irish government, about the time of the rebellion of 1798. Among these was Anthony M'Cann, who is described as an honest, upright, uncompromising lover of his country, and to whom Campbell became warmly and intimately attached. His beautiful pathetic poem, called "The Exile of Erin," written at this period, is said to have been suggested on seeing this gentleman walking low-spirited and pensive by the side of the river, and embodies the impressions derived from sympathetically contemplating the banished man's forlorn and depressed condition. At Hamburg the poet wrote upwards of a dozen other pieces of poetry, only three of which, besides the "Exile of Erin," he afterwards admitted into his collected works. These were the "Lines on visiting a scene in Argyleshire," "The Beech Tree's Petition," and an "Ode to Winter," all of which, we have understood, were first printed in the *ing Chronicle*.

Not far from Hamburg there was living in those days the celebrated German poet Klopstock, whom the young poet from Scotland could not well refrain from visiting. He found the author of the "Messiah" an infirm old man, seventy-seven years of age; yet withal cheery and companionable, of plain, unpretending manners, great mildness, and apparent goodness of disposition. Neither knowing the language of the other so as to be able to speak it, they conversed together in Latin. The interview appears to have been agreeable; and they parted with mutual satisfaction and good-will; Campbell presenting the venerable old man with a copy of his "Pleasures of Hope," which was received with becoming courtesy. Klopstock was drawing towards the close of his long life; had Campbell been two years later he would have lost the opportunity of seeing him.

Leaving Hamburg about the beginning of August, Campbell proceeded next to Ratisbon. On the way he fell in with a division of Austrian troops marching into Bohemia, and arrived in Ratisbon only three days before it was entered by the French, who had just driven the Austrian general Klenau across the Danube. He appears to have taken up his quarters at the Scottish college. He was detained longer than he intended by the movements of soldiery in the neighbourhood. Once he saw a skirmish between the French and Austrians from the walls of Ratisbon; and he afterwards made excursions from the city over the ground where the engagement had taken place, and saw enough of the horrors of war to fill his mind with fearful images. He was much pleased, however, with the French officers in possession of the place, and used to speak of them afterwards as "famous fellows," who were highly popular among the citizens. The English newspapers were at the same time describing them as brutal, tyrannical, dishonest, and every where detested for their cruelties! Such is the difference between testimony founded on honest observation, and that which rests on the loose conceptions of party writers, who seek to magnify their patriotism by always speaking despitefully of their enemies. When Campbell decided to make the journey to Vienna, a French field-officer gave him a protection to pass through the army of General Moreau, who had fixed his head-quarters at Munich, and was in possession of all the country between the Isar and the Inn,

through which it would be necessary to travel. For four months there had been a cessation of hostilities, which led Campbell to believe he might proceed without personal danger. On the way, however, probably at Munich, he learned that hostilities were expected soon to recommence: information which caused him considerable perplexity, and hindered him from prosecuting his journey. He accordingly turned back by the valley of the Iser; having first been presented to Madame Moreau, at Munich, and in other respects experienced courteous attentions from the general. The personal compliment thus paid to him was afterwards made the ground of an absurd charge against him, which was well nigh involving him in serious trouble. On his return to England he found a warrant out against his person for high treason; the government having received information through their spies that he had been conspiring with General Moreau and the Irish exiles to land troops in Ireland! We shall see presently how the matter terminated. From what he saw of war on the continent he was far too painfully affected to think of instigating a civil war at home. As he was returning towards Ratisbon, after giving up the journey to Vienna, he came unexpectedly upon a battle-field—not the field of Hohenlinden as has been sometimes stated, but some other field of less renown, which Mr. Redding believes was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Landshut. He was travelling in a clumsy German carriage, when, emerging from a pine-wood, he found himself in an open space, where the ravages of a recent conflict were horribly visible in the bodies of men and horses strewn upon the ground. There was nothing to impede his route, yet he perceived the vehicle stop, and he presently missed the postilion, who had left him there alone, and did not return for three-quarters of an hour. "I had enough around me to meditate upon," observed Campbell, in relating the incident afterwards to Mr. Redding, "had not the weather been unbearably chill. I had lost all patience when the Bavarian scoundrel came up loaded with horses' tails. He had been cutting off the tails of the horses that lay dead around, and now piling up a goodly number of them behind the carriage, he resumed his tardy pace." The poet's accounts of what he had seen of battle-fields were not consistent, and hence different scenes have been to this incident, and the place still remains uncertain;

but that he actually witnessed such a scene is rendered indisputable, from the concurring testimony of several surviving friends to whom the circumstance was at different times related. After his return to Ratisbon, feeling uncertain as to how far his personal comfort or safety might be affected by the progress of the war, he shortly went back by way of Leipsic to Hamburg, and thence retired to Altona, where he seems to have resided from the month of November until he returned to England in the early part of the next year.

While staying at Altona, he began, or went on with, his new poem, the "Queen of the North," and assiduously studied the German language. Being still in frequent communication with his Hamburg friends, he planned with some of them excursions into Hungary and elsewhere, which he never made, and projected literary works which were never executed. He composed, however, some verses addressed "To a beautiful Jewish Girl of Altona," as also an "Ode to Content," and some other inconsiderable pieces. He is understood to have taken a foremost part in certain merry-makings with some of his countrymen and the Irish exiles at Hamburg, and was as popular and jovial among them as he had been during his former visit. He was reckoning upon being shortly joined by a friend from Edinburgh, named Richardson, and of then setting out upon his travels anew, in company with that gentleman. Richardson did not arrive, and the poet was still at Altona in the beginning of 1801, when Lord Nelson visited Hamburg. There then began to be rumours that hostilities were commencing between England and Denmark. Very shortly Nelson and his fleet were in the Sound. It seemed that Altona would soon be no longer safe as a residence for an Englishman, and therefore Campbell forthwith determined to embark for his own country. The vessel in which he took his passage was chased into Yarmouth by a privateer : there the poet landed, and proceeded direct to London, having only a few shillings in his pocket.

His first call was made on Perry of the "Morning Chronicle," from whom, doubtless, he expected a replenishment of funds. Perry received him graciously ; and in the course of a few days introduced him to a host of London celebrities, amongst whom were Lord Holland, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr. Rogers. There were sumptuous dinings here and there ; pleasant gatherings of jolly *littérateurs* ; wine flow-

ing copiously, and mirth and wit abounding. The "Pleasures of Hope" had made the author's name familiar, and excited curiosity respecting him. By delicate insinuation, complimentary allusion, direct praise, and other the like modes of conveying an impression, the young poet was given to understand that his exquisite little poem was exquisitely appreciated; and that he might of course account all his accomplished new acquaintances as ardent admirers of his genius. The respect and honour paid to him wherever he went could not but be grateful to his feelings; and if he felt any awakenings of that latent vanity, of which even poets share a little with the rest of human kind, he might, considering all the circumstances, be easily excused. Modest and unassuming as he was, he could hardly help being conscious of an increased sense of self-importance. The reputation he had won had raised him to the ranks of the illustrious. From obscurity he had sprung into renown, and his name was numbered among the notabilities of his generation. Good fortune seemed likely to attend him. He was engaged, or going to be engaged, to write in the "Morning Chronicle:" a worthy and honourable career was thus open to him in which by the exercise of his talents he might expect to realize an ample income and maintain a position of social comfort and respectability. His life looked bright and hopeful before him; and the round of elegant gaieties and good-fellowship to which his London friends had introduced him, left nothing that could be desired to complete his present happiness.

It is a sad thing that when men are happy they should not be permitted to continue so; sad that any thing should happen to mar the pleasure which so well contents them. Yet no experience is commoner than that of some calamity befalling when it is least expected, and when our situation and prospects in other respects are brilliant and satisfactory. Such was now to be the lot of the popular young poet, in the midst of the pleasant life he was leading among the wits and notabilities of London. Among his letters, one morning, there came one from Edinburgh, sealed with black, announcing the intelligence of his father's death. The good old man had lived to an age far exceeding the ordinary duration of human life, and his decease was an event that might have been almost any day expected; yet the shock of his departure affected the son no less painfully than it would have done had

his life been less advanced. To lose a father at any age is to most men a very serious affliction. Thereby ties are severed of whose first uniting we have no remembrance ; a face disappears which has been associated with our remotest recollections, with our infantine memories and pastimes, with the growth and expansion of our years and faculties, with all the varied range of our experience ; and we are cut off for ever from communion with the springs of that supernal loving-kindness and affection, whence our souls first drew the precious waters that have never failed in consolation. A darkness as of densest night falls on us when the light that shone from loving parental eyes is all finally extinguished. The light of other eyes may shine on us, but this, which can never be rekindled, has no likeness in the world. As other men sorrow under such privation, so, and not otherwise, sorrowed Campbell ; feeling, doubtless, that much in his gay life was vanity, contrasted with the sad reality that now beckoned him away.

He went from London to Edinburgh by sea ; that being, perhaps, in brisk March weather, as quick a mode of transit as going by the slow conveyances which then travelled over land. On the voyage he heard some curious tidings about himself. One of the passengers told him that Tom Campbell, the popular new poet, had been arrested and sent to the Tower on a charge of high treason ! This, of course, Campbell was able to contradict ; and sad of heart as he was, one may suppose he could hardly avoid indulging in some little merriment over so absurd a story. It had arisen, however, out of circumstances which, though magnified by rumour, had a very serious aspect. It appears that, in accordance with the system of espionage then in practice, Campbell's letters from the continent had been opened by the Government before delivery ; and it is presumable that some mention of his interview with Moreau, coupled with the suspicions of Hamburg spies, had been construed into the conspiracy before alluded to for the invasion of Ireland ! On arriving at Edinburgh he found his mother in great fears for his safety ; the wildest reports having reached her with respect to his delinquencies, and the consequences to be apprehended. It seems singular that Campbell should have passed some time in London, moving about without any efforts at concealment, without being called upon to answer for his conduct. This

is to be accounted for only on the supposition that it was expected he would return from the continent to Edinburgh ; and it was there, accordingly, that preparations were made for his arrest. Hearing all this, he went straightway to the Sheriff for an explanation ; and from him he learned that there certainly was a warrant out against him for high treason, grounded on the above supposed conspiracy ; whereupon the young poet laughed outright, and asked the Sheriff if he could credit such an absurdity, as that a youth like himself should conspire against the British empire ! He was told, in reply, that he was reported to have attended Jacobin clubs in Hamburg, and was a passenger to England in the same vessel with one Donovan, an Irish rebel, who had commanded a regiment three years before at Vinegar Hill. The poet could only declare that he had never heard of Jacobin clubs at Hamburg, and as to Donovan, he knew nothing of him until he met with him on board the vessel. He demanded, however, that the matter should be minutely investigated ; and the Sheriff fixed a time for the purpose. A box of Campbell's had been seized at Yarmouth and sent on to Edinburgh to be examined ; but on being opened nothing more treasonable was found in it than the draft of "Ye Mariners of England !" For other evidence of his treason there was none forthcoming. The whole affair was seen to be founded on false rumours. This ascertained, the worthy Sheriff said something indignantly about Hamburg spies, and invited Campbell to go and drink a bottle of wine with him, and so wound up the business.

The meeting with his mother may be conceived to have been a sad one ; and yet there would not be wanting in it some elements that bordered on rejoicing. It was pleasing to see him home again sound in health, and freed from the scandalous aspersions affecting his fair name ; and though there was due mourning for the dead, there were pensive intervals in which his mother and sisters found it solacing to talk of Thomas's good fortune as an author. The "Pleasures of Hope" had gone through several editions in his absence ; and already Messrs. Mundell had paid to his mother some small sums of money on his account. The good lady and her daughters were left in very indifferent circumstances ; and young Campbell saw that it was incumbent on him to do something to assist them. Perry is understood to have paid with a liberal hand ; yet, owing to the expenses he had

recently incurred in travel, his present funds were only scanty. He did not care, however, how he might straiten himself, so long as he could save his mother and sisters from feeling the pressure of necessity. What he had he began immediately to share with them; and he seems to have lost no time in making preparations to provide for their future wants. It was now that he obtained permission from the publishers of his poem to print a new edition by subscription for himself, by which, as already intimated, he eventually realized the sum of £600. He was not prepared at present to attempt any new poetical effort involving much care and labour: the "Queen of the North" had been abandoned as an unmanageable subject; and all that he wrote at this period was a composition entitled the "Mobiade," suggested by the riots of the Scottish fish-women on account of the high price of bread. It was not a very successful performance; having none of the humour which the author intended, and which he appears to have believed that it possessed. Though he would never admit his deficiency in this respect, Campbell had no skill in humorous composition; albeit no one could relate a humorous incident with more jocular effect.

While soliciting subscriptions for his new edition of the "Pleasures of Hope," Dugald Stewart introduced him to Sir George Elliott, afterwards Lord Minto, with whom a friendly intercourse was now commenced which continued until his Lordship's decease in 1814. Sir George invited him to his house in London, and Campbell willingly availed himself of so favourable an opportunity of again visiting the metropolis, and of thus being able personally to superintend the printing of his poem, which was going to be brought out in admirable style by Bentley. So, after some months' sojourn with his mother and sisters, he takes leave of them for awhile, making his journey by way of Liverpool; having in his pocket a letter from Dugald Stewart addressed to Dr. Currie, to whose patronage and friendship the bearer is warmly recommended. Currie received him kindly, and entertained him hospitably during his stay of two or three weeks; introducing him also to the celebrated Mr. Roscoe, who then lived at Allerton Hall, and with whom he appears to have passed a portion of the time. The Roscoe family were very attentive to his comforts; and as he was rather in weak health and somewhat nervous, he was provided with a pony for the purpose of

taking out-door exercise. This arrangement, though kindly intended, by no means tended to diminish the poet's nervousness : he was always a poor horseman, and this pony-exercise was a recreation he would gladly have dispensed with, could he have framed any reasonable excuse for declining it. "His timidity on the occasion is well remembered," says Mr. Redding, "by some of the surviving members of the family. Mr. Thomas Roscoe, a friend of the poet's as well as his father, told me that he had a perfect recollection of the circumstance, and of being diverted at seeing the poet in his nervous equestrianism at Allerton, when he himself was quite a boy." It may be supposed, therefore, that his health was not much benefited by the exercise, and that, as regards his associations with Allerton, his trials of horsemanship would not be among his pleasantest recollections.

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at Charing Cross ; Mr. Telford thinking that his friendly oversight, and experience in the ways of the capital, would tend to promote the poet's comfort, and perhaps lighten his expenses. Subsequently, however, Campbell took lodgings at 61, South Moulton Street, where he completed the correction of his quarto : and the work, splendidly embellished, was then published.

Being published by subscription, the proceeds arising from the edition were probably, for the most part, paid on delivery of the copies ; and, if the six hundred pounds which it is said to have realized, or any considerable part of it, at this time came to his hands, the poet would now be in ample funds. He appears to have looked upon his circumstances as flourishing, for, a few months after the publication, he ventured on a step which he could hardly have taken without some stock of money, or the encouragement of favourable prospects. In September or October, 1803 (for the date is given differently by different authorities), Campbell married his cousin, Matilda Sinclair, to whom he had been for some time attached, and in whose honour he had written some verses which appeared in an Edinburgh periodical. We regret to say, they are rather tame verses, being neither very poetical nor very passionate—quite a poor effusion, in fact, coming from a poet who considered himself to be in love. They are not to be found in his collected works, though Mr. Redding has preserved them in the present memoirs. They are not worth quoting here ; having no interest beyond such as might attach to them as a curiosity connected with his courtship. Campbell's affections seem to have been of a very quiet order : he was no doubt in love, but he took the passion mildly, as some constitutions take a fever ; there was no fervour or enthusiasm in it, nothing affecting the perfect possession of his senses. Perhaps he was none the worse on this account ; his mild affection was true and steadfast, and his married life was eminently happy. The wedding ceremony was performed at St. Margaret's church, Westminster. The lady's father was formerly a merchant at Greenock, but was now settled in business in Trinity Square, in the city, and had his family residence in Park Street. It does not appear whether Campbell was acquainted with his bride before coming to London, nor even how long the attachment between them had existed. It is probable it began during some

of the visits paid to his relations on first arriving in town. Mr. Sinclair's was what Jean Paul would call one of the "daughter-ful houses," there being six others besides Matilda, all of them no doubt very glad to see cousin Thomas when he dropped in of an evening. His regard for them, which at first was general, gradually settling into especial favour for Matilda, she, after some period of courtship, was induced to become his wife. She is described as a handsome, lively little person, somewhat under middle size, with "fine dark eyes, and something of the Scottish *patois* in speaking." Cheerful, gentle, and affectionate, and of tidy household habits, she seems to have been particularly well adapted to be a wife for Campbell. Taking up their residence at 35, Upper Eaton Street, Pimlico, they commenced housekeeping in a style suitable to their means; and the domestic comfort he now enjoyed, along with the charm and novelty of his position, seem to have had a happy effect on the poet's mind. Horner, who was an old friend, remarked at this time to Lady Mackintosh, that matrimony had made a great improvement in his manners and temper. To no man was the settled quietude of a home more necessary than to Campbell. His habits of mind required every thing to be peaceful and orderly about him; yet without some one to look after his comfort, he was apt to run into irregularities. During his married life he was unquestionably very much stricter in his habits, and more choice about the society he kept than he had been while a bachelor, or than he was afterwards, when again left to himself. The satisfactions of domestic life rendered him indifferent about grosser pleasures. The early months of wedlock passed pleasantly away, and in due time the household was increased by the appearance of another member. In the summer of 1804, his first child was born; a plump little fellow, whom he called Thomas Telford, after his friend the engineer. The description of the boy, given by the poet to his friends at this time, shows some anxiety, mixed with the pride of fatherhood. He wishes he were *sure* the child would live till the days when he could take him on his knee, and feel the plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth. "My poor boy!" says he, "shall I have the ecstasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love for me? It is bold to enter into futurity so far." It

was a sad thing for him, twenty years later, when he found all his fond hopes frustrated, by the confirmed imbecility of the son whom he thus tenderly apostrophized.

Not liking the noise of London, Campbell removed in 1804, from Upper Eaton Street, and took a house at Sydenham, where he continued to live for several years. It was a plain brick house, the last of a row on the side of a hill, and had nothing particularly to recommend it, save its retired situation. The poet was still young, being as yet only in his twenty-seventh year. He was suffering somewhat, however, from enfeebled health, and was advised by Sir James Mackintosh to drink water, and abstain from fermented liquors, in order to strengthen his nervous system. This plan Campbell tried for some time, but found no benefit from the change. It has been asserted, that the severe mental labour he underwent before attaining the growth of manhood, had been too much for his constitution; and that hence originated a nervous debility which was never overcome, and which, indeed, his usually careless *regimen* did not tend to counteract or diminish. As it is a well-known fact, that over excitement of the mind in youth leaves traces of its effects which more or less remain in after life, it has been conjectured that to this circumstance is to be attributed the early exhaustion of the poet's genius, and his subsequent indolence in literary pursuits. But his laziness, which afterwards became habitual, had hardly yet set in. He was now, or had been lately, employed in translating the foreign intelligence for the "Star" newspaper, it is said at a salary of two hundred pounds a-year; and he occasionally contributed papers to the "Philosophical Magazine." There is a report that, in 1803, he also wrote a series of articles in defence of the Grenville administration, which appeared in some evening paper; and that it was owing to these articles that he subsequently obtained his pension of a hundred and eighty-four pounds a-year, out of the Scotch excise. Mr. Redding thinks the pension could hardly have been conferred for any such service. There were other reasons for granting it which were likely to be held sufficient—the unsettled state of Campbell's circumstances, the fact of his being recognized as a foremost poet of the day, his acknowledged Whig opinions, and the lucky accident that he was personally known to some of the most distinguished members of the Whig party. Be this as it may, he certainly

got the pension ; and, he had the further good fortune to get it subsequently increased to three hundred pounds by Lord Melbourne's ministry. At the present date of our narrative, however, it was a thing in expectation ; and Campbell, for the next two years, was dependent on his casual earnings in authorship, and such profits as might be still arising from the sale of the quarto edition of his poem.

We learn that he wrote papers in the "Edinburgh Review," but what articles they were remains uncertain. Jeffrey is known more than once to have complained of the poet's idleness ; so that it is probable his contributions were not very numerous. From a letter of Roscoe's it would appear that Campbell projected some publication of his own in 1805, the nature of which is unknown, and is of little consequence, as it came to nothing. He, however, finished his "British Annals" in the course of this year ; besides writing the "Battle of the Baltic," and some other of his shorter poetic pieces. The only other event of the year requiring to be noticed is the birth of his second son Alison, which occurred in the month of June. Campbell on this occasion described his two children—the one a twelvemonth, and the other a few weeks old—in a letter to his friend Mr. Alison, somewhat humorously. "Your beloved namesake," says he, "is growing a sweet and beautiful child. The elder, Telford, I am sorry to send you less favourable accounts of. Don't alarm yourself, however, for his health ; it is his moral disposition which is become rude and savage. He talks a language like man in his pristine state of barbarity, consisting of unmodulated and indefinite sounds. He is rapacious, and would eat bread and milk until the day of judgment ; but he is obliged to stint his stomach to five loaves, and as many pints of milk per diem, besides occasional repasts. He is mischievous, and watches every opportunity to poke out little Alison's eyes, and tear the unformed nose from his face. He had not been christened, but only named, till Alison and he were converted to Christianity together. The watering of the young plants was a very uncommon scene. Telford scolded the clergyman, and dashed down the bowl with one smash of his Herculean arms. He continued boasting and scolding the priest, till a wild cry of 'Ya-men' from the clerk astonished him into silence. The first meeting of Telford and his young friend was divert-

ing. Telford had seen no live animal of the same size, except the lambs on the common, which he had been taught to salute by the appellation of '*Ea-a!*' This was for some time his nickname for your namesake."

Campbell's domestic circumstances at this time appear to have been very comfortable, and his habits pretty regular and uniform. "His mode of living at Sydenham," says Mr. Redding, "was similar to that which he afterwards followed in London, when he made it his constant residence. He rose—not very early—breakfasted, studied for an hour or two, dined a couple or three hours after noon, and then made calls in the village, oftentimes remaining for an hour or more at the house of a maiden lady of whose conversation he was remarkably fond. He would return home to tea, and then retire again to his study, often until a late hour, sometimes even to an early one. His life was strictly domestic. He gave a dinner-party now and then; and at some of them, Thomas Moore, Rogers, and other literary friends from town were present. His table was plain, hospitable, and cheered by a hearty welcome. In those days he took his wine freely at times, when he had company. When he had no company he generally left the table directly after dinner was over."

While Campbell lived at Sydenham, or at least during a portion of the time, there resided in that village a person somewhat noted for his singularities—none other, indeed, than Thomas Hill, a well-known and familiar character in certain London circles for more than half a century. He was the individual portrayed under the name of "Little Hull," in Hook's "Gilbert Gurney," and it would seem that the portraiture is not very much exaggerated. Mr. Redding, who probably speaks from personal recollection, says:—"He was a sort of walking chronicle. He knew the affairs of literary men, what they were at work upon, and could retail a vast deal more about them and their doings than they knew themselves. There was no newspaper office into which he did not find his way; no third-rate scribbler of whom he did not know the business at the moment. But his knowledge was not confined to literary men; he knew almost all the world of any note, in his own belief at least, and this belief always, after a certain time, grew with him into indisputable fact. It was said of him that if he stood at Charing Cross at noonday, he would tell the name and business of

every body that passed Northumberland House. He died of apoplexy in the Adelphi, at the age of eighty, few supposing him more than sixty. He was a man of few acquirements, and of no little vanity."

At the table of this odd personage at Sydenham, there used to meet occasionally a number of literary men, and choice spirits of the age. Among them was George Colman, Leigh Hunt, and his brother John, James and Horace Smith, Dubois, Mathews the player, Barnes, who afterwards edited the "Times," Barron Field, and others, not now remembered. There also, in his jolliest prime and vigour, was to be found Theodore Hook, "giving full swing to his jests at the expense of every thing held cheap or dear in social life," and with his boundless drollery exciting inextinguishable laughter. Our poet, living hard by, could not in the nature of things fail to congregate with the wits and worthies assembling at Hill's parties. If the recreation thus afforded was somewhat riotous, it formed an agreeable change to the even quietness of his ordinary life. Hardly any where could he have spent a more delightful evening. "Repartee and pun passed about," says Mr. Redding, "in a mode vainly to be looked for in these degenerate days at the most convivial tables. Some practical jokes, too, were played off there; which, for a long time afterwards, formed the burden of after-dinner conversations. Campbell was behind none of the party in spirits. He entered with full zest into the pleasantries of the hour. Upon one occasion, some of the party leaving Sydenham to return home by Dulwich, to which they were obliged to walk for want of a conveyance, those who were to remain behind in Sydenham, escorted their friends to the top of the hill to take leave, in doing which the poet's residence had to be passed. But he scorned to turn in and leave his friends. He went on to the parting-place on the hill-summit, exchanging jokes, or manufacturing indifferent puns. When they separated, it was with hats off and three boisterous cheers; Campbell, snatching off his hat, pulled off his wig along with it, and thence, to enhance the merriment upon the occasion, flung both up in the air amidst unbridled laughter." One can suppose the wine had been flowing freely; and it is probable that the poet's exuberant spirits were damped down with a headache next morning. The Gilpin-like incident of the wig looks singular in connection with a man of eight or

nine and-twenty ; but we learn that Campbell was bald from the age of twenty-four.

Though he cannot be fairly said to have ever suffered much from the privations and anxieties that usually attend professional authorship, he was apt to complain sometimes that the pursuit of literature was miserably recompensed. There are at all times, no doubt, grounds for such complaint ; yet Campbell had probably less reason than any other man for indulging in it. It is true perhaps that, at the time of which we are now writing, he was not realizing more than a poor income ; yet he had always enough for comfortable subsistence ; and from quite an early date of his career he was placed beyond the possibility of want from his pension. This, according to Mr. Redding, was assigned to him, in 1806, by the favour of Mr. Fox ; but we find it elsewhere stated that the pension was granted in October 1805, and that it was obtained through the influence of Lord Minto. If the latter date be correct, the statement accompanying it is most likely the true one. Fox was not then in office, nor had the poet as yet seen him ; the first time they met being one day in the year following at Lord Holland's. On this occasion the Whig statesman (at that time for a short while in power) invited Campbell to visit him at St. Ann's Hill, but died before the latter had an opportunity of accepting the invitation. By whomsoever granted there is still no doubt that the pension was procured through the interest of his personal friends among the Whigs—whether by the immediate favour of Mr. Fox at the solicitation of Lord Holland, as Campbell himself supposed, or through the friendship of Lord Minto, as is more generally believed. Pitt was liberal enough to award a pension to a popular Whig poet, if the case were properly represented to him. He is known to have put down his name as a subscriber to Campbell's works only three weeks before his death. Mr. Redding's statement as to the amount of the pension, though probably derived from the poet, does not agree with other accounts of the transaction. It has been commonly said the sum was two hundred pounds a year, though it was reduced by fees and income tax to one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. There are, of course, official records, by inspection of which the point might be definitely ascertained, but no one appears to have had an opportunity of examining them. But whatever the sum might be, it may

be reckoned fortunate for Campbell that, while still under thirty, he had such a pension given him ; which, we are to remember, was afterwards increased to three hundred pounds, and that he lived in the receipt of it for nearly forty years. Provided thus with means at least adequate to furnish him with the common necessities of life, he had only to work for its comforts and its luxuries. Some of his earliest hackwork for the booksellers might not be very profitable ; but considering the sums of money paid to him in the course of his life for his poetical writings—which, though mostly excellent in quality, were singularly small in bulk—we cannot regard him as one who was badly remunerated for his labours.

The extraordinary success of the "Pleasures of Hope" made Campbell wary of beginning another poem on a scale which might tempt comparison with that performance ; as unless the new attempt should surpass the former one in brilliancy and interest, it would be likely to have a deteriorating effect on his reputation. However, in the year 1807, eight years after the first publication of the poem which made him famous, he commenced his "Gertrude of Wyoming," a composition in a different style, and which, in point of subject and sentiment, had some attractions that entitled it to a higher place in the scale of poetic art. It possessed one element of interest in which its predecessor was wanting—a romantic and continuous story, which though feebly elaborated in its details, served to connect the images and descriptions in a form of artistic unity. There is less glitter in "Gertrude" than in the "Pleasures of Hope," not so many isolated passages of splendid imagery or enthusiastic sentiment ; but it has more tenderness and feeling, and is more uniformly invested with the graces of poetic fancy. Being wanting in passion, it is devoid of one of the highest elements of interest ; and the pensive, melancholy tone which too evenly pervades it, renders it somewhat monotonous and feeble in effect ; but it contains beautiful and affecting passages, in which the highest perfection of expression is attained, and in which the imagery corresponds most exquisitely with the sentiment. Mr. Redding has not unaptly compared it to an "unruffled lake, reflecting with accuracy of hue and outline, all those beauties with which the imaginative soul of genius can clothe a plain and affecting incident ; all the charms to which a sensitive and cultivated heart

responds with that delight which is a mystery in human enjoyment, seeming to behold, as through summer mist, glorious but undefined images of things that belong to a mysterious and invisible world." This comparison apparently admits, without expressly recognizing, a certain vagueness and obscurity which sometimes hangs about the story, and which must undoubtedly be reckoned a very serious defect in such a poem. There are other faults in the way of diction, arising mostly out of the poet's fastidious fondness for extreme refinement. Jeffrey told him that he hammered his metal till it had lost all its ductility. His excessive regard for the niceties of verbal polish, prevented him from presenting his conceptions warm and glowing as they arose in his imagination; he must needs chasten, and refine, and smooth them until, as the same critic observed, half their naturalness and grandeur was "chiselled away from them." There are, moreover, some singular errors of fact in Campbell's poems, which must certainly be considered blemishes upon their brightness. In the "Pleasures of Hope" he introduces panthers on the shores of Lake Erie, where no such animal exists, nor indeed any where else in North America—the ounce-like creature called the jaguar, being an inferior and distinct species of wild beast, having little likeness to the panthers or leopards of the Old World; and even this is not to be met with except in the Southern States. The puma, an animal somewhat resembling the leopard, is known only south of Mexico. In "Gertrude," the poet still more glaringly confounds the distinctions of climate; he places the flamingo, the aloe, and the palm-tree of the tropics, in the severe region of Pennsylvania, in which plants that flourish well in England, perish during the intensity of its winter. Campbell was not aware of these mistakes till he saw them pointed out in English and American reviews; and he never took the trouble to correct them. A little study of natural history would have saved him from such blunders. It would not have been very difficult to correct them in subsequent editions; but, while admitting them to be errors to his friends, Mr. Redding says his pride would not permit him to acknowledge them to the public by making alterations; and he was in the habit of excusing them by professing to believe that they would be commonly regarded as mere "poetic licences." It may be said that, being errors of fact, and not

of art, they do not materially impair the beauty of the poems ; yet, as they are errors that might have been easily avoided, and which will become more and more obvious to readers, with the spread of popular information, they amount substantially to defects of art, inasmuch as they do not faithfully reflect local scenery and circumstance, which Art, when dealing with them, is bound to represent with accuracy. It is true, a poetic enjoyment may still be derived from the poems in spite of them ; and generally speaking, they will be looked upon much as we regard the spots upon the sun, which do not sensibly diminish the splendour of his shining. We allow them to be inconsiderable blemishes ; though we do not hold, as some do, that they serve in any way to set off the merits of the poems in other respects. These merits are of a kind which certainly require no foil to make them show to more advantage. They rather require a quite contrary treatment—an environment in keeping with their perfectness—just as fine jewels are seen best in a fine setting. We must not, however, expect complete perfection in the works of any poet. No man can quite work out his own ideal. Campbell comes nearer to perfection than the generality of poets, and even sometimes actually attains it. There are passages in his “Gertrude of Wyoming” which we can hardly conceive could be more exquisitely expressed. Though the story is deficient in invention, and the details are managed awkwardly, the manifest excellences of the poem immeasurably exceed its imperfections. Its merits are quite simple ; consisting in an all-pervading sweetness and tenderness of treatment, a rich, voluptuous descriptiveness, purity of sentiment, a refined diction, and the choicest graces of a highly-cultivated fancy. It is not so uniformly polished and sparkling as the “Pleasures of Hope,” does not display such consummate artifice and skilful elaboration, but it appeals to a wider range of sympathies, and affects more powerfully the sensibilities of the reader. Campbell himself considered it the finest of his productions ; and, if we except his odes, which cannot fairly be compared with it, we should be inclined to endorse his judgment.

Mr. Redding informs us that the composition of “Gertrude” occupied the author about a twelvemonth ; and he thinks that, in any country but England, the circumstance of its being produced at Sydenham would make the locality

renowned. We do not know, however, that any pilgrimages have been made to the house on the hill-side where it was written; nor do we fancy there are many, even among Campbell's extreme admirers, who would care to go much out of their way to contemplate a modern brick house, nowise distinguished from the row to which it belonged, simply because a pretty poem had been produced there. It would be so difficult to realize the presence of the poet, with his special domestic environment, in a place that has since been occupied by a nondescript succession of tenants in no way connected with him! The fittings and in-comings that have been going on must have obliterated all traces of poetical association; and Campbell's name has probably been forgotten as having ever figured in the landlord's record of occupations. If one were to go and ask leave of the present tenants to see the room in which "Gertrude of Wyoming" was revealed to poetic vision, we should very likely be told that nobody of the name had ever lived there, or be referred to the "oldest inhabitant" of Sydenham, as the only person who was likely to remember her! And yet it is only fifty years since the poem was first published. It came out in quarto, in the year 1809; and a second edition was called for in the course of the year following. It was kindly received by the public—"particularly," says Mr. Redding, "by the Whig party;" to all the leading men of which Campbell was personally known, and with most, on terms of intimacy. It is a lucky thing for even a popular poet to have influential friends; and on this score Campbell was peculiarly fortunate. Nevertheless, the circulation was never so extensive as that of the "Pleasures of Hope." Mr. Redding attributes this to the influence of "party spirit;" but there are surely other ways by which it might be reasonably accounted for. Party spirit no doubt ran high in those days, yet Campbell does not appear to have ever suffered from it. His biographer even admits that the poem was favourably reviewed in the "Quarterly" by Sir Walter Scott; but as, according to his notion, this journal ought in consistency to have "damned" it, he supposes that Scott "spared Campbell" from motives of private friendship—"forgiving his politics for the sake of the poetry." Is not this rather a scandalous reflection on the excellent Sir Walter? It certainly assumes that had he not been personally friendly towards the poet, he would, in

the natural order of things, have condemned the poem which he was thus otherwise induced to praise! We cannot think Sir Walter ever conducted criticism on such motives. Let us rather believe that Campbell's poem was honestly reviewed; and that it was commended for no other reason than because the reviewer had a just discernment and appreciation of its merits. Mr. Redding seems to have no doubt that the praise bestowed upon the poem in the "Edinburgh," was quite genuine, and does not hint that the latter journal was likely to favour Campbell on account of his Whig politics; as perhaps he might have done with as much reason as taking it for granted that the "Quarterly" uniformly depreciated Whig writers, and only made an exception of Campbell, as in his case the reviewer was a personal friend. No doubt both journals were sometimes influenced at that period by party favouritism and party rancour. But the "Quarterly" was only just established; the review in question being, according to Mr. Redding (for we have not verified the point), in the first number. There seems to be no question that the poem was, by one means or another, sufficiently recommended to public attention. Being praised alike by both political organs, the smallness of its circulation, as compared with the former poem, must have been owing to circumstances having little or no connection with political considerations. It is not unlikely to have been owing in a great measure to the unusual popularity of the "Pleasures of Hope"—a success so far exceeding the ordinary success attainable by a poetical work, that it might justly be reckoned *unprecedented*; and, as such, was not likely to be repeated. No author could well expect to experience *two* such instances of popular favour: a prodigy once recognised could not be accepted as a prodigy twice over; and having shone in this character at the age of twenty-two, at the age of thirty Campbell had to contend with his previous reputation, and fared in the contest as is usual in all cases where the popularity at first attained was extraordinary.

It does not appear that the poet was unpleasantly affected by this seeming falling off in the popular esteem: his works had still a fair and steady sale, and he had good reason to be content with his success. The renown he had acquired brought him into association and friendship with all the greatest authors of the day, and kept him constantly before

the public as one who himself ranked amongst the highest. In the year 1811, we find him dining at Rogers's with Moore and Byron—meeting Byron on this occasion for the first time; and in this same year he received an invitation to deliver a series of lectures on poetry, at the Royal Institution. The previous lecturer had been Sir Humphrey Davy, who had greatly captivated his audience, and particularly the ladies, by his wonderful experiments, and his accomplished and entertaining manner of expounding the mysteries of chemistry. To follow such a man might make any one feel diffident; but Campbell nevertheless undertook the task, and went through it ably, in the spring of 1812. The lectures were five in number, for each of which upon delivery he received the sum of twenty guineas. In the first he explained and illustrated the principles of poetry; in the second and third, he reviewed the poetry of the Greeks and Hebrews; the fourth was devoted to a consideration of the Troubadour and Italian poetry; and in the fifth, he dealt with the French drama, and the poets and poetry of England. The preparation of these lectures cost him considerable labour. He read largely for his matter, and was very fastidious with his composition. He elaborated sentence after sentence with consummate care; and thus, perhaps, in some degree deprived his language of that naturalness and ease which would have added to its attraction. However, the delivery of the lectures proved satisfactory, notwithstanding the poet's apprehension of a contrary result. Though a little irregular in his enunciation, he read effectively, and was listened to with applause. As often happens with men on first speaking in public, Campbell's timidity was occasioned more by the presence of friends than by the general audience, who were strangers. Describing how he got through his first lecture, he said:—"I could not look in my friends' face; and I threatened to divorce my wife if she came. All friends struck me blind, except my chieftain's lovely daughter, and now next door neighbour on the common, Lady Charlotte Campbell. I thought she had a feudal right to have the lecturer's looks to herself. But chiefly did I repose my awkward eyes on the face of a little, yellow, unknown man, with a face and a smile of approbation indescribably ludicrous." This anonymous individual's simple and quiet satisfaction, was more gratifying to the poet than the notice bestowed on

him by Archdeacon Nares, who "fidgeted about," observing aloud, when something that fell from the lecturer struck him :—"That's new, at least quite new to me"—though this, of course, was in its own way complimentary. After the lectures were delivered, Campbell was nominated Professor of Poetry to the Royal Institution ; and shortly afterwards he entered into an engagement for the delivery of a second series.

This second series was planned on an extensive scale, the idea of which was in the end but imperfectly carried out. It was Campbell's intention to present a view of the whole field of poetic art, beginning with the ancient classics, and proceeding, in the order of historical development, to the poetry of the chief modern European nations. The scheme was much too large for his limits—a set of twelve discourses—and the result was an incomplete and fragmentary treatment of the subject. Portions of the lectures were executed admirably ; but in other portions they were tame and tedious ; and the impression produced upon the whole was rather unsatisfactory. On several occasions he ran off into discursions, and quite lost sight of the point from which he started, leaving many essential questions undiscussed, and apparently forgetting afterwards all obligation of returning to them. By a characteristic instance of mental absence, he assumed towards the close that he had given twelve lectures when he had only delivered ten ; and he finished with this impression, without taking the slightest trouble to assure himself of its correctness. He subsequently began to rewrite these lectures, and published some of them in the *New Monthly Magazine* ; but the work growing irksome on his hands, he suddenly broke off, and took no more concern about them. They accordingly remain in an incompleated state ; and on this account their value as a body of criticism is less considerable than it might have been had the author fulfilled his original intention. They contain, along with the evidences of great research, a good deal of sensible and well-expressed remark ; manifest a fine perception of the characteristics of different poetic schools and authors ; much subtle discrimination of artistic beauties and peculiarities ; and on the whole display a competent power in the writer to render the subject generally intelligible and interesting to a cultivated audience. They are devoted almost entirely to a consideration of the

poetry of the Greeks ; in regard to which Campbell availed himself to some extent of the researches of the Germans. Though he fell into many trivial inaccuracies, the information presented is for the most part sound and reliable ; and his critical judgments, though in a certain sense personal and independent, commonly accord with the decisions of the best-reputed scholars whose learning has been associated with classic culture and refinement. Considered, however, as the productions of an eminent poet, these lectures cannot be said to add any thing to their author's reputation ; and accordingly, in a biographical representation, like the present, they do not require any express examination. They effected no changes in the field of British criticism, unfolded no new doctrines, nor in any very important way contributed to elucidate the spirit and meaning of the classic forms of poetic art. Yet they were serviceable lectures, and by students of Greek poetry might still be read with interest. As specimens of English prose composition, they are noticeable for clearness, elegance, and a highly-finished neatness, precisely the same qualities which are most prominent in his poetry ; though as a stylist Campbell is by no means strikingly superior to many of his contemporaries of much less celebrity.

The poet's personal appearance, as briefly sketched by Byron in 1813, the date of the delivery of these lectures, seems to have been well adapted to impress a popular audience agreeably, and is referred to by Mr. Redding as remaining almost unaltered down to the year 1834, when his way of living underwent important changes. "Campbell," says his lordship, "looks well, seems pleased, and is dressed sprucely. A blue coat becomes him—so does his new wig. He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit, or a wedding garment, and was witty and lively." This has reference apparently to the poet's presence at some social gathering on some convivial occasion, and indicates a favourable notion of his powers of conversation. About the same time Byron alluded in one of his letters to Campbell's "Lines on a scene in Bavaria," just then printed, though not published, styling them "perfectly magnificent, and equal to himself." In Mrs. Grant's correspondence, near about the same period, he is mentioned as having lately visited that lady, pleasantly renewing an old acquaintanceship. "What

has most interested me of late," she says to her correspondent, "has been a visit from Campbell, the sweet bard of 'Hope.' . . . I wish I could share with you the satisfaction I felt on seeing him cheerful, happy, and universally welcomed and caressed in his dear 'Queen of the North,' from which he had been so long banished, by the necessity of seeking the bread that perisheth, elsewhere. He is one who has suffered much from neither understanding the world, nor being understood by it. He encountered every evil of poverty but that of being ashamed of his circumstances: in this respect he was nobly indifferent to opinion; and his good, gentle, patient little wife was so frugal, so simple, and so sweet-tempered, that she might have disarmed poverty of half its evils." This reference to Campbell's poverty is not easily understood; it certainly cannot apply to his circumstances at the present period; as he had now his pension of about £200 a-year, and besides what he was deriving from his writings, he had probably just received in one year not less than £200 for his ten lectures, making his income in 1813 at least £400: and nobody, we believe, except Lady Bulwer Lytton, is accustomed to speak of £400 a-year as included in the definition of poverty. If Campbell ever was so poor as Mrs. Grant intimates, it must have been at some earlier period, and then only for a very brief season; as we have seen that, from the publication of the "Pleasures of Hope," money was always coming in; and his payments for work done for the newspapers and the booksellers were usually on a scale that must be considered liberal. We cannot ascertain what amount of money he actually received in these years; but there is no doubt at all that he had enough for a decent and comfortable livelihood. That he lived with great frugality during his early married life, Mr. Redding informs us, is quite true; nor, says he, could any praise be too high for Mrs. Campbell's domestic management. Had there been any necessity for a strict, or even rigid economy, she well knew how to exercise that excellent tact which can gracefully disguise narrowness of circumstances, so as scarcely to exhibit any alteration in exterior appearances; and it is not improbable that on some occasions her talents of this kind were to some extent exemplified. But we cannot make out that Campbell has any claim to be ranked among the so-called martyr-authors, of whom we are aware there have been

many ; all of whom, however, would have reckoned themselves happy and well-off had they had no more serious distresses to contend with than such as fell to his share in the worst state of his circumstances.

The position in which the poet figured at this time, shows the prosperousness of his condition. At the peace of 1814 he made a pleasure excursion to France, visiting Paris and other notable places—having the honour while at Rouen, of being enrolled a member of a literary society in that city. During his stay in Paris he enjoyed a more distinguished honour—that of being introduced to the Duke of Wellington at one of his levees. Being, however, presented by his introducer simply as “Mr. Campbell,” the duke went through his share of the ceremony in the usual matter of course fashion, supposing the poet, as he afterwards observed, to be one of the thousand that bear the name of Campbell ; nevertheless, when he found out his mistake, he took down the poet’s address, stating that he was sorry he had not been sooner undeceived, and at the earliest opportunity made courteous amends for the oversight. Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble were at this time in Paris, and through them it seems Campbell was brought into intercourse with Madame de Staël, whom he was afterwards accustomed to speak of as “a most extraordinary woman,” but who was no great favourite with him, as he disliked “smart-talking women,” who were so consciously clever, and so perversely fond of exhibiting themselves. He was far better pleased with the society of Humboldt and August William Schlegel, with whom he had become previously acquainted while in Germany, and whom he here again encountered. He dined with them a time or two ; and with Schlegel he had numerous conversations, in which they appear to have differed a good deal about the “mode of studying philosophy.” These friendly contests were subsequently resumed in England, during Schlegel’s visits to the poet, and were now and then carried on with much warmth, but with the usual futility attending such discussions. In company with these friends, Campbell visited the principal Galleries of Art, professing himself to be much struck with the Apollo Belvidere in the Louvre ; and though he had never much knowledge or judgment of artistic objects, he probably acquired more insight into such matters than he had previously possessed. Two months thus

pleasantly passed in Paris, formed the conclusion of his tour ; and the time which he had proposed to devote to recreation being ended, he now returned to London.

It was about this period, and it may be somewhat earlier, that Campbell, as a distinguished literary man connected with the Whig party, was in the habit of visiting at the court of the luckless Queen Caroline at Blackheath, dancing reels sometimes with her majesty, and participating in the other prevailing gaieties. The loose reports then circulated about the indelicacies and coarseness of the Queen's conduct, Campbell used indignantly to deny, having apparently the same notion of her character and behaviour, as that which was entertained by Canning. Her seeming improprieties appear to have been attributable to her defective acquaintance with English customs and the English language. The poet always described her as good-humoured, kind-hearted, acute, *naïve*, and entertaining, but as blundering so comically in speaking English, as to fall occasionally into equivocal expressions. This is probably the worst that could be justly said of her, notwithstanding Theodore Hook's caricatures, and the scandalous tales that were so diligently circulated by her enemies. There was doubtless sufficient strangeness and oddity about her manners and proceedings to excite laughter and ridiculous comment ; but the laughter ought to have been harmless, and the comment less censorious.

Of Campbell's literary undertakings subsequent to the delivery of his lectures at the Royal Institution, the one which principally engaged him for a considerable period, was a selection of "Specimens from the British Poets," which was at length published, in seven volumes, in 1819. In this same year he was solicited by Roscoe to deliver his lectures at Liverpool, where he appears to have been very enthusiastically received—bringing back with him, in the way of pecuniary profit, the goodly sum of three hundred and fifty pounds. He obtained another hundred pounds by delivering the same lectures at Birmingham, as he passed through that town on his return homewards—thus making four hundred and fifty pounds at a stroke, as it were, without any preliminary labour. Such an instance of good fortune must surely convince readers that the pursuit of literature, in Campbell's case, was not indifferently rewarded. For the "Specimens of the British Poets," Mr. Murray engaged to pay him five

hundred pounds ; which sum, under one of those generous impulses by which he was not unseldom influenced, he was pleased to double on the completion of the work. The specimens were preceded by an "Essay on English Poetry," which ranks among the best of the poet's prose compositions. It is disfigured here and there by touches of affectation, yet it is reckoned superior on the whole to the lectures subsequently published ; though one or two of the latter, taken separately, may, in depth of thought and simplicity of style, be considered to surpass even the finest passages of the essay. There is much learned research displayed in this essay ; yet both it, and the work of which it forms a part, show signs of very careless execution. The whole seven volumes of the first edition overflowed with errors. As was usual with the author, they were not errors of taste or judgment, but trivial inaccuracies of fact and circumstance—errors of biographic incident, of dates, of bibliographical information, and other like particulars, which a careful reference to his bookshelves might have prevented him from falling into. Byron amused himself by noting and correcting these mistakes, as we find from some passages of his journal. "Read Campbell's Poets ; marked the errors of Tom for correction." And again : "Came home—read. Corrected Tom Campbell's slips of the pen." When, after a space of more than twenty years, the work came to a second edition, the compiler shrank from the duty of correcting his mistakes, and the task, an extremely needful one, was obliged to be intrusted to another person—Mr. Redding, we presume—by whom it was attentively performed. Campbell is said to have been very thankful to his corrector for the service thus rendered him, as he had great cause to be ; for had it depended on himself, the work might have gone down to doomsday, to be the laughing-stock of small-beer critics sitting in final judgment on the blunders of great authors, before he could have been prevailed on to revise it !

It is not necessary to say any thing at this date about the merits of the "Essay on English Poetry," considered as a piece of literary criticism. Its value in this light is not pre-eminent. It is generally sound and sensible, and contains few judgments that admit of being disputed. Much has been written on poets and poetry since then, which has pretty nearly superseded Campbell as a critical authority.

His essay is now memorable chiefly as having incidentally given rise to the famous Bowles controversy concerning Pope. Mr. Bowles, it will be remembered, had edited an edition of Pope's works, in which the prominent characteristics of that poet, and the school of art which he originated, were examined and discussed in a tone of depreciation. Pope was placed in a considerably lower rank among poetic authors than he had previously occupied ; and indeed, Mr. Bowles's theory, pushed to its consequences, went very nearly to divest him of all claim to be regarded as a poet. His argument contained some truth, along with some extravagant and irrational assumptions. He contended, justly enough, that images drawn from the sublime and beautiful in nature, are more poetical than any drawn from art, and that those passions which belong to elemental human nature are more adapted to the higher forms of poetry than those which have their origin in conventional distinctions or transient peculiarities of manners ; and had he been satisfied with this assertion nobody would have been likely to dispute it ; but Bowles went farther, and affirmed that the mere presence of the different classes of images referred to must determine the merits of the poet, with little or no regard to the skill manifested in working up the materials. You were a good poet if your theme was picturesque, and you drew your images from nature ; a bad or inferior one if your similes and metaphors were derived from objects of art and social circumstance. The workmanship was a thing indifferent, so far as it went to settle your poetical claims and qualifications. With this singular doctrine it was impossible for any fair-minded and discriminating person to be content. It was sheer revolutionary criticism, in which no one having reverence for established reputations was likely to concur. Campbell accordingly ventured to dispute it, in certain passages of his essay where Pope and his writings were under consideration ; running, in fact, into an elaborate defence of Pope, greatly out of proportion to the length of the essay, and successfully exposing the unsoundness of the notions which Mr. Bowles had promulgated. Byron considered this vindication of the great eighteenth-century poet to be unanswerable ; and observed concerning it—"Campbell's defence of Pope is glorious ; to be sure it is his *own cause*, too—but, no matter,

it is very good, and does him much credit." Mr. Bowles, however, was not to be expected to join in the same opinion; and hence, still holding by what he had written, he was led to address and publish a letter to Campbell, in justification of his views, which he represented to be grounded on certain "invariable principles of poetry." Much was said in the ensuing controversy about these "invariable principles," and the phrase being somewhat vague, and growing, with the use made of it, more and more confused as to its meaning, it came at length to be used as an ironical expression for the "unintelligible." Bowles, nevertheless, advanced something further in the way of argument which required a reply; and it was expected by persons interested in the discussion, that Campbell would return to the subject, and effectually confound his adversary. But Campbell by this time had grown tired of the matter, and showed no disposition to go back into the contest. Byron, Roscoe, Gilchrist, Tom Moore, the Quarterly Review, and even Jeremy Bentham, advanced into the fray, each more or less doing service for the truth they conceived to be involved in it; but Campbell, who had set the battle going, lazily and apathetically withdrew into concealment, looking on (if he even did so much as that) with utter unconcern about the issue, and leaving it to be settled as the chances might determine. All that could be got out of him was a note appended to one of his lectures, which appeared in the "New Monthly;" wherein, referring to Bowles's "invariable principles," he observed—"When the book in which I dissented from Mr. Bowles's theory of criticism comes to a second edition, I shall have a good deal to say to my reverend friend. I have not misrepresented him, as he imagines, but I have *no leisure to write pamphlets about him!*" This, of course, was an intimation that he had more important duties; and, as he happened to be then nominally editing the magazine just mentioned, the innocent public probably thought he was very laboriously employed; and excused him from going further into the controversy out of regard to that consideration. But in reality, as Mr. Redding assures us, "no writer of his day ever had so much leisure as he had for such a purpose." At this time he was absolutely doing next to nothing. His share in "editing" the magazine, consisted mainly in his allowing his name to appear monthly on the title-page, for a consideration of five,

hundred pounds a-year; the real work was done by Mr. Redding. Campbell's contributions were like the "angels' visits," in the line which he plagiarised from Blair, "few and far between," and often "short" besides; and the printer had commonly to wait for them when they were wanted. In truth, nearly his whole time was "leisure;" and he seems to have had rather a leisurely way of spending it. He was not exactly idle, in the ordinary sense of the term *idle*—that of being wholly unemployed; he read and studied on a variety of subjects that interested him from time to time; but his reading and study seldom produced any fruit beyond his own immediate gratification. It was his habit to bound away from one thing to another, ever starting on some new venture, yet pursuing nothing thoroughly, and apparently tiring of every thing before the investigation could be turned to productive purposes. Often his studies had no reference to any definite result. They were instigated by the humour of the hour, and pursued without an object. Hence the little, comparatively speaking, which he was able to accomplish in a lifetime, devoted entirely to literature. All his best works were produced within a period of ten or eleven years, dating from the age of one-and-twenty. He did nothing of much consequence after he was thirty-two. His poetical power evidently declined as he receded from the season of his youth, and his faculties generally appear to have fallen into decay before he attained to middle life. His genius did not grow, but was developed to the fulness of its capability all at once; after the manner of the convolvulus, which bursts forth with perfected beauty in the morning, and fades as the day advances. It is curious to note the differences in the progressive unfolding of great minds. Milton's genius shone out brightly at eighteen, and advanced in largeness and in grandeur up to the age of sixty-four; Waller was pretty equal throughout his life from twenty to four-score; Dryden was between thirty and forty before he wrote any thing worthy of his name; Cowley wrote verses at ten or twelve which have been thought deserving of preservation, and went on, most of the time improving, up to forty-nine; Pope at twelve was an accomplished poet, and grew in vigour and accomplishment which showed no decline at forty; and in Campbell we have a manifestation of development which differs from them all. "Campbell," as Scott remarked,

against the misconceptions of Bowles and his adherents ; and recognize this service as one that was not unworthy of his talents and his fame.

While the contest about the "invariable principles of poetry" was going on, Campbell received an invitation from Mr. Colburn to undertake the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine." The offer was made to him in the course of the year 1820, and his duties were to commence in time for bringing out the first number of the work with the new year. The "New Monthly" was not exactly a new periodical ; it had been in existence seven years, but was now about to undergo a transformation, such as would render it, in every thing but title, a really new journal of literature and opinion. It had been modelled originally, very much after the "Gentleman's" of "Sylvanus Urban," or, more closely, after the "Monthly Magazine" of which Sir Richard Phillips was the proprietor ; and had been instituted as an opposition organ, with a view to controvert and neutralize the reputedly pernicious doctrines which Sir Richard and his contributors were promulgating. Sir Richard was an ardent Radical, at a time when to be a Whig was considered vulgar, and a Radical was deemed a monster. He stood by the "Rights of Man," and boldly criticised the doings of the ministry. At a time when arbitrary principles were the fashion of the day, and nearly every body connected with the upper and middle classes of society were Tories in politics and High Churchmen in religion, such a man, of course, was exceedingly unpopular, and any project designed, in Sir Peter Laurie's phrase, to "put him down," and stay the progress of the Jacobinical notions which he was labouring to disseminate, might calculate upon being favourably countenanced and liberally supported by the public. This was the patriotic duty assumed by the conductors of the "New Monthly," and at which they laboured, according to ability, for the period of seven years. But somehow the new journal did not succeed in vanquishing the antagonist which it was set up to assail ; did not even prove itself equal to the conflict ; showed itself, in fact, as mere small beer in comparison with alcohol, or as a provincial bully with a practised London pugilist ; and thus, instead of shivering the "Old Monthly" into splinters and annihilation, and scattering its subscribers, it had plenty of work to keep on its own legs, and maintain an attitude of

fighting, without the expectation of ever driving the enemy from the ring. In this way it had sustained itself for the aforesaid seven years, effecting none of the promised benefits to the cause which it espoused; and now in 1820, having acquired some experience, and abated its polemical rancour, it began to exhibit some appearances of improvement. The sagacity of the proprietor, just then revealed to him that "old things were passing away," and that the salvation of England from Jacobinism and Sir Richard Phillips, had either been wrought out, or was beyond the possibility of accomplishment. The political tone of the journal became less decided; political affairs were less frequently discussed; and literary articles, of higher merit than formerly, began to form its chief attraction. The change proving acceptable to its readers, as was manifested by an improved circulation, the proprietor saw that his interest lay in an entire alteration of the aims and nature of the publication. This determined upon, no one knew better than he how to attain the purpose contemplated. He was not sparing of expense, or negligent of any means by which his plan might be made known as extensively as possible; and that the work might appear with renovated credit, and be recommended to the tastes and sympathies of a large body of intelligent readers, he took measures for securing a popular literary man, of recognized ability, as the Editor. The man selected, as we have seen, was Campbell; whose name on the cover of the journal would give it the stamp of respectability, and be an indication and guarantee of literary excellence. Mr. Colburn was prepared to pay well for contributions, and was in a position to command them; his house being then, in its connection with literary ability, the leading one in London. As a consequence of these circumstances and arrangements, there was soon within his reach a mass of talent such as had never before been connected at starting with any similar undertaking.

Campbell engaged to bring out the first number of the new series of the magazine on the first of January, 1821. He was to perform the usual duties of an editor, and to receive a salary of £500 a-year. He was also to contribute such articles to the work himself as he might consider suitable. There was a stipulation that his Lectures on Poetry should appear in the magazine; and whatever he might contribute was to be reckoned paid for by his salary. These general

arrangements being entered into, Campbell set out, with his son and Mrs. Campbell, on a journey to Germany, which he had been some time contemplating, and was absent several months ; during which he visited various towns in Holland, going on afterwards to Bonn, Frankfort, Ratisbon, and forward to Vienna, loitering by the way at numerous scenes and places rendered memorable by Napoleon's wars. At Vienna he was warmly welcomed by Frederick Schlegel, whom he now found married to the daughter of the Jewish philosopher, Mendelssohn, and filling the important position of Councillor of Legation in the German Diet. Campbell's "Mariners of England," and most of his smaller poems, had been translated into German ; and his reputation having thus preceded him, he was honoured by the learned, during his stay, as a recognized celebrity. His arrangements not permitting him to stay long, he made the best use of his time in the way of seeing what was note-worthy, and then travelled homewards. At Bonn, where his friend, A. W. Schlegel, resided, he left his son to pursue his education under the care of Dr. Meyer ; returning thence with Mrs. Campbell to England, where they arrived towards the latter end of November. On the journey between Dover and London, the coach was overturned, and Campbell sustained a severe injury in the shoulder, by which he was laid up for several days at an inn on the road ; and, as a consequence, his preparations for commencing his editorial duties were unexpectedly retarded, at a time when, owing to his recent absence, there was no time to spare.

On reaching London, however, he immediately took measures for beginning. Still retaining his house at Sydenham, he hired lodgings near Cavendish Square, at 62, Margaret Street, in order to be within easy communication with the publisher ; and it was here the first interviews took place which were needful for settling the preliminary arrangements. But it was soon seen that it was no easy matter to make arrangements with Campbell respecting the management and conduct of the work. He had had no previous experience in periodical literature, and he was utterly unacquainted with the details of the duties he had undertaken to perform. When he came to think of them, his diffidence was awakened, and he could not conceive how he should ever get through such a variety of labours. "Before any actual business com-

menced," says Mr. Redding, "the poet showed a nervous sort of apprehension of what was to come. The whole universe might have been supposed to rest on his shoulders. He looked deeply thoughtful towards the future. It was true that few or no contributions had been provided, and the time was short. He was in fear, and that increased his confusion; he had thought little about the contributions that would be required—where could they come from? The first week in December had commenced, and he was such a novice as to his approaching task, that he imagined he should find them, and have no more to do than approve or disapprove. In this respect his simplicity, or rather, lack of correct preception in regard to the nature of his task, was so great as to be almost insurmountable." It would seem, indeed, that Campbell was, of all men of letters in the world, the one man least qualified, and least capable of performing editorial services. Every thing he would have to do seemed, as it came before him, precisely one of the things which he should never get accomplished. The trouble of perusing the manuscripts that would be sent in for his consideration, and be required for carrying on the work, appeared to him so formidable that he very soon declared it would be impossible for him to bear the labour—a labour which, in his apprehension, seemed greater than the twelve stupendous ones of Hercules, and was not to be performed by mere mortal capability. He tried it, by way of temporary experiment, but scarcely had he made the attempt, when, throwing it up impatiently, he declared positively he could not get through the task. Those who were acquainted with his habits might have foreseen this; but, as Mr. Redding tells us, none who were connected with the publication knew his peculiarities.

By way of getting over the difficulty, the poet proposed that the articles should be read cursorily by somebody else, and be then described to him in such a manner as to give him a general notion of their nature and contents. Then, every thing regarding their arrangement, correction, or abridgment, was to be done by somebody else; on whom also was to fall the duty of curtailing and qualifying the reviews, and finally, of reading and settling the proofs. The work of the editor-in-chief would thus be materially simplified, and brought within the possibility of accomplishment; except, indeed, that he might be a little perplexed as to what

there was really left to do ! But Campbell was not a man to suffer from any such perplexity. His notion of editorial duties was peculiar—like the manners of Miss Julia in the song, “very peculiar indeed.” He apparently conceived his whole business as an editor to be comprised in “approving or disapproving” of the articles. All other work was to be done by proxy : he, for his part, could not undertake any thing so onerous—such a variety of labour confused and bewildered him. And there is no doubt it did. A man so sensitive and fastidious could never be reasonably expected to fulfil the duties of an editor effectually. We may judge of Campbell’s fitness for such work by this single circumstance : when he entered upon his engagement, he began by endeavouring to reconcile the expressions and opinions of other writers to his own modes of thinking. He was afraid that people would suppose all the sentiments expressed in the work were his own, and he was anxious to exclude every thing for which he did not wish to be held responsible. Proceeding in this way, he would never have had the contents of a number ready for the day of publication. This he was not long in finding out ; and, though so ridiculously scrupulous at starting, he afterwards evinced a corresponding carelessness.

Singularly unqualified as Campbell was, by previous habits and peculiar temperament, for competently conducting a periodical like the “New Monthly,” the undertaking was by no means one of supereminent difficulty. In the hands of an efficient literary workman, it might have been comparatively easy. According to the plan of the work, it was to be printed so as to be arranged at the end of the year in three separate volumes ; with two of which only, consisting of original articles, and issued to the extent of six sheets a month, the principal editor was expected to be concerned. The portion forming the third volume, printed in double columns, was to consist chiefly of compilation ; and this portion Mr. Redding was engaged to prepare and bring out, independently of the part edited by Campbell. It was to present a summary of political events, colonial and foreign news, short notices of books, the drama, music, and the arts ; with a collection of varieties, embracing useful inventions, patents, provincial occurrences, biographic sketches of notabilities recently deceased, and similar matters of current interest—forming a

record of every thing accounted memorable in connection with the month. Besides preparing his own articles, Campbell had only to select matter for about five sheets and a half from the papers sent in by contributors, some of which were bespoken of writers requiring no critical supervision, as they were sufficiently well-known to be depended on. It would be his duty, of course, to read these articles, but this would generally be the chief trouble he would have with them. Some of the papers might require retrenchment or compression, and occasional polishing of the style; though, if the labour of this kind was likely to be onerous, the editor might usually avoid it by rejecting them as unsuited to his pages. Some judgment would be needed in arranging and assorting the articles so as to form an agreeable variety in combination; but the difficulty here would be one involving tact and taste, rather than much labour. It turned out that Campbell was signally deficient in this sort of talent; and thus, while his judgment readily served him in selecting the best literary matter offered, he failed in the art of combining it, so as to present that pleasant variousness of style and subject which is a leading element of attraction in popular publications. This was one of the things Campbell never learned, and never tried to learn. Moreover, he declined from the very beginning to perform most of the duties properly belonging to him as an editor. As already mentioned, he would not read the manuscripts, and he would not revise the proofs. Under these circumstances, it might have been supposed the publisher would have sought out for some other person, who, in return for his five hundred pounds a-year, would have been willing to do the work for which it was a reasonable compensation; but Mr. Colburn particularly desired to have Campbell's *name* associated with his enterprise—a celebrated *name* being so valuable in literary speculations; and hence, in order to retain it, he consented to incur the additional expense of providing the poet with an assistant, who should take all the irksome labour off his hands. Time pressing sadly, a gentleman was hastily engaged, who happened to be well qualified for the appointment. This was Mr. Dubois, an old acquaintance of Campbell's, one of the fraternity he had been used to meet at Hill's Sydenham parties, an excellent classical scholar, and well-versed in the management of periodical literature. He was known as the author of

"My Pocket-Book," a satirical performance directed against a shallow-witted traveller, Sir John Carr, who got knighted in Ireland for his travels in that island, where he managed to get the nickname also of the "Jaunting Car." A bookseller having refused to buy one of his subsequent tours in consequence of the ridicule bestowed on him by Dubois, Sir John had the hardihood to indict the publishers of the "Pocket-Book" for a libel; whereupon followed an amusing trial and a sound judgment from Lord Ellenborough, who treated the case as paltry, and Sir John obtained no verdict, and consequently no damages. Sir John went out of court, metaphorically speaking, with his tail down, and the world laughed at him more and more, and his travels had no more acceptance among men or booksellers. Dubois came off triumphant, and apparently went on prospering; being now President of the Court of Requests in Westminster, and a man extensively appreciated in the lively circles of society. Coming in at the eleventh hour as a helpmate to Campbell, the two together, with the subordinate assistance of Mr. Redding, brought out the first number of the "New Monthly;" which, in January, 1821, was as popular a novelty in literature as the "Cornhill Magazine" has been in January, 1860.

As far as we can see, Mr. Dubois was a fit man for his situation—a sort of "right man in the right place;" unless, perhaps, he might have been still more rightly placed in the place occupied by Campbell, his accredited superior; but this sort of discrepancy so often happens in politics and literature, and indeed in all the arrangements of our complex social system, that it would be invidious to notice it as singular; and therefore we may be content to express our belief that the accomplished and experienced sub-editor of the "New Monthly" was an admirable acquisition to the concern, and might have rendered it very valuable services. But Mr. Dubois had one infirmity which tended to cut short his usefulness in a career for which his talents and acquirements were so well adapted: he could see the deficiencies of his Chief, and he had the temerity to offer him advice—a very dangerous proceeding for a subordinate who cared much about his situation! On the strength of his previous intimacy with Campbell, and his own acknowledged experience in periodic literature, he, seeing the poet such a novice at the work,

tendered him friendly and polite suggestions, whereby, as he thought, certain matters might be managed more effectively—not supposing that there could thus be any harm done. But oh, Jupiter! it was like treading on the corns of a porcupine! Up rose the bristles of offended pride, and there was an end of all working partnership between them. The man of experience had to give way before the man of no experience. Though conscious of his inaptitude, Campbell could not admit it without affront to his self-esteem. He speedily sought out Colburn, and told him it was utterly impossible to get on with his associate. They could never harmonize, he said, and therefore the connection must be discontinued. Colburn was perplexed, but if he meant to keep Campbell, Mr. Dubois must go. So it was courteously intimated to him that his services would not be any more required. Mr. Dubois withdrew, making his own reflections on the *genus irritabile*; and Colburn found a new editorial assistant in Mr. Cyrus Redding. This gentleman—already engaged to furnish the “small print” pages of the magazine, forming about a third of its contents—undertook his additional task with no great hope of succeeding very well with Campbell; but, profiting by the imprudent freedom of his predecessor, and doing substantially all the work pertaining to the editorship, he managed to get on fortunately, consolidating even what was before only a slight acquaintance with the poet, into a durable and lifelong friendship. He humoured Campbell’s foibles and peculiarities, encouraged his laziness by saving him all trouble, contrived to let him fancy his services to the periodical were very important, and meanwhile, performed them all himself; was helpful, assiduous, and considerate in all emergencies; making himself, in fact, a right-hand man to his confederate, ready at all times to oblige and serve him, and while performing the whole labour of their joint engagement, allowing him to enjoy unquestioned all the honour arising out of it. If ever an honest and laborious sub-editor honourably earned his stipend, we incline to believe that Mr. Redding did; and no man, except a sinecurist, we think, ever earned his five hundred a-year more easily than Campbell. During a great part of his editorship, he was merely trading on his name, neither his contributions nor the amount of attention given to the superintendence of the work being of any considerable value towards sustaining its merits

or reputation. The magazine would have been quite as good, and quite as well conducted, without Campbell as with him. Indeed, in some respects it might have been better; for his indecision and fastidiousness about the expression of any strong or determinate opinions, often hampered his contributors, tending to produce that tame and equivocal sort of writing which is neither positive nor negative, and which is apt to degenerate into a vague indefiniteness of meaning. He never tried to identify the magazine with any lofty or specific purpose, to infuse into it any enthusiasm or warmth of feeling, or to make it the exponent of great, and elevating principles. He did not give it the stamp of an intellectual individuality; did not invest it with the influence of a commanding aspiration; nor seek, by animating his associates with a spirit and aims in unison with his own, to constitute them into a disciplined confederation of able minds, working under his leadership and direction, in a common spirit, for the public cultivation and enlightenment. Few periodicals have been organized and carried on with any such design. They are generally a loose aggregation of good, bad, and indifferent articles, on a boundless variety of subjects, with scarcely any unifying characteristic; and, though sometimes made the vehicle of great ideas and serviceable principles, their leading objects and most obvious uses have been those of diffusing information, and furnishing a good supply of entertainment. The "New Monthly," under Campbell's management, was never any thing higher. Nevertheless, being the most attractive thing of its kind that had then appeared, it was exceedingly successful, and was well deserving of success. Compared with the old magazines, it exhibited a striking superiority. It was a great advance in literary refinement, displayed elegance and taste in unison with good scholarship, and, abounding in matter of a lively and amusing character, it formed in its day very pleasant reading. Brilliant and racy things not unfrequently appeared in it. Some of its early contributors were men of genius, refined culture, and large general ability. Foremost of the number was William Hazlitt, whose papers were always piquant, entertaining, and full of satirical shrewdness. Though often paradoxical and crotchety, and savouring sometimes of strangely perverse prejudices, they could uniformly be relied upon for producing an impression: whatever might be their

defects on the score of judgment, taste, or prevailing animus, they were invariably readable. Campbell, for some reason, or perhaps without reason, had a personal dislike to Hazlitt, but his value as an effective coadjutor was too manifest to allow him to decline his contributions. Another able and genial writer was young Talfourd, then a student in the Temple, or a newly-called barrister with few briefs, who furnished dramatic criticisms, occasional reviews of books, and sensible pleasant essays on topics of passing interest. Ugo Foscolo was one of the fraternity, as also was Henry Roscoe, son of the historian of Leo X. He was a gifted and amiable young man, and a great favourite with Campbell. Then there were Horace and James Smith, Gray, the political economist, and young Munden, whose knowledge of Spanish literature made him specially acceptable as a contributor. In the course of time, other writers of ability joined the corps. Blanco White, a very singular figure in such connection, came forward with his "Letters of Doblado." "A sombre, pale-visaged man, with much of the Spanish character in his features," and then approaching fifty years of age, White, notwithstanding his theological eccentricities, was an agreeable companion, possessing immense information on a great variety of subjects. "No two individuals," says Mr. Redding, "could be more dissimilar in mind and appearance than White and the poet." The bland manners and quiet speech of the one, formed a strong contrast to the impulsiveness and impetuosity of the other. White's life was a sad one, full of heavy cares, and his presence gave you the impression of a restless prisoner in Doubting Castle. "He is wasting his life about theological differences," said Campbell, on one occasion; "he had better hand them over to arbitration, and settle them for ever." But White's religious doubtings were too profound, too real and earnest, and involved consequences too momentous to be settled by that facile method of "arbitration;" and herein his intense seriousness contrasts curiously with that lightness of mind in Campbell which could, even jestingly, propose so puerile a remedy. White, perhaps, did waste his life; yet it was in an ardent, earnest, never-ending struggle and aspiration after truth; and if he died still doubting, and with a creed unsettled, his faith was strong in the reconciling efficacy of the fuller revelations to be looked for when life should be swallowed up in immortality. A less

notable man, but still very efficient contributor, was Henry Matthews, author of the "Diary of an Invalid," who was subsequently a judge in the colony of Ceylon, where he died in 1829. He is described as a man of generous disposition and polished manners, an elegant scholar, and possessing "talents of the highest order." He was one of the writers who expressed opinions in his contributions with which Campbell could not agree; and, as the latter entertained the notion that the public would think all the sentiments of his contributors were his own, he would not allow the publication of one of Matthews's articles, containing some remarks rather in favour of school-fagging, without inserting a note to the effect that, "The editor protested against the opinions." Matthews laughed at the poet's sensitiveness on the matter, observing, that if Campbell thought to reconcile the opinions of every contributor to his own views on all subjects, the work would be a "Magazine" only in the titles of the articles. The Irish barrister and politician, Richard Shiel, first became known as an author in the pages of the "New Monthly," and furnished numerous contributions, many of them sketches of Irish character, the living originals of which are now long ago departed. These papers caused some sensation, as also did several of the writer's political articles, which were strongly seasoned with Irish patriotism. Another Irish contributor was William Henry Curran, son of the celebrated orator, and who was a sort of twin-brother to Shiel, in his graphic and fervid way of writing. Lady Morgan, and Banim, the Irish novelist, were for some time prominent writers in the periodical. Mrs. Hemans sent poetry from Wales, and was rather a petted favourite with Campbell. A Spaniard, named Goristiza, wrote a series of papers on the Spanish theatre, and supplied other compositions descriptive of Spanish literature and manners. Besides all these, many other writers became connected with the publication as it progressed in age and standing. There were a few casual and amateur contributors who occasionally sent in papers that proved acceptable. A clergyman in Devonshire, called Johns, forwarded some poetry which Campbell considered beautiful, and which accordingly received his *imprimatur*. And there was one anonymous correspondent, who continued to send papers for several years, on light and agreeable subjects, which were regularly published. Remittances to this contributor were

sent, as requested, to an address on the Surrey side of the Thames, somewhere in the Borough, and the Unknown came to be designated at the office of the magazine, as "Our friend over the Water." Many were the conjectures respecting who this personage could be ; the opinion being sometimes entertained that he was somebody in the King's Bench, or within the limits of the "Rules ;" though inclining latterly to the belief, almost made positive by a suspicious incident, that he was a certain learned country gentleman, of high scholarly repute, resident in Buckinghamshire. The mystery was partially cleared up in after years, and the popular Unknown turned out to be a lady ; who, still keeping her *incognito*, related and explained the circumstance in a letter to Mr. Redding. Campbell's own contributions, as already stated, were not numerous. His most important articles were his lectures on poetry, published at intervals, to the extent of six or seven in the course of seven years, and which were then discontinued without being completed. Besides these, some three or four articles in a year, several consisting only of a few lines of poetry, were about all that he contributed. The list of his writings published in the magazine, during the whole ten years of his editorship, does not include more than fifty pieces—nearly all short ones, and, excepting a few of the poems, of no interest or merit, beyond such as pertains to mere average magazine performances.

Some curious facts are recorded by Mr. Redding respecting Campbell's proceedings in connection with his editorship. One of his peculiarities was his singular carelessness about the letters or articles which came into his hands. Sheridan's habit of throwing his letters into a waste-paper basket without opening them—having a nervous apprehension perhaps that every letter came from a dun—was hardly worse than Campbell's method of managing his correspondence. He would generally read the notes which he received, but if they required an answer, it depended on fifty chances whether they obtained one. This was a duty which he always performed unwillingly, and rarely in a way that was likely to be satisfactory to his correspondent. At one time he would dismiss the matter in question with an abrupt and brief reply, and at another, deal with it with extraordinary formality. He was continually losing letters and papers, and then fretting and fuming in vain efforts to recover them. He would some-

times read a letter and put it in his coat-pocket, intending to reply to it as soon as he could spare time, and forthwith forget all about the matter. Often wholly engrossed by some chance literary subject occupying his attention, he could scarcely be prevailed on to divert it, even for an instant, to any thing else : hence, whatever article might come to him, he would put it by, as he designed, for future consideration, and not think of it again. Having no habits of arrangement, his papers lay about him in confusion, and if he wanted for a moment to put them aside, he would jumble them into a heap, or cram them altogether into a drawer. When he afterwards desired to return to them, he incurred enormous trouble and wasted no end of time in hunting for what he wanted. Often a fragment would be missed, or whole leaves be misplaced, so as to render the article useless. Though every thing for the publication was requested to be forwarded to the publisher, letters and papers were sometimes delivered at Campbell's residence, and were almost invariably mislaid or lost ; so that when inquired for they were not forthcoming, and he became confused about them, often declaring he had never received them, though they were commonly traced eventually to his own door. This exceedingly annoyed him. Mr. Redding says, "I have found letters, or an article, placed over his books on the shelves, unopened, sometimes slipped down behind them. He would close a volume upon one, and restore the book to its place, where a month or two afterwards it would come to view by accident, on his wanting to consult the work again. Mrs. Campbell, who used to smile at these things in her good-natured way, said at last, 'How should he take care of the papers, when he cannot take care of himself!—I am obliged to look after him—he had better not have them in the study at all.' She was as good as her word, and kept back all belonging to the publication that happened to go straight to the poet's house, and order was at last established." Mr. Redding made it a rule to return all unaccepted communications to the writers, with the exception of poetical contributions, copies of which, it was thought, might easily be retained by the authors. This rule, now uniformly observed in the offices of all respectable periodicals, was not at that time so generally in operation ; but it was considered to be in this case rendered necessary, by the circumstance that most of the communications came "from

writers of merit, or from persons who had a just claim to the conventional courtesies of society." It is added, that, of those who tendered contributions, seldom any but recognized writers were of any service to the work. In determining what articles should appear, the Editor at first manifested a great deal of his habitual fastidiousness; though after a time he became less and less particular, and indeed eventually indifferent; leaving the work almost entirely to the management of his coadjutor. It was always difficult to keep Campbell long at any kind of business. He would break away with a story, or fly off in a joke, and abruptly abandon the matter in consideration, saying, "Well, that's enough for this time, don't you think so?—can we keep the printer going?" And it was no use trying to re-fix his attention; nothing more could be got out of him till the printer was standing still. He would sometimes be away from London for months together; and if any body curiously inquired how he could be spared so long, he would say, "Oh, Redding is editor, I am not wanted." Yet, at other times, he would talk of his editorial labours as being extremely burdensome; declare that he was actually worn out by them; and profess that nothing was published in the magazine without his careful perusal and revision! He used to make the calls of the "New Monthly" an excuse for running away from places of which he had grown tired, to an extent which at last became ridiculous. One instance may be cited, out of many, in which this *ruse* was conveniently played off. Being out on a visit with Mrs. Campbell at the seat of Sir Thomas Dyer, where he had gone to stay some time, he grew weary after a day or two, and wrote a note to Mr. Redding, in which he said, "Send for me back *imperatively* by the first of the month, for I wish myself back already." Mr. Redding of course did as he was requested, and thus set his fellow-labourer at liberty. But Campbell on these occasions came back solely for his own convenience; the periodical did not get an atom more of his attention.

The history of Campbell's ten years' editorship of the "New Monthly," forms nearly the whole history of his life during that period of time. Many of his proceedings in connection with that publication which Mr. Redding has recorded, are of no general interest; and the few incidents that could be gathered, pertaining to his personal and domestic

circumstances, or to his movements and relations in society, if all successively particularized, would not tend materially to alter the conception of his character which the reader will have derived from what has already been related. There are a few events, however, requiring to be mentioned, in which he was somewhat actively concerned, and which are consequently associated with his name and reputation. One of these is the establishment of the London University. As early as 1821, he had been in the habit of discussing among his friends the desirability of such an institution; both on the grounds of the need of a cheaper system of education than that prevailing in the elder universities, and of the relief that might be afforded to scrupulous consciences as regards subscription to the thirty-nine articles. He contemplated the benefit of those of the middle classes, who could not afford the expense attending a residence at Oxford or Cambridge; and, by dispensing with all religious tests and theological conditions, he designed to render university degrees and honours accessible to the Dissenters. As his custom was, he talked about the matter for several years before he did any thing to turn it to practical account; yet, in 1824, he embodied his ideas in a letter to Mr. Brougham, who was then in the height of his influence and popularity, and seemed likely to take them up with a view to their effective realisation. The lively, versatile, ever-active Mr. Brougham, very readily took them up, and presently made himself the leading man of the movement; assuming, in fact, from the outset, that the idea of a London university was one which he had already entertained, and remarking on the "singularity" of the circumstance, that such an idea should have occurred to himself and Campbell at the same time. This he said at the first metropolitan meeting called for recommending the project to the attention of the public. It is true, nobody could remember ever hearing Mr. Brougham mention the idea before; and it was not believed among Campbell's friends that it had even entered into his mind until after the publication of the poet's letter. But this was Mr. Brougham's craftiness. He designed to make the London University a stepping-stone to wider popularity, and to this end it was necessary to claim the honour of its origination. Brougham had a great advantage over Campbell, in being a bustling working man, and it is not to be denied

that he rendered eminent service to the project by his fervid advocacy of its merits at public meetings ; his ready, effective oratory, serving, indeed, to identify him more prominently with the scheme than any other person concerned in it, and thus enabling him to reap all the glory belonging to its conception. Campbell, nevertheless, laboured in a less ostentatious way, to advance the object contemplated, and to him unquestionably belongs the credit of having first suggested and designed the whole plan of the institution. He published several letters on the subject ; showing the advantages to be anticipated from the establishment of the proposed university, and answering, with singular felicity, every objection which could be urged by ignorance or prejudice against it. He also contributed some admirable suggestions towards a plan or system of organization, by which some of the defects of the existing universities might be avoided ; and in other ways, zealously exerted himself to effect the realisation of his design. He made a journey to Berlin to inspect the arrangements of the university there recently established, with the sole view of benefiting the contemplated London institution by the fruits of his observation. No one connected with the scheme was capable of rendering it better service, from the liberal ideas he entertained of the nature of education. Yet Campbell was not much consulted about the subsequent arrangements of the university. Mr. Brougham took the lead in every thing ; gained immense applause by his speeches and activity, and came to be regarded as the founder of the enterprise. His indolence and unobtrusiveness tended to exclude Campbell from any participation in the settlement of details ; and as he had no ambitious interests to serve—having gained his entire object when the public had adopted his idea—he soon withdrew, and left its working out and management to others.

Another of Campbell's distinctions was the memorable one conferred on him by the students of Glasgow, who elected him three times in succession to the rectorship of their university. This honour was first awarded him in November 1826 ; and in the following April, he delivered his inaugural address—in connection with which there is a characteristic anecdote related. " When he reached the College-green, on his way to deliver it, the snow lay on the ground, and he found the youths pelting each other with snowballs. That

he was just going to deliver a solemn address to the same youths, never for a moment crossed his mind. Such an absence of mind, on an occasion of singular importance, so incongruous, pompous doctors or stiff ceremonialists would have it, was not to be palliated, but it was strictly in character. The feeling of his youth came upon him, the spirit of past years animated him. He rushed into the *melée*, and joined in the frolic in his fiftieth year, as if he had been but fifteen. He flung about his snowballs with no inconsiderable dexterity as well as rapidity. Then, when the moment for delivering the address was come, the students being summoned, and he proceeded in the van, they entered the hall together. It was impossible to say who was most delighted in the scene, Campbell, who had thus recalled a scene of perished years, or the youths at the vivacity of their new Lord Rector, whose celebrity and office would seem to inspire formality and the gravest carriage. The learned professors of the institution, no doubt, thought it greatly *infra dig.*—a matter of scandal. But there could not be a better picture of the temperament and character of the man than such an incident, so impulsive and lively, at a moment when gravity was in every other adult visage." His election to this office gave him a subject for writing—which he was often complaining he wanted when something was required from him for the magazine—and he shortly set to work upon his "Letters to the Students of Glasgow," the first of which was published in the "New Monthly" in July 1827. On his re-election in November the same year, the students paid him a spontaneous mark of regard such as had not been shown to any preceding rector. All the scholars of the university proceeded in a body, marching in regular procession, and in the order of their classes, to the house where he was staying; when a deputation stepped forth to congratulate him on the unanimity which had prevailed among them in regard to his re-election; and Campbell "threw up the window, and made an animated address to them, which was received with the highest marks of youthful enthusiasm." His election for the third time, in 1828, was a strongly contested one, the professors having used their influence against him, and contrived to get Sir Walter Scott nominated in opposition; and it was only through Scott's retirement, from not liking the proceedings, that Campbell's re-appointment

was secured. He still, however, maintained his popularity among the students ; who all along had been so well pleased with him, that during his first year of office they presented him with a silver cup—quite an exceptional token of their favour—and they continued to the last to regard him with extraordinary feelings of esteem. The office of Lord Rector is one that pertains solely to the students. It is peculiar to the Scotch universities, and is in its nature rather antagonistic to the professors ; being instituted for the purpose of rectifying any grievances the students may have to complain of in regard to their treatment at the university. In some emergencies, the Lord Rector may chance to have very delicate and important duties to perform ; and it is therefore desirable that he should always be independent of the influence that might be exercised for their own behests by the resident authorities. Hence the custom of electing to the office some personage of eminence who is unconnected with the institution. By the heads of the university the office has always been regarded with some jealousy ; and attempts have been made at times to nullify or limit the powers belonging to it. Something of the kind was thought to be in contemplation during Campbell's rectorship, but nothing was actually effected ; and, on relinquishing the office, he left it unimpaired in all its privileges ; and the students still retain the right of annually electing a guardian of their interests, to whom, if necessary, they can appeal against any unjust or arbitrary proceedings of their rulers.

During these three years Campbell made frequent journeys into Scotland, the last of which occurred in April 1829, and was undertaken with the object of distributing some prize medals to the students which he had offered for the best essays on certain subjects which he designated. On this occasion he appears to have wound up his rectorial duties ; and thinking that perhaps he might not again visit his native country, he took a silent leave of all the places to which he had been most attached in early life. After his return to London he dwelt, in conversation with his friends, almost pathetically upon the recollections of his youth ; thereby indicating a sort of yearning for sympathy which was quite unusual in him, and which was perhaps the sign of a growing mental weakness ; as it was his habit to be exceedingly reserved about all that related to his feelings—

though he would fain wish it to be thought he was indifferent to the ordinary cares and casualties by which mankind in general are affected. There was something of the stoic in him, though he was not "a man without a tear." He was now in a manner lonely in the world, and lived amidst the bitterness of a recently inflicted sorrow. On the 10th of May, 1828, he had lost, after a few months' wasting illness, the faithful and amiable companion of his earthly pilgrimage; and from that day the journey of his life, and all its outlooks, had a strange and dreary aspect. He was never settled in the world again—never was at home in it any more. His home had vanished with her presence who had sustained it with her daily cheerfulness through many years, and with the blessed household love that had hallowed it like a sanctuary. For five-and-twenty years he had sojourned peacefully in his chosen habitation, ministered to, and cared for, with an affectionate assiduity that was un-failing; and now he had a new life to begin to which he was all unused and inexperienced. Oh, dreary years of widowhood! waning slowly in their dull succession, that bring no change with their vicissitude which can suffice the aching heart! Grief-laden and companionless, he has to travel the rest of his course alone; with no sharer of his sorrows, no partaker of the weariness that bows him down. And the rest of his life was as an aimless wandering; restless, unsettled, never more at ease; with all the solacements of domesticity expunged from it, the gentle ministrations ended, all the comfort and satisfaction of existence gone. He bore his loss with stoical resignation, submitting to the inevitable without complaining, as every true man will; yet the change disordered the whole manner of his life, and threw him into habits contrasting unfavourably with the quiet domestic ways to which he had been theretofore accustomed. He grew less careful about the society he mixed with, and, it is said, came to indulge somewhat too freely in those questionable pleasures which are not any the more commendable from being designated "social." There have been tales in circulation attributing to him actual intemperance; but these seem to be very much exaggerated. Mr. Redding admits occasional excesses, but denies that they ever became habitual. He thinks, too, that they may be charitably accounted for, and were actually excusable. "He was

desolate," says his friend, "and inconsiderate, especially for one who was by temperament the least able to bear wine of any man I ever saw. He filled his glass in conversation without thinking, and in this way got affected with what another man would have taken harmlessly." He had great excitability. He was also subject to severe depressions; which he always strove to hide. And Mr. Redding thinks his power of resisting wine was much diminished by his determined habit of repressing his feelings, and thus exhibiting a sort of false fortitude under the trials of life. It is not a matter on which much is required to be said; but if any one wishes to exult over it, or even cares to know it, we suppose it must be admitted that Campbell's domestic sorrows, and the isolation produced by them, involved him in a weakness which is truly to be regretted, but which will hardly call for any emphatic reprehension.

It happened, somewhat singularly, that in the midst of the trouble occasioned by Mrs. Campbell's illness, the copyright of the "Pleasures of Hope" returned to the author under the law, then in force, which provided for its restoration at the end of twenty-eight years after the first publication of the work. At any other time this would have been a gratifying circumstance; but Campbell was now so dejected and distressed as to be almost incapable of feeling any interest in the matter. To forestall piracy, however, it was necessary to bring out a new collected edition of his works without delay; and he accordingly made an effort to sort up and arrange a number of pieces, scattered through various periodicals, which he desired to be included in the collection. But in his anxious and prostrate state of mind, he was unable to prepare even so much as a bare list of the poems requiring to be brought together. He had quite forgotten several of his early pieces, that had run the round of the Scotch magazines and newspapers a quarter of a century before, and where to put his hand on others which he remembered he was far from knowing with any approach to certainty. "I found him," says Mr. Redding, "with an edition or two of his published works before him, utterly at a loss how to begin—confused, melancholy, and abstracted. I said that I perceived he was unfit for his task, and if he would let me take it upon myself I would do it for him. All I requested was his own mark against such pieces, on a list

I would make out of them, as he desired to have omitted, or believed were not his own. I took the different editions away with me, consulted our friend Pringle, who furnished me with some early youthful pieces he had copied in Scotland, where they first appeared and only existed in manuscript. With a pretty correct list I went to the poet and pencilled off those he wished to appear in the contemplated collection." He displayed a good deal of caprice in affixing his *imprimatur*; rejecting several poems that were really worth preserving, and declining to alter some which a little emendation would have rendered perfect. With Mr. Redding's friendly aid, however, the new edition was carefully printed and brought out, embellished with an engraved portrait of the author from his picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and as Campbell had parted with none of his copyrights except that of the "Pleasures of Hope," which was now restored to him, the sale of his works formed a steady source of income for him during the remainder of his life.

Time, which imperceptibly wears off the keenness of the most severe calamities, and eventually reconciles us to all events, had its usual effects on Campbell; restoring his mind gradually to a state of calmness and composure, and bringing back to him a measure of his accustomed cheerfulness. After the loss of his wife he still kept up his household as before; endeavouring by various expedients to maintain something of its former order and tranquillity. Herein he was signally unsuccessful; yet, as he became at length more reconciled to his misfortune, he again went frequently into society, and often entertained company at home. He decked his table with fresh plate, and gave dinners now and then; "as if he wished," says Mr. Redding, "to seek in society at home the removal of that desolateness of feeling which it was impossible he should not experience." These friendly gatherings were managed with good taste; consisting usually of about six or eight persons at a time, and thus forming a party conveniently adapted for the enjoyment of conversation. Sometimes he gave breakfast parties to ten or a dozen literary friends; at which most of the eminent men of letters of the day were at one time or other present. All this, however, changed in the course of years, when from a growing restlessness the poet fell into the habit of continually changing his place of resi-

dence ; thereby involving himself in much discomfort, and falling at last into an apparent disregard of comfort.

His house at Sydenham had been given up some time after the commencement of his connection with the *New Monthly* ; and since then he had resided at No. 10, Upper Seymour Street, West, where he incurred a good deal of expense in altering the house to his liking. Only just before Mrs. Campbell's death he had enlarged and newly fitted-up his library at considerable cost. These improvements he sacrificed almost as soon as they were made. The associations of the place, after his wife's decease, were too painful to be endured ; and he sought relief from them by removing, in 1829, to a house in Middle Scotland Yard. In the same year he found it necessary to place his son in a private asylum. The young man had been removed from the university at Bonn, and intrusted to the charge of a private tutor at Amiens ; from whom he one day absconded in a fit of incipient insanity, and wandered to Boulogne ; where, being found without a passport, he was put in prison, and afterwards, through the interposition of the French ambassador in London, was sent home to his father. Since then he had remained at home in a confirmed state of mental alienation. His disorder, however, took no worse form than that of a settled imbecility ; and, as he was quiet and harmless, it is probable that had his mother lived, it would not have been thought needful to place him under control. Campbell did not like having recourse to such a measure, but he said, "What can I do ? I cannot leave my home without some watch being kept over him in my absence ; and when I am present he becomes a subject of painful contemplation." So Thomas was sent to Dr. Allen's at Epping, where he remained upwards of fourteen years. Campbell used to go occasionally to see him ; and the young man would sometimes walk into town with the Doctor, and call upon his father. He spent much of his time in Epping forest, "planning roads and scheming improvements ;" so, perhaps, if he had not been disordered in his mind, he might have made a great engineer. After his removal Campbell had only himself to care for ; his youngest son having died in infancy ; and he appears to have now sought after the excitements of society as a means of counteracting his painful sense of loneliness.

As was to be expected, these domestic troubles interfered

very seriously with his literary pursuits and studies; and, but for the services of Mr. Redding, the Magazine must have come to a stand-still. Indeed, as it was, a change by no means for the better had begun to be observable in the spirit of its management. During the year 1829, and in the early part of 1830, the periodical lost several of its best contributors by death, and others withdrew from it in consequence of the more lucrative prospects presented as novel-writers. The novel had been for some time rising in repute as a popular entertainment, and the pecuniary returns for works of this sort were much greater than those derived from compositions written for the magazines. Moreover, the production of such works was much the easier of the two kinds of writing. To be a successful, regular contributor to a first-class periodical, not only requires good abilities, but also a large and various stock of information, and an aptness for writing well on a great many different subjects. The fashionable novelist could succeed if he had only fair skill in one direction. The rage for exciting fiction afforded him a ready market for the products of his talent, and he was thus rendered comparatively independent of the magazines as a field of regular employment. Meanwhile, as fiction grew into request, the conductors of magazines began to supply it largely in their pages. Manuscripts were purchased, first for publication in periodicals, and then to be reprinted for the circulating libraries; the publishers seeking in this way to realize a double profit, and in many instances doing so with manifest success. The "New Monthly," amongst other publications, began to be filled with tales, carried on continuously from month to month, to the extent of the quantity required for the ordinary three volumes; each portion of every successive story affording some languid amusement for the hour, but leaving no impression on the reader either of novelty or information. These articles were all supplied by what Mr. Redding calls "trade writers," and were written according to pre-arrangement with the publisher. Much of his proper work was thus taken out of the editor's hands, and the character of the Magazine was, as a consequence, in many of its features altered. Campbell, whose inertness made him incapable of acting with vigour under any circumstances, as usual left things to take their course. He probably did not approve of the changes introduced; but then the publisher

was obviously his own master, and had power to do as he pleased. What did it matter? Why should an easy-going editor care to raise objections, or mind about having his labours lightened? It did not seem likely that any good could be done by interfering, and, at any rate, Campbell was not disposed to interfere. The natural result followed. "When," as Mr. Redding says, "interest in the conduct of a work flags, and there is a feeling that the customary time and labour are hopelessly bestowed upon it under the consciousness of a wrong system, it generates a feeling of indifference in the management." Campbell had long since shown this state of mind; for with him, we are told, "it had been the natural course of things after the novelty of the excitement had subsided, even within the first year of the editorship." And Mr. Redding himself appears to have become at length affected with a similar kind of feeling; for, we find that, for some cause or other, in October, 1830, his own connection with the magazine was brought to a termination. Campbell, who had gone on with little or none of the troubles of the publication for nearly ten years, now had the whole weight of it all at once flung upon his shoulders, and found it much too heavy for him. He laboured and blundered over it through the next two months; and in December, being thoroughly tired out, he resigned. The reason he is said to have given for his resignation was, that "it was impossible to continue editor without interminable scrapes, and a lawsuit now and then." Yet, for nearly ten years the magazine had been kept clear of both scrapes and lawsuits, and it did not get into either till Campbell was left to conduct it by himself. Then, indeed, an action for libel was threatened by a Mr. Sheldrake, on account of some inadvertent statements reflecting on his character; which turned out to be founded on a "mistake," and had to be apologised for in consequence. In this way the "lawsuit," was avoided; but Campbell came out of the matter rather clumsily. He seemed pleased with his liberation when he had thrown up his engagement. "I could not go on comfortably, as we did formerly," he said to Mr. Redding. The latter gentleman ventured to ask how he felt on the score of the "state finances?" "Devil take the finances!" said he; "it is something to be free, if a man has but a shirt and a carpet-bag. Don't damp our jubilee." Joking in this way, he showed no concern about the inci-

dental diminution of his income. "And I believe," says Mr. Redding, "that he felt, in giving up his editorship almost without labour, and five hundred pounds a-year, as if he had really flung off a burden equal to the 'Old Man of the Mountain.'"

An opportunity is afforded us at this point, of taking another glance at the poet's outward figure and appearance; enabling us to judge how he had borne the wear and tear of existence since the date of the description previously quoted. Time does not seem to have had any very perceptible effects upon him. "He was now in his fifty-second year, and was still," says Mr. Redding, "like what Byron described him ten years before. Every article of dress was neatly adjusted upon his compact, well-made figure, which, though under the middle size, was not so much so as to impress the beholder with diminutiveness. His wig, fabricated to simulate the natural hair, most exactly fitted a head which had been bald from early youth. His features were good, and stamped with a certain acuteness; his lips thin, and perturbed upon any mental emotion; his eyes grey, and finely expressive of the genius he possessed, often speaking the language of his mind, particularly in the social circle, where he felt perfectly at home; his manner varied—on common occasions it was easy and agreeable, sometimes silent and pensive, but in general lively." Among friends he was vivacious in conversation; still, he had so much latent pride, and such sensitive self-esteem, that any trifle intervening which showed or implied a lack of respect for his peculiarities, would throw him back upon himself in a moment, and then, not only in the presence of strangers, but even among friends, he would drop into reserve and silence, and could not be drawn into making another remark, or expressing an opinion about any thing. This too acute susceptibility to take offence was rather an unpleasant feature in his character; but when nothing happened to excite it, he was, in his moments of relaxation, a very genial and agreeable companion.

With his relinquishment of the editorship of the "New Monthly," Campbell's public life comes nearly to a close. The remaining fourteen years through which he lived, were marked by few events that had much effect in varying or extending his experience. He was for a short time the nominal editor of the "Metropolitan;" and he interested

himself a good deal in favour of the Poles ; but he accomplished nothing in connection with either to render himself more notable or illustrious than he was already. He was instrumental in starting two or three literary clubs ; but none of them became permanently established in conformity with his plans, or rose into any speciality of importance from association with his name. His subsequent literary productions are of no great value, and need not be more than just alluded to in passing. The task of writing the Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence was confided to him, and he affected to shut himself up for a time expressly for the purpose ; but, shrinking from the weight of labour it involved, he turned it over to some one else, by whom it was very indifferently executed. After the decease of Sir James Mackintosh, in 1832, he furnished the "Metropolitan" with a short memoir of his "Life and Writings ;" in which the genius and acquirements of that eminent person were correctly estimated, and his political perversions very charitably overlooked. Campbell's excuse for thus evading the duty of an impartial biographer was, that he "did not like to record any thing to the disadvantage of one whom he so much esteemed." The omission, of course, was no benefit to Sir James's memory, as other writers have not failed to discuss and investigate his failings ; and Campbell has not been spared in the way of censure, for giving to the world what amounts to a false representation of a matter respecting which he ought obviously to have told the truth. It was urged upon him at the time, that he was acting the part of an unwise partizan, with the certainty before him of being exposed for his want of candour, but he wilfully persisted in risking the consequences, observing—"I will not state anything injurious to the memory of an old friend and a great man. Others may if they please. Mackintosh did wrong, but I will not perpetuate the remembrance of his error." This might be generous—and there is no doubt that Campbell was influenced in the case by none but generous motives—yet it shows too manifest an indifference to the interests of truth to be morally excused or justified. Difficult as it may be for a biographer to maintain the balance of perfect fairness, it is surely incumbent on him to state every thing he knows that is requisite for forming a just estimate of the character he professes to portray. In failing to do this, Campbell failed in one of the clearest duties

involved in his undertaking, and, as a consequence, his performance was unsatisfactory. In other respects, the memoir was less perfect than his long and intimate acquaintance with Mackintosh would lead the public to expect. Though the subject was one which must have been rather agreeable than distasteful to him, the treatment bestowed on it was cursory and insufficient : none but the most obvious and salient points of character being touched upon, and only the most prominent events, such as could not be overlooked, presented. No characteristic traits of the individual were given from personal knowledge, no anecdotes or reminiscences illustrating the familiar and friendly intercourse which had subsisted between Mackintosh and his biographer, or indicating that the one had had opportunities of observing the peculiarities of the other. The poet, indeed, was but a poor observer of character or human action. He had no idea of forming a judgment of men from a nice and careful study of their specialities of temperament and disposition, and the nature of their aims and objects. The things did not strike him which tend most effectually to illustrate and exhibit individuality and character. For this reason, probably, all his attempts at biographical representation were unsuccessful. No man of like ability ever acquitted himself worse in this department of literary performance. His "Life of Mrs. Siddons," written subsequently to the "Memoir of Mackintosh," is perhaps the most miserable biography in the English language. It has been not unfittedly styled "a biography on stilts." It is written as though the magnitude of the subject had seemed to the author too grand for mortal treatment. The theatrical supremacy of the celebrated tragic actress appears to have so inordinately oppressed the mind of Campbell as to render him incapable of contemplating her genius and personality otherwise than in an attitude of prostrate admiration. He extravagantly admired her, not only as an actress—in which capacity she is admitted to have been transcendent—but also as a brilliant-minded and finely cultivated woman. He considered her as great in society as she was upon the stage. "Mrs. Siddons is a divine creature," he would say, whenever she happened to be mentioned. Most of his friends were, in his estimation, exceptions to the rest of mankind ; but Mrs. Siddons was supernal—the paragon of womankind—magnificent, transcendental, incomparable in perfections. Know-

ing Campbell's excessive admiration of her, she requested him during her lifetime to write her biography after death: a pious duty which the poet very willingly undertook; though when it came to be executed, he set about it with very manifest reluctance. It was not an easy thing to do. Though Mrs. Siddons was "the greatest actress that ever trod the stage," it was not possible out of that fact to make an interesting biography. And this was nearly the only fact there was to relate concerning her. How to expand it into two volumes, so as to make his work acceptable to the booksellers—for they would not look at it in any less considerable shape—that was Campbell's difficulty; the insoluble problem which he was to make a show of solving. He shut himself up, and made preparations for the work, with a full sense of its magnitude, and not without apprehensions in regard to its accomplishment. His sense of the weight of his task was sometimes almost ludicrously expressed. He talked about it, and wrote about it to every body with whom he had any correspondence. He put up a little paper notice at the door of his chambers, as lawyers do at theirs, when they go out or lock themselves in, saying they are absent—"parcels and letters to be delivered so and so;" going so far in his simplicity as to intimate that he "could not be disturbed, being busy about the biography of Mrs. Siddons!" The one idea of Mrs. Siddons and her biography took possession of him, and occupied and filled his mind to the exclusion of every other. No mountain ever laboured of its mouse with throes of such intensity. He had "indescribable merit to describe," with very inadequate powers for describing it; and having to fill a book with the description, he was likely to feel the need of some extraordinary inspiration. But by shutting himself up and denying visitors, he did not obtain the inspiration he desired. Biography is a thing which cannot be written by inspiration. It is necessary to collect facts, to hunt up recollections, to get together, in some sort, a body of particulars. This, as we said, was the grand difficulty; and, though Campbell talked with and interrogated every body who had been acquainted with his heroine, about the incidents of her history, and wrote letters of inquiry in all directions, the utmost result of his researches was but an unsatisfactory quantum of material, quite insufficient for his purpose. The incidents in the life of a staid, respectable

woman, of plain good sense, who had experienced none of the ups and downs of the theatrical profession, could not possibly be numerous, and such as they happened to be, were incapable of being rendered entertaining. Mrs. Siddons's "respectability," on account of which she was justly honoured in her lifetime, afforded nothing to make a written "life" of her particularly interesting. She had had no adventures; she was too lofty and exclusive to have left many recollections of her peculiarities in the green room; and the substance of all that could be related of her was, that she was universally acknowledged to be a supreme tragic actress. "Confound the woman!" Campbell once exclaimed, while labouring to fill two volumes with his scant materials; "I wish her career had not been so monotonous and so virtuous, for it does not afford me any supplies, either of incident or scandal; so that when I have got her off the theatrical stage, I shall not have a word more to say about her." It took him a long time to get his very unsatisfactory work completed. Half a dozen lines a-day, Mr. Redding says, would have served to finish it in a fourth part of the time he was engaged upon it. When published at last, in 1834, it had been so long expected that the public had grown indifferent to the subject, and it attracted little attention, even as a novelty. We believe it has never been reprinted; and being such a book as no admirer of the author can like to see associated with his name, it will probably be left to the neglect which it has hitherto experienced.

Campbell's remaining works, the product of his latter years of senility, are interesting only as showing the progressive degeneration of his powers. In this respect they may afford, along with some of the preceding, a curious psychological study; but as books for ordinary reading they are utterly without attractions. His "Letters from the South," published originally in the *New Monthly*, and written after a few months' sojourn in Algiers, during the years 1834 and 1835, contain some information, gathered chiefly at second hand, and an account of some adventures, which his friends regarded, at least partly, as apocryphal. There are certain feats of "horsemanship," in particular, which look very unlike exploits of his performing, when we bring to recollection his singular timidity in riding on other known occasions. He professed, however, to have acquired the

equestrian art in the course of his journeys in company with French officers. He might perhaps have improved a little ; but one can hardly credit, on his unsupported evidence, such wonderful improvement as is implied in the achievements he describes. A part of the book, amounting to half the second volume, is a compilation by another writer, and was added by the bookseller to extend the work to his prescribed dimensions, and give it the appearance of completeness. Campbell's disregard for his reputation, in allowing his name to appear as the author of works he did not wholly execute, and in some instances did not execute at all, sadly diminishes one's respect for his character as manifested in the latter years of his life. The "Life of Shakspeare," published under his name in 1838, and which he simply "overlooked," was a book so utterly worthless, that he could on no pretence be justified in lending the influence of his name to make it saleable. To pass it off as his own composition, or even as a work which he carefully revised and "edited," was really an imposition on the public. The extent to which Campbell lowered himself in this way was an astonishment to his friends. Besides the instances cited, he affixed his name to a trumpery "Annual," at a time when any connection with publications of the kind was held to be derogatory to literary respectability ; and he consented to appear as the editor of a trashy compilation entitled "The Court and Times of Frederick the Great," by some nameless bungler, whose work was not in any observable degree improved by his supervision. The supervision in this, as in other cases, seems to have been purely nominal, and indeed imaginary ; all that was wanted being a popular name to puff off a book which had no merit of its own to recommend it. This sort of thing of course could not answer long ; but it temporarily served the purposes of publishers, for whose interests Campbell thus sacrificed his reputation. The only motive by which he himself could be actuated in regard to such transactions was plainly the greed for money ; which grew upon him as his faculties declined, and which, considering that he was not in need of money, was wholly inexcusable. It was this, also, with perhaps a little vanity prompting him to disacknowledge any falling off of capability, which induced him to cling to literary pursuits long after his capacity for executing them creditably was gone. One

of his latest undertakings was a "Life of Petrarch," which he was totally unqualified for writing. The subject was one of the most hackneyed that could be selected. Following in the steps of five-and-twenty previous biographies, it was almost impossible to treat it with any novelty of illustration. It would have taken him years to verify what had been already related; and had he been capable of patient and laborious research, there was nothing new to be discovered. He accordingly took the easiest course open to him; adopting the commonplace authority of De Sade, and dressing up his often-repeated statements into a narrative containing no particle of novel information. Two hundred pounds were paid him for the copyright; but in a literary estimate the book is of scarcely any use or value, and may be reckoned quite a superfluous addition to the stock of indifferent biographies with which the world has been encumbered. Though not his worst performance, it was injurious to his reputation; as, indeed, was nearly every thing he produced after the exquisitely-finished poems by which his fame had been established. His latest attempts in poetry were as poor and unsuccessful as the feeblest of his prose productions. The "Pilgrim of Glencoe," and other pieces which he published in 1842, forming his last volume of verses, showed a very lamentable contrast to the brilliancy of his early efforts—exhibiting, in fact, the total extinction of his genius, and a complete decay of judgment. A close so pitiable, compared with a commencement of such excellence, is a spectacle very sad to contemplate.

In considering these various failures and abortions, along with the other palpable shortcomings with which Campbell's name in his lifetime was connected, it is a satisfaction to observe the inexorable tendency there is in such things to secure their own forgetfulness. It is only a man's best achievements which survive, and those that are unworthy of him are not long remembered. This is a most excellent provision in the economy of things, for which the world has reason to be grateful. By virtue of it literature gets disburthened of its profitless accumulations, and scope and opportunity are afforded for establishing the claims of works of merit. Whatsoever has vitality lives, and is acknowledged. Though human memory will not concern itself with more than a small portion of Campbell's collective writings,

that portion which is admitted to be excellent is not likely to be forgotten. The poems which made him famous seem to be imperishable. The "Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," his admirable Odes, the "Last Man," and some of his smaller lyric and descriptive pieces, have a preserving virtue in them that will command the loving appreciation of men of taste and culture as long as the poetry of the nineteenth century has any interest for mankind. Our estimate of most of these productions has been given as we went along, and it only remains for us to indicate what we conceive to be the prominent and enduring quality of Campbell's genius. Sir Walter Scott is reported to have said that he could imitate all the modern poets except Campbell, and he could not imitate him because his peculiarities belonged not to his manner but to his matter. What this inimitable peculiarity is, it would be difficult to say; but we do not think it lies wholly in the subject-matter: it seems to lie rather in the combination of manner and subject produced by the poet's individual mode of apprehending and presenting the poetical attributes essentially inherent in his theme. The result is a manifestation of poetic power which may be justly pronounced original; rendering it impossible to mistake his verses for those of any other English poet. His odes, in particular, are unique; they have no resemblance to Dryden's, or Collins's, or Gray's—they stand alone, unrivalled and peculiar. They are for the most part spirited war-songs; expressing in simple, pure, and thrilling language, exactly what is requiring to be expressed, and achieving an effect which is instantly recognized as the natural product of the action or emotion celebrated. The impression produced is more properly ascribable to some inexpressible agency than to any thing which is easy to define. It is the effect that springs from what we understand when we speak of inspiration. In all Campbell's best things there are tones of an inspired utterance. The "Pleasures of Hope" contains lines which, we agree with others in thinking, will be orally transmitted through future generations, and become familiar aphorisms—beautiful, expressive lines pregnant with a deeper meaning, and of a more comprehensive application than any that could be selected from any other didactic poem in the language. The extent to which such passages have been appreciated is shown in the frequent uses made of them

in the way of apt quotation. No modern poet, as we said at the beginning, has been so often quoted; and this we take to be a pretty certain sign that his popularity will be enduring. The position he may occupy eventually may not be so high as that which he held in his lifetime; but there can hardly be a question that he will, under any eventuality, be permanently recognized as one of the foremost of the glorious and select number, among our minor English poets, whose genius and accomplishments entitle them to rank in honourable proximity with the very highest.

We have not attempted to follow Campbell in his various shiftings from place to place; now relinquishing housekeeping and going into lodgings, and then again resuming housekeeping on an expensive scale, with a niece from Scotland to adorn and superintend his establishment—ever changing and never resting; a state of things which ended, in 1843, in his removal to Boulogne, with the view, as he expressed it, of living more economically than he had been able to do in England. In his numerous changes of abode he squandered no small amount of money; and in insuring his life injudiciously he further lost five hundred pounds. His resources, however, were still ample: his friend Telford had left him a thousand pounds; by the death of one of his sisters he came in for eight hundred pounds more; he derived two hundred pounds a-year from the interest of a large legacy left to him out of a property called the Ascoy estates; he had his annual pension of three hundred pounds; and the profits arising yearly from his writings amounted to something between six and seven hundred pounds. The interest accruing from the Ascoy legacy was settled by way of provision for his son, but all the rest was available for his own entire uses. Yet he was apprehensive of some day coming to want, and was always complaining about his poverty. He never acquired the art of taking care of money. During her lifetime Mrs. Campbell managed his finances admirably; but after her death he would thoughtlessly throw away pounds one day, and the next day grudge sixpences. Mr. Redding and he having one day taken a cab together, for which Mr. Redding paid a shilling, Campbell wanted him to ask a bookseller, at whose shop they stopped, for sixpence to repay himself, the bookseller happening to owe the poet sixpence, which he was afraid might be forgotten. Of course, it

was not likely Mr. Redding would do any such thing ; but it did not appear to strike Campbell that his proposal was at all shabby or improper. Notwithstanding little meannesses of this sort, he was capable of acts of generosity. Seeing his friend one day in low spirits, and supposing want of money to be the cause, he promptly offered to assist him, saying, "I can give you some, for I have two or three hundred pounds in hand." Though not then in need of money, Mr. Redding believes he could have had any sum he pleased. The poet was thus fitful and impulsive in nearly every thing. He observed no medium, but was continually running into extremes. At one time he would speak of the literary works of an author with contempt, and at another time heartily commend them. He had no judgment that could be relied upon. Alike in speech and action, he did every thing by fits and starts. It was precisely in this humour that he decided on going to live upon the continent. This resolution he carried out in the month of October 1843—disregarding the heavy expenses of removing his furniture and library, and a very serious loss on the lease of his house, which would balance any saving. "The last time I saw him," says Mr. Redding, "was on the eve of his departure. His books were packing up in Victoria Square (his last English residence). I remarked that I remembered not how many removals of him and his books in the preceding twenty-five years. He smiled and told me of his bad bargain in getting rid of his house. He looked far older than he was, and feeble, but did not seem in bad spirits, saying he should be well at Boulogne, as the air agreed with him. Promising to go over and see him, I took a biscuit and glass of wine with him ; we shook hands, and I saw him no more . . . I walked home across Hyde Park, reflecting painfully upon his departure, and with the full persuasion that he was not long for this world." He had been ailing a good deal latterly, and had visited the baths at Wiesbaden, and other watering-places, without benefit. In mind and body he was rapidly breaking up. Mr. Redding continues : "A hundred things in our past intercourse came painfully sad upon my recollection. His bodily appearance struck me as changed much more than his conversation ; but in the latter case it was easy to see that while he was perfectly self-possessed and mentally clear, his mind was occupied with far less elevated subjects than of old, and dwelt upon

small and trivial matters as if they were of great moment. His friendly disposition did not seem at all abated. He alluded to the mutability of things around him. While he thus conversed there was a species of vacancy in his fine eyes, not formerly seen. His neatness of dress had disappeared, and much of that intellectual impress, so remarkable in his features before, had wholly vanished, and been replaced by something of an expression which age alone could hardly explain. His imagination appeared to be still full of activity upon inconsequential things. He spoke as one who contemplated soon parting from existence, while his actions and projects for the future contradicted the credit which his words seemed to demand: the activity of his imagination thus, as it often did before, overpowering the suggestions of his reason."

As his friend anticipated, he did not survive long after his retirement to Boulogne. His house was in a bad situation; and winter coming on, its severity in that region soon acted perniciously on his debilitated system. He then talked of removing more southward as soon as he was able; but he never regained strength enough to move again. He suffered from a continual chilliness, but meanwhile paid no regard to the regulations necessary to be observed by a person in declining health. The Spring, with its softened atmosphere, revived him for a little, yet this improvement did not continue. At the beginning of June it was seen that his case was quite hopeless. He held no conversation with any one, and his appearance was more altered. His countenance betrayed great anxiousness, and he was usually in a state of half slumber, or stupor, though still retaining the full use of his mind. A few days before his death, some one, in order to try if he was sensible, asked the question near his bed whether a certain person named (who was not the author) had not written "*Hohenlinden*;" on which the poet calmly and distinctly answered, "It was one Tom Campbell." It seemed as if he had lost the sense of his own identity. He suffered a great deal during the last few days, but bore his pangs with patience and resignation. By degrees he lost all consciousness. "Thank you—much obliged," were, on something being given to him, the last words he uttered clearly and intelligibly. The next day, the 15th of June, 1844, he quietly expired, having retained his firmness and composure

to the end. His remains were brought over to England, and now lie in Poets' Corner, by the side of those of Sheridan, in Westminster Abbey. The funeral, which took place on the 3rd of July, was very numerously attended by persons of all ranks and conditions, and the poet in that way had every honour paid him—albeit “at a considerable expense,” as we learn, in the way of “fees extorted for the honour.” One of his friends (believed to be Horace Smith) wrote some touching verses on the unsuitableness of such a burial-place for Campbell; suggesting that some quiet country spot would have pleased him better, such being, indeed, the resting-place he longed for.

“How little the poet's fond wish is obey'd,
He sleeps amidst bards in Death's dismal parade,
But not, as he wish'd, among flowers!”

To speak of Campbell's character seems needless. It has been exhibited in various phases in the narrative, and we could not make it more apparent by any elaborate summing up. It is a character somewhat singular, but manifestly without greatness; presenting few or no particular features for profitable imitation. It shows to best advantage in his youth, when he was struggling with difficulties; striving to cultivate his powers under the pressure of impediments, and deservedly achieving a wonderful success. But with the attainment of success he soon subsided into commonplace; and, except in occasional moods of poetic exaltation, never lived in a higher element. His aims in life were chiefly self-regarding and conventional; and though at times in speech, and now and then in conduct, he would outrage conventionality, the motives by which he was commonly influenced were of no loftier or purer order than those that influence clever and accomplished men of the world. He was aware of the dignity pertaining to the poet's functions; but though conscious of the possession of poetic gifts, he showed no consciousness or recognition of the poet's high vocation among mankind. He cultivated his art as a pleasant exercise, available for present worldly ends, and with reference to future fame; but to any worthier voice than fame's he does not appear to have ever listened—to any loftier arbiter ever thought of at all appealing. He is not to be sought among the prophets and seers of poetry, whose paths are in high places, and whose voices proclaim messages from remote

celestial spheres ; but his resort is with the sweet and graceful singers, who chant songs for intellectual pastime, in the courts of the refined and cultivated of the earth. We must not expect of him greater things than he has to give. The song he sings is exquisite when the ear is not longing for a higher strain. And in life we find him a man companionable, genial, well-meaning ; in some of his moods loveable, and well-deserving of respect. Failings he has, and weaknesses—small stability of will, save as displayed in little whims of obstinacy ; not much persevering purpose—variable, volatile, and inconsiderate ; yet, on the whole, kindly-disposed and generous ; though without greatness, not unworthy. Define him as a brilliant minor poet and an amiable man with many foibles, and you will not be far from expressing, in epitome, his principal characteristics ; or, at least, will supply a definition which, in so far as it does not express, will readily suggest them. There have been better men, and greater poets ; men of larger souls, of nobler purposes, and more exalted aspirations—with whom it would be unfair to bring him into comparison ; but estimated by the standard of performance and endeavour which the world would recognize as the fittest whereby to judge him, his life and conduct will bear close examination, and by no means be found wanting in authentic virtues. He had no cant or mean pretension, but was manly, upright, and conscientious ; faithful in his friendships, devoid of enmity, tolerant of opinion—in all his varied social and personal relations, a just and honourable man.

THE END.

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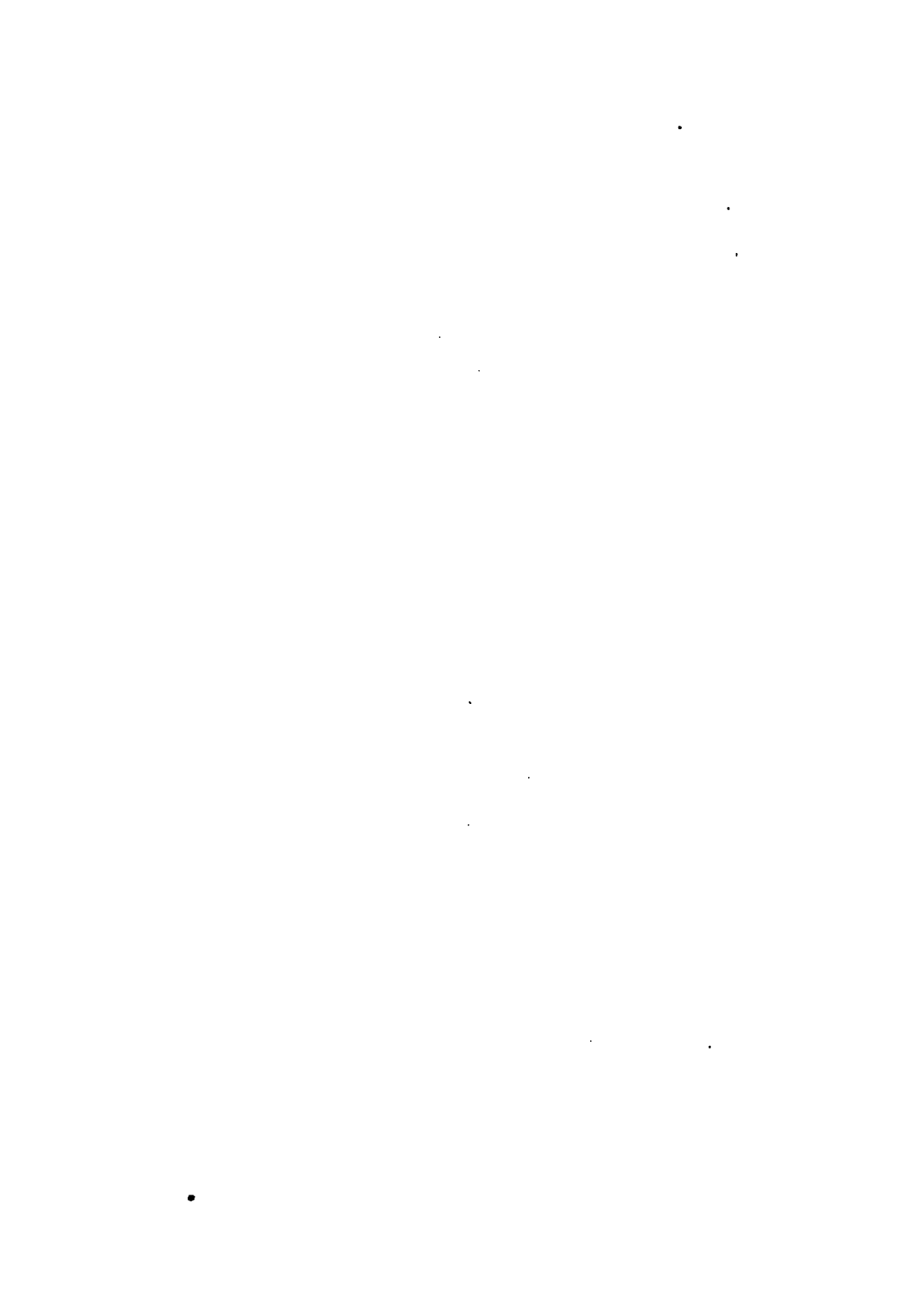
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